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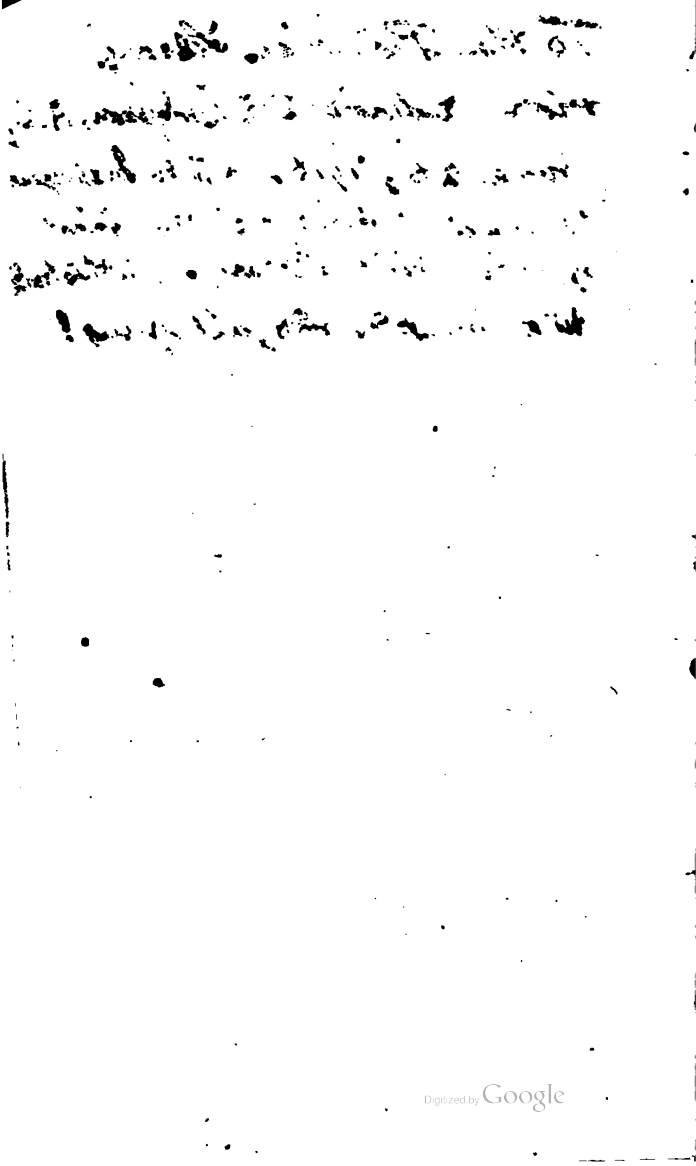
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256. f. 2181.

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To the Bodleian Library
from Edward S. Dodgson, Adh.
June 26, 1916., while Shakespeare
is much in view at the front
of the said Library, as in this book
We must do good, all of us!

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THE ADVENTURES OF Capt. *Greenland.*

WRITTEN

In Imitation of all those WISE, LEARNED, WITTY and HUMOROUS AUTHORS, who either already have, or hereafter may Write in the same Stile and Manner.

The Brain *I'll prove the* Female *to my* Soul!
My Soul *the* Father; *and these two beget*
A Generation *of still* Breeding Thoughts,
And these same Thoughts *people* this little World,
In Humours like the People of This *World.*

SHAKESPEAR.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for R. BALDWIN, at the *Rose* in *Pater-Noster-Row.*

M,DCC,LII.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE,

Lord *CARPENTER*,

Baron of KILLAGHY, in the Kingdom of IRELAND.

MY LORD,

I Hope it will not be construed as any Impeachment of my Duty towards your Lordship, in thus presuming (without addressing for Your previous Consent) to lay the following Sheets at your Lordship's Feet for *Protection*. Nor would

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it be leſs in me, than the moſt ſuperfluous Impertinence, to attempt here the leaſt kind of a *Panegyric* or *Public-Blazon* on Your Lordſhip's many *good Qualifications* and *Natural-Virtues*: Since *all* who are the leaſt converſant with the *Polite*-World are too well acquainted with that ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTER you bear, to need any Information from a Pen like *mine*.

BUT, as Pride, Avarice, Ignorance, Affectation, Inhumanity and Corruption; as alſo, all *Depravity* of Taſte and Manners; as well as *Vice* of all Kinds, are generally held in the utmoſt Deteſtation and Abhorrence, even by the very Practitioners of them themſelves (in every other Perſon) ſo, My Lord, is the amiable and bright Reverſe of theſe, as much *beloved* and univerſally *admired*. With how much Pleaſure, then, My Lord, may I be bold to ſay, that not a noble

Youth

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Youth in theſe Kingdoms is more worthily beloved; nor can *with better Title* boaſt a greater Share of *Public* and General Eſteem than Your Lordſhip may? For certain it is, that not a Gentleman now lives on Earth, who is *naturally* a more perfect Maſter of the great *Art of Pleaſing*, than is Your Lordſhip.

And, as the Memory of all *Tyrants*, and of all *evil* and *corrupt* Men are ever hateful to our offended Thoughts; ſo, likewiſe, are the Characters of all *good* and *worthy* Men as *Precious* and as *laſting*.

If theſe are *Truths*, My Lord, which I believe no one will pretend to gainſay, there is no need of Doubt, but that Your Lordſhip's *fair Memory* will be as grateful to all good Men in *After*-Ages, as Your moſt ſhining Reputation is revered in *this*.

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AND theſe Reflections, My Lord, have imboldened me to ſubmit the following Sheets to Your Lordſhip's good *Protection:* For where ſhall the *Virtuous* fly for Protection, but to the *more* Virtuous, who have for ſuch Defence ſufficient Ability and Power? And give me Leave to ſay, My Lord, that the chief *Hero* and *Heroine* of my following Piece may juſtly be called both Amiable and Virtuous Characters. Though indeed, there are ſome others, alſo, with forg'd and illuſtrious Titles, in a direct *Contraſt*; and which, I would to Heaven there were no Originals in thoſe Realms, who are not too, too much like them! And which, My Lord, we ſhall leave to the Impeachment of their own Conſciences to Diſcover: For *Characters* and *Men* like *thoſe*, make ſuch as Your LORDSHIP to *appear*, and be *eſteemed* with that true *Luſtre* and *Honour* which they *really* deſerve.

IN

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IN behalf of this Treſpaſs, then, pleaſe to give me Leave to ſay, My Lord, that (as an *Anti-Gallican* now I ſpeak) I have only copy'd that remarkable Example, which was ſo unanimouſly reſolved by the *whole Body* aſſembled, to prefer Your Lordſhip to the *Anti-Gallican-Chair*, the very Day whereon we were firſt honoured with Your Lordſhip's Preſence.

NO ſmall Mark, My Lord, of the Public and General Eſteem.

AND more eſpecially, when it is conſidered, that the * *Worthy Gentleman* who preceded Your Lordſhip, in that moſt *Laudable-Seat*, is a Perſon, who by his eminent Knowledge, correct Conduct, and juſt Execution of the *Laws* of his Country (particularly when he ſerved in the high and triple Capacity of *Sheriff*, *Alderman*

* *Mr. Alderman* JANSSEN.

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and *Member* of *Parliament* for our Illuſtrious *Metropolis*) will ſtand an everlaſting and glorious Example for all his worthy Succeſſors to imitate.

I ſay, My Lord, for the unanimous Voice of ſix or ſeven Hundred of the moſt creditable and worthy Men aſſembled, to elect Your Lordſhip to ſucceed ſo *bright* and *eminent* a Perſon, was the moſt ſenſible Proof they poſſibly could give you of their Veneration and Eſteem.

How is it then, My Lord, to Your *greater* Credit, that You are thus again diſtinguiſh'd by a *Re-election* of this Worthy and Laudable Brotherhood? A Fraternal-Unity, built on ſuch Principles as are the moſt Loyal! the moſt truly-*Britiſh!* and therefore, the moſt *Worthy* and Commendable of any Aſſociation perhaps in this Kingdom.

ANTI-GALLICANS! the very *Name* My Lord, if all *Britons* were *true* and

worthily

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worthily of this *Incorporate Body*, would ſound more horrible in the Ears of *Gaul*, than ever that of *Roman* did in the Days of *Yore*.

To be a *true Anti-Gallican*, My Lord, is, in brief, to be a *good Engliſh-man*: For, it is next to impſſible that the Intereſt of *France*, and the Intereſt of *Great Britain* ſhould ever have any Connexion. And if this *little Iſland*, according to the Dictates of *Reaſon* and *Nature*, were but unanimouſly inſpired with *true Anti-Gallican Souls*, the whole *Houſe* of *Burbon* would have cauſe to *tremble* every Time they heard the AWEFUL-*Name* repeated.

I ſhall not preſume, at preſent, to take up any more of Your Lordſhip's Time, with this *Epiſtle*, than humbly to ſollicit Your Lordſhip's Pardon for offering you a Work which is entirely built upon the Plan and Baſis of Wild *Romance*: But, yet, with ſuch Mate-

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rials, as, I hope, will prove both uſeful and entertaining to the Generality of my Candid *Readers.* And in the Peruſal of which, ſhould Your Lordſhip diſcover any Thing worthy to attone for this Liberty, it would be the higheſt Ambition, as well as Satisfaction, to,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obedient,

moſt Obliged,

moſt Devoted, and

moſt Dutiful Servant,

W. Goodall.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Grand PRESIDENT;

THE

PRESIDENTS of the different

ASSOCIATIONS;

The STEWARDS, and all other

OFFICERS,

And BRETHREN in *General* of

The *Laudable* ORDER

OF

ANTI-GALLICANS,

This WORK *is humbly* INSCRIBED,

BY,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most Obedient,

most Devoted Brother,

and Humble Servant,

W. Goodall.

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THE ADVENTURES OF Captain GREENLAND.

CHAP. I.

Containing Matter prefatory, neceſſary, and uſeful, both to the Author and the Reader. And wherein the latter is moſt wiſely informed of the Capacity and Power of the Former.

OUR Readers, who doubtleſs will be critical, and various in their Opinions concerning this uſeful and entertaining Work, may, very likely, expect our ſetting forth, according to the accuſtom'd Manner of many great Authors; with a pompous or ſublime Invocation to ſome, or all, of the

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numerous Train of Deities, who are said, or thought, to preside over, and to inspire and assist the whimsical and crack-brain'd Attempts of their many Mooniſh Hiſtories, Lives, Memoirs, Adventures, and ſuch like, to lend us their Aid, and impregnate our Genius with fertile Inventions, ſufficient to enrich the Produce of this our hard and hazardous Undertaking.

And, perhaps, we may alſo be expected, in this our firſt Page, to lay the Foundation of an elevated Prejudice in our Readers, in Favour of the Hero or Heroine of our following true, and moſt ſurprizing Hiſtory. But, that we may begin and continue with that Unity and good Correſpondence, which is, and certainly will be neceſſary between us and our manifold Friends, the Readers; and eſpecially thoſe who are willing to bear us Company through the intricate Movements of theſe Sheets; we ſhall here have Generoſity and Juſtice enough to acquaint them, that we ſhall, at the Head of each Chapter, for their peculiar Benefit, inform them, Step by Step, of every Particular, which they may hereafter expect to meet with: And that, too, in ſuch a manner as we ſhall think moſt proper to preſent it.

But

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But, in order to avoid, as much as poſſible, the common, formal, dry, huſky, Stile and Faſhion of many who have attempted to entertain the World with Works of this Kind: We have thought it, ſometimes, highly neceſſary to follow the Examples of a few of our beſt modern Authors, by preſenting you with now and then a moral Digreſſion, or an uſeful Diſſertation, and ſo forth: And at other Times, as we ſhall judge convenient, we ſhall, with all due Reſpect to the great Rules of Probability and Nature, blend our Diſcourſes with Hyperboles of whatſoever Faſhion and Magnitude we may conceive moſt convenient for our Purpoſe. And we ſhall further advertiſe you, in order to prevent your being deceived by your own infallible Wiſdom and Judgment, that through the whole Progreſſion of this adventurous Work, not one Character is here intended to picture out, or to ſtrike at any one particular Perſon now in being, except the Author himſelf, and ſome few Friends. And therefore, in order to avoid giving any Offence to the Public, either Perſonal, or General; we ſhall abſolutely forbear all Kinds of Satire, all manner of Humour, and all Attempts at Wit: By which prudent and cautious Proceeding, we humbly conceive that we are juſtly entitled to the friendly Encouragement and good Pro-

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tection of all manner of Perſons whatſoever.

Having thus far premiſed and declared the moſt prudent Meaſures we can at preſent think on, for our own Preſervation and Intereſt; we ſhall now proceed to inform you, that this Work was chiefly calculated to ſerve two particular Sorts of People, and two eſpecial Ends only: And which two you will find are abſolutely dependent one upon the other. That is to ſay, firſt, with a View to amuſe and gratify ourſelves; and ſecondly to amuſe and entertain our Reader. Therefore, to prevent any manner of Murmuring, or Back-biting, or Slander, hereafter; we muſt inform you, that we cannot but ſuppoſe that the following Sheets are a ſort of Banquet which we have here moſt kindly bid you to: And that, neither under the Characters of Judges, or Critics, *&c.* no one of you have any more Right, by the Laws of Gratitude and Good-Breeding, to cavil and find fault with what it hath pleaſed *Us*, through divine Providence, to provide you with, than you would have if you were dining at the Table of an Emperor.

We further ſuppoſe, that it cannot be a Secret to many of our Readers, what unlimited Power it has pleaſed Heaven to bleſs us chimerical Authors with: No Sovereign Prince that

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that ever yet was born, not even *Alexander the Great*, who conquer'd the World, could boaſt of half the thouſand Part of our amazing Power and Dominion: Nor hath any Witch, Fairy, Caballiſt, Conjuror, or even the Devil himſelf half a quarter of the Tythe of our moſt wonderful Art and Capacity! We create, faſhion, and deſtroy; what, when, where, and howſoever we pleaſe; Kings, Princes, Lords, and Beggars; Kingdoms, States, Common-wealths, and Palaces; as quick and regular as Thought can form them. Every Work of whatſoever Kind we uſher into the World, and in whatſoever Form, or with whatſoever Ceremony; whether with Thunder, Lightning, Rain, Wind, or Sun-ſhine: They are all created Beings of our own, and our Habitations are always peopled, animated, form'd, and impregnated (as this great World was firſt, by the omnipotent Author and Donor of our unlimited Prerogative) only by the ſole Idea, Will, Pleaſure, and Invention of our definitive and incomprehenſible Genius. Our Heroes and our Heroines are always as tall, or as ſhort as we pleaſe; as fortunate or unfortunate as we pleaſe; as rich and as poor as we pleaſe; as wiſe, witty, brave, or cowardly as we pleaſe; black, brown, or fair; handſome or ugly; good or ill-temper'd; gen-

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teel or clumsey; dull or ingenious; learned or unlearned; all as we please. And lastly, as we raised them at first to please ourselves only, and that from nothing too; so we can; and do (whenever we please) either marry them, imprison them, crown them, or starve them, and so bury them, and reduce them to nothing again.

When our judicious Readers have well considered this last Instance of our mighty Power, we doubt not but that they will be sufficiently filled with Wonder and Respect, both towards our Genius and our Works: And that they will take no ordinary Care how they offend in judging of what is here before them.

By what we have now advanced, it is natural to imagine, that none of our kind Readers will afterwards, be so presumptious as to question our undoubted Authority in making our Hero spring from whatsover Blood, Branch, or Country, we shall think fit. And as we have with great Pleasure observed, that in most modern Histories of this cast, those Heroes who have sprung from the meanest, or the most unwarrantable Parentage, have been the best received by the Public; as Madam *Pamela*, Mr. *David Simple*, Mr. *Joseph Andrews*, Mr. *Roderick Random*, *Thomas Jones*, Esq; and a thousand others; we shall endea-

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vour to vindicate our preſent Proceedings, in that reſpect, by their good Example. And do, therefore, aſſure our Readers, that the firſt Character in this moſt true and illuſtrious Romance, is no greater a Perſon, nor higher born than a Farmer's Son. And when you ſhall have heard and conſider'd our Reaſons for producing him of this humble Strain, we doubt not of your general Approbation and Concurrence.

Had we raiſed him, which we could as eaſily have done, but for the great Forfeiture of Truth and Honeſty, from the Houſe and Blood of ſome noble Lord, Knight, or Eſquire; we muſt then neceſſarily have been at the Expence of beſtowing upon him far different Qualifications and Talents, to what we now have. But, our Hero being but a Farmer's Son, we ſhall content ourſelves with barely relating the moſt whimſical and ſtrange Paſſages of his Life and Fortunes: And which, our Readers will find, is comprized of ſuch uncommon and entertaining Adventures; that to have concealed and with-held their Memory from the World, would have rendered ſuch a ſignificant and univerſal Loſs to the Public, that the writing of ten thouſand worſe Hiſtories, could not, in the leaſt, have attoned for.

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If the Patience of our good Readers be anywiſe too far treſpaſſed upon, in detaining too long their Enterance on the Body of this uſeful Work; to make them ſome amends, we have this Comfort in ſtore for them; that we ſhall give them a much greater Opportunity to prove their Patience, as well as all their other Virtues and Paſſions, before they have travelled through half the Viciſſitudes of this uſeful Hiſtory. Having thus far cautioned you for your own Good, we ſhall now proceed to open the firſt Scene of our Piece in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

Containing an early Deſcription of the Perſon and Genius of our Hero; a Propoſition is made by a certain Lady to breed him up and provide for him. A very natural Struggle in the Mind of his Mother thereupon. With her ready and dutiful Submiſſion to the abſolute Decree of her Huſband.—Well worthy the Notice and Imitation of all head-ſtrong and diſobedient Wives.

OUR Hero was the Son of a very honeſt, reputable, and well-reſpected Farmer, in the County of *W—r——r*; and, as our Readers will hereafter find, had he not been baulked and deprived of an Education ſuitable to his Genius and Capacity, he might probably have made a very great Figure in the World; either at the Bar, or in the Pulpit, or in the Army, or in the Navy, or in Painting, or in Architecture, or in Phyſic, or in Mathematics; or in ſome other of the moſt ſhining Arts and Sciences. But alack-a-day! fatal for poor *Silvius*, (for that is our worthy Hero's Chriſtian Name) his Stars had decreed

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him to a quite different Fortune. And tho' his Father had experienced a liberal Education in himself; and might, therefore, have better known the Value of it; yet, he himself, heading his natural Inclination to the Business of Agriculture, and a rural Life; and to which he intended to bring up this Son; he concluded that the Expence of giving him any extraordinary Education, would not be only superfluous, and thrown away upon him, but that it would also, perhaps, contribute towards the furnishing him with some Abilities and Turn of Mind, that might, in the End, terminate to his Disadvantage.

He had a quick, sprightly Wit, fruitful Imagination, strong Memory, sudden of Apprehension; and, in short, all the natural good Accomdishments necessary to compleat a great and perfect Genius. These great Talents were strengthened and embellished with a natural Addiction and Adherence to the stricter Rules of moral Honesty; accompanied with a bold, lively, open, but modest Spirit. Nothing that was worthy and practicable, was he afraid to attempt; nor anything that was base and scandalous, could any Consideration work upon him to affect. His Person was of a middling Stature, perfectly strait and well-made; neither fat nor lean, but excessively agile.

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His Complexion was fair and ruddy; his Eye brisk and piercing, and his Countenance exceeding steady and pleasant: His natural Inclinations tended ever towards Improvement; and if once he took it into his Head (concerning any particular Thing) that it was commendable, useful, and necessary to understand it, he never gave it over, nor was idle, till he had master'd it.

Having thus far given our Reader an Idea of the Person, Genius, and natural Bent of our dearly beloved *Silvius*; we shall now step back only a few Lines, and bring up our Work before us. We have already observed, that the Father of our *Silvius*, for very shallow Reasons, omitted to give him a necessary Education; which too, but for a very sudden Accident, might have been much better than it happened. And to shew that the Favour of the Fair-Sex are not always prosperous, we must here inform our Readers that at the Age of about ten Years our *Silvius* was honoured with a particular Visit from a fair young Lady, of an antient Family, who took a very great Fancy to his Person; and also determined to accompany him, let what would happen, through the greatest Vicissitudes of his Life. This beautiful and generous young Creature, (whose common Appellation, and what she was

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was beſt known by, was that of Miſs Fortune) rendered him this unlucky Viſit, juſt at a Criſis, that, had ſhe but ſtayed away ſix Months longer, ſhe might in all probability, never have found him afterwards. But it now happened, that one Lady *Worthy*, an elderly Perſon, who lived within half a Mile of *Silvius*'s Father; for the Sake of the Walk, the Seaſon and Weather being pleaſant, and ſhe being taken with the Neatneſs of their Habitation, paid her daily Viſits to the Family, where ſhe generally reſted herſelf for the Space of an Hour: And finding *Silvius* a ſprightly pleaſing Boy, and ſhe having never a Son of her own, reſolved, if poſſible, to gain him away; and, with the Conſent of his Parents, to adopt him her own. This ſhe communicated to *Silvius*'s Mother in the following Manner.

"Dame *Greenland*, I have ſomething of "Conſequence to propoſe to you; which, "if you and your Huſband will conſent to, "I will take what Care I can that you may "never hereafter repent it. You muſt un"derſtand that I have taken a great Fancy "to *Silvius*; he ſeems to me a modeſt and "lively Boy; and as I have never a Son of "my own, if you will give him up to my "Diſpoſal, I will provide for him, and in "ſuch

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"such Sort, as you shall have no Cause to "repent your Acquiescence. I will bestow "upon him the Education of a Gentleman; "and if he lives, the Provision of one likewise. "If your Husband approves of this Proposi- "tion, there will need but little Time, nor "but few Words to conlude the Business."

Let our kind Readers (provided they are not of that unprofitable and insensible Sort, of either Sex, who know not the Pleasure of begetting, or the Pain of parting with their Children) reflect on the good Mother's sudden Agitation, and the Conflict of powerful Nature struggling in her Mind when this was proposed to her. She knew that the good Lady had not only sufficient Abilities to make good her Promises, but was also of a most tender and liberal Disposition. But then, on the other hand, the Mother's natural Tendency and Weakness put in its Plea; and thus the Combat in her divided Mind began: What, part with my dear Child for ever! Give up my Right of Motherhood to a Stranger! and forget the many, many, happy, pleasureable, dear, exquisite Minutes of hugging him to my enraptured Breast? Can I give up those dear, dear Eyes! whose sparkling Lustre flashing from his Infant-Smiles, have so often kindled my transported Soul with

Joys

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Joys unſpeakable? O no, no! thoſe roſy Cheeks, and that pretty, prattling, and bewitching Tongue! thoſe flowing Locks! and thoſe active, ſportive Limbs! Muſt I forget them, or at leaſt give up my ſweet Lamb, and not remember that I bore him? No! it is impoſſible! But then, what am I doing? may he not live to upbraid me hereafter, and ſay that my too much Fondneſs for him, prevented his promiſed Fortune? Indeed, a dreadful Thought! It muſt be Cruelty, not Love: And therefore, upon ſecond Thoughts, as my Huſband is the beſt Judge of all thoſe Kind of Matters, he ſhall himſelf decide this mighty Point.

Here we may obſerve, that the rational Woman immediately got the better of the Mother; and the dutiful Wife, forgetting the common Perverſeneſs of the Woman, readily ſubmitted to the Decree of the Huſband: And accordingly, before the next Day, ſhe found an Opportunity to inform him of what had already been offered by the Lady *Worthy*, in Behalf of her darling Son, *Silvius*.

The good Man, when he had heard her Tale, paſſed not long for a Determination how to act; but, as our Readers will find in the next Chapter, he reſolved to have a little Converſation with the Lady *Worthy*, concerning

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ing her future Designs with him, before he would think of conſenting to part with his Son.

CHAP. III.

Wherein the Reader is deſired to take Notice of the honeſt Farmer's juſt Reaſon for refuſing to comply with the Lady Worthy's *kind Offer, about* Silvius: *The Lady's Departure; and a ſhort Digreſſion on the Farmer's judicious Harangue: calculated for the Sake of the Reader only.*

THE next Day the good old Lady returned to know whether *Silvius* was decreed to her Adoption, or not; and, not in the leaſt doubting of the Affirmative, had already formed a Plan in her Mind, for the firſt five Years of his Endowments: But, alas-a-day! as in all other Things, what ſeems rational, and requiſite to one Perſon, has a different Appearance to another; and ſo did it operate here, to the manifeſt Diſadvantage of poor innocent *Silvius*: For no ſooner was the good old Lady ſeated, according to Cuſtom, to eaſe her wearied Legs, but the Farmer appeared, and thus ſaluted her Ladyſhip:

"My

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" My Wife, Madam, informs me, that " your Ladyſhip has been ſo generous, as to " offer to take, and breed up, and alſo to pro- " vide for my little Boy *Silvius*; I am not in- " ſenſible, Madam, of the Obligation I have " to you, for ſo worthy and liberal a Propo- " ſition: But I hope, Madam, as he is my " Son, you'll not think me impertinently in- " quiſitive, if, with Submiſſion to your Good- " neſs, I ſhould demand in what Manner, if " he ſhould live, you propoſe to ſettle him? " I cannot expect, nor do I deſire, that he " ſhould be trained up to live in Idleneſs and " Riot: And therefore, I ſhould be glad to " know for what Employment you deſign " him?"

" Why, Sir," replied the good Lady, " I " muſt own, my Fancy is not ſo great for his " Perſon, notwithſtanding he is very pretty, " as it is for his Underſtanding, which is in- " deed, to me, very fair and promiſing; and, " therefore, I cannot help thinking, were he " encouraged, but that he would make an ex- " cellent Scholar; and, by his quick, ſpright- " ly, yet mild, and ſenſible Behaviour, he " might be of great Uſe, as well as Ornament, " to the Church: I would therefore, well qua- " lify him for the Pulpit, and alſo ſufficiently " provide for him, in Caſe I dye before he is

" in

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" in Poſſeſſion of a good Living." —— To which the Farmer replied thus:

" Madam, my having more Sons, beſides " *Silvius*, diminiſhes not in the leaſt my Ob- " ligations to your Ladyſhip, for your gene- " rous Offer towards my Child: But you muſt " pardon me, Madam, if I am now ſomewhat " free in the Explication of my Reaſons for a " Non-compliance to your kind Requeſt: If " I ſhould offer you my firſt Denial, without " any Cauſe given, not only your Ladyſhip, " but all the World who may hereafter learn " the Story, would, perhaps, hold me much to " blame; but, as I am, or, at leaſt, call my- " ſelf, the Father of this Child, I claim an un- " doubted Right to withold him, or give him " to you, as I may, in this Caſe, beſt con- " ceive it. And to yield him up without " Queſtion, or Ceremony, would argue too " much Slight and Deficiency in the parental " Care and Affection. And if, through Que- " ſtion, Madam, the received Anſwers agree " not with the Wiſhes and Opinion of my " beſt Reaſon and Judgment, I ſhall again " ſtand accuſed to enfranchiſe my Child to that " State of Life, which I hold unwarrantable, " and diſapproved. And now, Madam, my " Buſineſs and Duty towards your Ladyſhip, " undoubtedly, is to point out the Cauſe of my

Objections.

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" Objections. Your Ladyſhip is not to learn
" by paſt Conferences, that I have ſome Cauſe
" to ſuppoſe myſelf a little acquainted with the
" different Points of Controverſy ſtill ſubſiſt-
" ing between the Faith which I profeſs, and
" that of yours. The Church of *England*, in
" the Profeſſion of which Creed I was bap-
" tized, and inſtructed, ſtill claims my Adhe-
" rance; and forcibly informs my inward Ap-
" prehenſion, that ſhould I aſſcent to the Culti-
" vation of a foreign Belief in the unprovided
" Mind, of my infant Children, that I am guilty
" of offering the greateſt Indignity not only to
" my Creator, with whom I have covenanted
" to honour and worſhip in ſuch an approved
" and ſtipulated Form; but alſo, am convinced,
" that I am committing a Violence againſt the
" Dictates of my own Reaſon, and Conſcience,
" as well as the moſt capital Error; I mean,
" in betraying my own Son into a Track of
" falſe Worſhip, or, at leaſt, ſo erroneous to
" the Compariſons of my own Conſtruction,
" that I think them deficient for myſelf. I
" muſt therefore, Madam, flatter myſelf, that
" I merit your unfeigned Forgiveneſs, when I
" further declare, though it be attended with
" the Liberty of ſome Prolixity, that it is my
" Opinion, whoever ſhall profanely, (nay, it
" is little leſs than Blaſphemy) for the Sake
" of

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" of any worldly Prospect, or Reward, give
" up his Child to the Communion of any
" Faith, in which he could not trust himself,
" is a diabolical Juggler, and deserves an Ex-
" pulsion from every rational Community un-
" der Heaven. Now, Madam, it remains,
" that the Application and Explication of this
" Position be understood in ten Words: I am,
" and do profess myself, of the Faith of the
" Church of *England*; you, Madam, by a
" progressive Degeneracy, are descended into
" what is called Presbytery, a Slip which, I
" must confess, Madam, I would willingly a-
" void. I do not pretend to say, that your
" Faith is ill-grounded, or that your Salvation
" thereby may suffer any Peril. These are
" Disputes which properly appertain to the
" Province of the Clergy; and though, Ma-
" dam, I was myself designed for one of that
" Function, and educated accordingly, yet I
" don't think that I have any Right to mea-
" sure and judge of the Danger and Security
" of any Man's Opinion, save my own. And
" for a Man to be wavering and unstable in
" his Faith, presents a most palpable Argu-
" ment that he has no Faith at all. I can-
" not in my Conscience, Madam, propound
" one Kind of Doctrine for myself, and an-
" other for my Children. Nor can I, with

" the

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" the ſame Weight of Reaſon, ſuppoſe that " your Ladyſhip, being attached to the Per- " ſuaſion of Presbytery, would conſent to the " Expence of a ſufficient Education for my " Son to qualify him for a paſtoral Inſtruc- " tor, and at the ſame Time place him in " that Community, whoſe Documents ſo " manifeſtly condemn the Rites and Cere- " monies of your own." —— To this the Lady replied;

That he was the Father, and conſequently, the Diſpoſer, of his own Child; and, therefore, ſhe had no Right to diſpute it. But as this was a Propoſition that had been ſuddenly ſtarted, without the leaſt Preparation of Time for Conſideration and Digeſtion, ſhe would wait for his ſubſequent Determination; and thereupon, took her Leave, and departed.

Our Readers ſhall here be remember'd, that in our firſt Chapter we reſerved to ourſelves a Right of digreſſing, when, where, and howſoever, we, in our infinite Judgment, ſhall think proper: But as our good Underſtanding and Breeding inform us, that we could not with any Propriety, or good Manners, break in upon the Converſation of the laſt Scene, till the good old Lady had left the Room, we ſhall now take this Opportunity to inſtruct our Readers, how far

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far they may benefit by a moderate Obſervation of Farmer *Greenland*'s laſt Speech; as well as to whom, and for what Uſe this Digreſſion is more eſpecially noted.

We muſt ſo far acquieſce with the Farmer's plain, honeſt Argument, of preſerving an unvarying Faith in Religion to his Children, that it is as a Buttment raiſed to ſecure the Conſcience againſt the uncertain Guſts and wild Ideas that are many Times changeably prevalent, without Cauſe or Certainty. And nothing is more common, comparatively ſpeaking, than to ſee a Marriage-Contract whipt up, and erected upon the watry Foundation of contrary Opinions, ſubſiſting between the Huſband and Wife, in Matters of Religion; nay, and both of them too, moſt rigidly biggotted to their own. A Roman-catholic Lady ſhall marry with a Proteſtant Gentleman, and a Roman-catholic Gentleman with a Proteſtant Lady; and, both of them confeſſing and acknowledging the Creed of St. *Athanaſius*, orthodox; are thereby taught (without Equivocation) to pronounce the Damnation of each.—(Horrible to think on)—As well by their different and oppoſite Opinions, and abſolute Belief of the *Nature* and *Number* of the Sacraments they each acknowledge: And alſo by many other critical Tenets; yet, notwithſtanding, they each believe

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lieve the other to be moſt dangerouſly in the wrong; nor will, on any Conſideration whatever, change, and conform to the other's Belief; yet will they for all this, mutually patch up a Bargain for their Children's Religion, as though it matter'd not a Fig which Way they were ſet a-drift. And which is moſt amazing Doctrine indeed. For, although the Proteſtant warmly maintains, that Romaniſm is ſuperſtitious! idolatrous! and dangerous! And the Roman, with as much Enthuſiaſm, ſtrongly inſiſts, that nobody can poſſibly be ſaved, but by means of the Pope; and that the Proteſtant Faith is abſolutely out of the Pale of Salvation; yet, at the ſame time, theſe two religious, well-meaning People, ſhall conſent to go to Bed with each other; and without the leaſt Scruple (their turbulent Conſciences being now appeaſed) ſhall join their Endeavours to raiſe a new Generation; which, as they are produced, according to Agreement, their * Sex ſhall determine their Fate in Religion; and ſo their Father or Mother ſhall ſave or condemn.

When

* It is a common Cuſtom, when ſuch a Match is made between a Roman and a Proteſtant, that their Iſſue ſhall be brought up thus; the Boys to the Father's, and the Girls to the Mother's Religion. Which judicious Agreement is found to be

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When our candid Readers have well-weigh'd, and alſo made what Reflections and Conſtructions they may think proper on this ſhort Leſſon; we wiſh them, with as much Patience and Good-nature as poſſible, to proceed to the following Chapter; where they will be introduced with all neceſſary Ceremony to the Continuation and regular Thread of our true and uſeful Hiſtory.

CHAP. IV.

Silvius is put Apprentice. His Love for a certain young Lady diſcovered; and hers for him. With a very ingenious Deſcription of the Paſſion of Love, in a new Taſte; and other whimſical and hiſtorical Matter.

IF our Readers ſhould be anywiſe diſguſted at any Part that we have preſented to them in our *laſt* Chapter, we would readily ſign their Pardon, could they but ſuſpend their Enterance on the *preſent* till after Breakfaſt,

be a moſt excellent Salvo, and ſeldom fails to make both Parties eaſy; though there generally ſucceeds an everlaſting Enmity between their Children on that Account.

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or Dinner, or Tea-drinking, or Supper, or till they have taken a Nap, or received a Sum of Money, or tasted any other Joy or Refreshment, that may allay their Disrelish, and re-call their good Temper, and most lenitive Attention. Which having now supposed, for our own Sarisfaction, we shall immediately proceed.

The Remembrance of the Lady *Worthy*'s last Words, made great Impression on the Mind of the sagacious Mr. *Greenland*; and contributed not a little to the expediting the Removal of poor *Silvius*: For the wary and determined Father concluded, that so long as this Son should continue under his own Roof; the good Lady, in all Probability, would never cease her Solicitations; or else that his Persistance in an absolute Refusal, might end in a Breach of their long continued Friendship, which he heartily wish'd to avoid. And therefore the Means of this Prevention called upon his present Care for a speedy Execution. Accordingly, without speaking three Words about it to his Wife, who always left those Affairs to his own Determination: He went the next Day to a near Relation of his, a Gentlemen whom he well knew had a most tender Regard for his Boy *Silvius*; and with whom he had corresponded in the most strict and sincere Friendship

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Friendſhip from their Child-hood. This Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Scribblewell*, was by Trade a Clothier, or Manufacturer of Broad-Cloth. And being a particular Friend, as well as Uncle's Son, or firſt Couſin of Mrs. *Greenland*'s, the Farmer made no Ceremony of the Matter, but fairly open'd to him the whole Proceeding between him and Lady *Worthy*; intimating at the ſame Time his moſt earneſt Deſire and Deſign to Apprentice out his Son, to prevent any future Solicitations from the above-mentioned Lady. Mr. *Scribblewell* taking this for a Kind of Hint or Invitation, as giving him the Preference of his Friendſhip and Intention in this Matter; reply'd thus—"Couſin *Greenland*, if I am right in my Apprehenſion of your Meaning, you would willingly diſpoſe of your Son *Silvius*, with all "convenient Haſte, to ſome mechanical "or handicraft Tradeſman, in order to evade "the unneceſſary Trouble of the good Lady "and yourſelf."——"You are right!" replied the Farmer—"What think you of a "Clothier?" demands Mr. *Scribblewell*; "I "have accumulated ſome thouſands of Pounds, "by the Buſineſs; indeed I have been in it "a great many Years: But if you and the "Boy can approve of it, and like me for a "Maſter, I will uſe the utmoſt of my En-

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"deavours to render it both agreeable and "profitable to each of you. But as *Silvius*, "you know, is very young, you may imagine that he will be of very little Service to "me for several Years; and the only Use I "can propose to make of him, as yet, will be "to go of little Messages, and such like. "However, as I always loved the Boy, if "you and I can agree about him, I will give "you my honest Word, that he shall meet "with no other, at least, not worse Treatment, than that of my own Children."

To be brief, the Farmer and his Kinsman struck up a Bargain; and when he came home, *Silvius* was asked, Whether he would go live with his Cousin *Scribblewell?* To which, as they had always been very fond, and kind to him, he answered, "Yes; with all my "Heart." And his Mother giving her Consent to it, in a few Days after, *Silvius* was removed to his new Habitation; and in about a Month's Time, fast bound an Apprentice. He was now but just entered into the eleventh Year of his Age; taken from his School, and cut off from the Advantage of his Learning, and of which he was not only very fond, but otherwise might, perhaps, have more largely enjoyed it. But being now fast bound, we shall advance nothing to our Readers but the

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the moſt material Occurrences of his Life and Fortune: And what muſt certainly, by the Information thereof, greatly contribute to their Entertainment and Improvement. In order therefore to prevent any irregular Hoppings, and ſkipping backwards and forwards in the future Progreſs of this Hiſtory, we beg leave to inform our Readers, that the Lady *Worthy* being now perſwaded of the true Cauſe of this ſudden aad diſagreeable Propoſal of her wiſhed-for *Silvius*; ſhe not only ſeverely repented that ſhe ever mentioned him to his Parents, but alſo, from that Day, forbore all future Viſits to his Father's Houſe: But notwithſtanding ſhe was greatly diſpleaſed with the Farmer's precipitate Removal of the Lad, ſhe ſtill continued her Affection for *Silvius*; and never failed, whenever ſhe ſaw him, of repeating her Invitations, that he would call to ſee her at every Opportunity; and which he faithfully obſerved, to his no ſmall Advantage. But we muſt here obſerve, that there was a more prevalent and attractive Power, than the old Lady's peculiar Generoſity, that inſenſibly operated in the Mind of our Infant *Silvius*. It was a fair and beautiful young Lady, and Granddaughter to this very Lady *Worthy*: One who was as ſweet and charming in her Mind and Temper, as ſhe was in her Perſon. This beau-

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tiful and amiable young Lady, whose true Name, for Reasons best known to ourselves, we shall here immask under that of *Angelica*, was a Schoolfellow and Play-mate with *Silvius* about his Age; and had, with each other, contracted such a disinterested and natural Infant Love, that it was hard to say which of them affected the other most.

Silvius and *Angelica* had gone to the same School together from about three Years old; and which, as is very frequent in Children, they seemed to single out each other particularly, from the rest of their Schoolfellows; as being more agreeable to each other's natural Temper and Taste, than any of the rest. If either of them had any thing that was better than ordinary, the other was sure to share it. If *Angelica* was injured or affronted by any of the Boys, *Silvius* must be her Champion; and he seldom quarrelled with any of them but upon her account: And if any of the Girls said any Thing to the Prejudice of *Silvius*, Miss *Angelica* seldom failed to resent it. Neither would she suffer them to be too fond of him; for then she would fire at them like a Turkey-cock, and always put herself in between the familiar Miss and her Husband *Silvius*. Thus their tender Affection, so early rooted, still continued to strengthen with their Age.

And

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And this tender and mutual Affection between them, we may well say, was quite natural; but yet, insensible to them both, till some Time after *Silvius* was put out Apprentice; when by a more powerful Force, which was now ripened by Time, they discovered their Love of each other by their intelligible Eyes and Blushes: For *Silvius*, according to Custom, going to pay his weekly Visits to his Father and Mother (every *Sunday*) was, in his Way thither, obliged to pass by the Lady *Worthy*'s Gate; when he seldom failed of meeting with the fair and charming *Angelica*; which pleasing Rencounter constantly alarmed them both with inexpressible Pleasure. This was obvious to each other, by their sudden glancing and flushing: And though the Cause of these inward Emotions, through their Infant Innocence, was a Secret to them both; yet, as it increased with their Growth, before they could account themselves fully sixteen, they needed no Interpreter to inform them, that it was the natural Works of *Love*.

It would, doubtless, savour too much of Affectation and Prolixity, should we attempt to shew our Readers, the many Dalliances, and pleasant Follies, which were acted over and over by this innocent and harmless Couple, in the Course of this their first Discovery; since

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every one of our Readers, who are not of the impenetrable ſavage Kind, have, without Doubt, a Heart capable of this inſpired Impreſſion, and muſt, ſooner or later, feel the bitter Sweets and painful Pleaſures of that all-conquering *Paſſion*.

Not Punch, nor Salmagundi, nor any other Drink or Meat, of more repugnant Compounds, can be compriſed of more contrary Ingredients, nor work more different Effects in the various Minds of Men and Women, than that ſublime! groveling! joyful! melancholy! flouriſhing! ruinous! happy! diſtracting! whimſical, and unaccountable, tame, mad Monſter, *Love!* So that, by this ſhort Sketch of that blind, palpable, contagious, and incomprehenſible *Beaſt*, we truſt that our lenitive Readers will ſuffer us hereafter, without biting of our Lips, or ſmacking of their Tongues, or diſtorting of their ſweet Features, by making of wry Faces, or by ſhaking of their Heads, and groaning, or by any other ſuch unpleaſant Note of Diſapprobation. We ſay, that without the Appearance of any of theſe, we hope you will permit us to ridicule, admire, embrace, diſparage, praiſe, or diſplay him, in whatſoever Form, Nature, Meaning, and to what Uſe we may hereafter find will

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beſt ſuit, with our future Conveniency and Advantage.

Having thus far premiſed, we beg Leave to ſuppoſe, that this uncommon Digreſſion, in endeavouring to entertain our Reader herewith, is like putting ourſelves upon the Footing of a Horſe-Jockey, who amuſes his Cuſtomer with all the Tricks, Exerciſes, and Management of his Beaſt, before he pays his Money for him: And it will perhaps be of as much real Uſe to him hereafter (if he will but remember this Notice) in the better underſtanding of the many different Arts and Paces of our much-experienced, and well-inſtructed Muſe and Genius.

And now, having it occur to our Fancy, that the Reader of this Work may be compared to a Man who is riding a long Journey, through ſtrange and uncertain Roads; where he will ſometimes find himſelf in a Wood, ſometimes in a long open Deſart, at other times in a fine pleaſant Road, and anon ſet faſt in a Slough; we therefore, as the whole Track of this Circuit is cut and marked out by us, out of our munificent and beneficent Hoſpitality, have erected all modern Conveniencies, except Poſt-Chaiſes, for him to travel by. When we have led him a Croſs-Road, we ſhall preſent him with a Preſcription

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which Way we would have him to go; and when we have entertained him for ſome time, with a pleaſant Proſpect and good Bottom, and ſhall then think proper to conduct him to a dirty Lane, or a ſteep Hill, he ſhall no ſooner have attained the Extremity of ſuch Inconveniency; but, as a Reward for his Toil, and to refreſh him, we ſhall immediately preſent him with a Tavern, an Inn, an Alehouſe, or a Ginſhop; in the Shapes of a Digreſſion, a Poem, a Song, or a Story. The Number of our Pages may ſerve for Mile-ſtones, and when he is weary, and has travelled his Day, at the End of our Chapter he may put up his Horſe, and ſo now we'll ſuppoſe him to be gone to his Reſt.

CHAP. V.

Shewing an entertaining Contrivance of Silvius's, *to revenge an Abuſe which he had received from his Maſter's head Journeyman.*

HAVING now allowed our Readers a ſufficient Time for Refreſhment, ſince our laſt Chapter, we think it requiſite to call him forth to the Purſuit of his Journey.

Mr.

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Mr. *Stribblewell*'s head Man, who chiefly managed the Buſineſs, had formerly ſerved his Time with him, and being a great, fat, crabbed, ill-natured, ſtern Fellow, *Silvius* and he affected one another's Tempers and Humours not much; ſo that poor *Silvius*, being now about fourteen Years of Age, and having neglected ſome trifling Matter which the other had charged him with (perhaps for the Sake of ſome favourite Book, which he might be crept into ſome ſecret Corner to enjoy, as he frequently did; for he was very fond of reading) the Journeyman finding the Buſineſs not done according to his Expectation, without further Ceremony, took up a ſmall Piece of Cane, and gave poor *Silvius* a very ſevere Thraſhing. This was an Action that he could plead no Authority, but that of his own Will, for doing. However, his Maſter being gone to a Fair to buy Wooll, *Silvius* had nobody to apply to for Redreſs; and to make any perſonal Oppoſition to the Strength of a Man, was but to aggravate his Pain. And therefore *Stratagem* would ſeem a more probable and capable Friend. He ſilently bore the Abuſe, and racked his poor Brain a great while for ſome whimſical Fancy that might effectually anſwer his Deſire of Revenge; and after projecting a

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thouſand Things, he at length reſolved upon the following.

He applied himſelf privately to a Niece of his Maſter's, one Miſs *Maria Fairly* (a young Lady of great Good-nature, who had boarded with them ſome Years) to aſſiſt him in the Execution of his Scheme, and which could not be carried on without ſuch a Confederacy; for it required more Aſſiſtance than even her's. But her Intereſt with his Maſter *Scribblewell* was what *Silvius* moſt depended upon. And having acquainted her with his whole Plan, ſhe took it on herſelf, and ſoon gained the ſecret Concurrence of her Uncle and Aunt, that is to ſay, as much of it as *Silvius* wanted; for he had lately read ſomething concerning the extraordinary Effect of Imagination, and he now was reſolved, if poſſible, to prove it.

Maria having prepared the Way with her Uncle and Aunt, they pitched upon *Chriſtmas*-Evening to put in Practice this Piece of Humour, which no body but the young Lady knew, that *Silvius* had any Hand in. And Mr. *Scribblewell* having no Manner of Diſlike to any Kind of innocent Merriment; whereby no Perſon's Injury was likely to ariſe, he propoſed this Night in particular; becauſe their Buſineſs would not, by that Means, be impeded; and perhaps, becauſe ſuch a Gambol would

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would better become that Seaſon of the Year than another: So that, we may now ſay, they had all ſpent the Evening in the higheſt Chearfulneſs, and Mr. *Scribblewell* had taken good heed to make Mr. *Cook*; (for that was the Journeyman's Name) drink fully up to the Meridian of his intended Purpoſe; inſomuch, that he was incapable of bearing his own corpulent, and now top-heavy Carcaſe, up Stairs to Bed; in which Aſylum he was no ſooner depoſited, than he ſunk down into a drouzy State of Oblivion. And now *Silvius*, as *per* Plan, and by his Maſter's Direction, collected together all his Cloaths that he could find, when having prepared a Couple of Taylors ready for that Purpoſe, they ſet them to Work, and ordered them to take in of each of his Coats and Waiſtcoats about two Inches of a Side, and his Breeches in Proportion; which being done, *Silvius* beſtowed them in the ſame Places from whence he had taken them.

The next Morning, the Fumes of the Liquor having been too ſubtle and potent for the Ability of his Brain, it confined him to his Pillow, till *Silvius* came up to him, and acquainted him that the Family waited Breakfaſt for him; upon which he immediately got out of Bed, but bitterly complained of a Pain in his Head. *Silvius* looking ſteadfaſtly at

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him, cried out, "Good Heavens! Mr. *Cock*, "what in the Name of the Lord is the Mat-"ter with your Face?" —"My Face!" replied he, "why," (ſtroking of it) "what "is the Matter with it?"—"The Matter "with it!" returned *Silvius*, "why it is "ſwelled as big as a Peck! I never ſaw ſo "ſtrange an Alteration in a Man ſince I was "born!"—Indeed, his Eyes ſeemed ſwelled and uneaſy with the Effects of the Liquor he had drank the Night before; but being willing to better inform his Knowledge in this new Caſe, he applied himſelf to the Looking-glaſs for a further Satisfaction: But this did not altogether convince him yet; for the more he examined himſelf, the more Doubts aroſe in his Mind; ſometimes he fancied that his Face was really ſwelled, and ſometimes that it was not; however, *Silvius* found his Conceit to vary, and therefore left him to determine the Point by himſelf.

Having now ſlipt on his Coat and Waiſt-coat, he attempted the like with his Breeches; but O wonderful Diſcovery! behold, he could not get his Thighs half Way into them; upon which, he cryed out to himſelf (and pulling at the ſame Time, his Coat and Waiſt-coat over his Belly, which ſhewed a proportionable Deficiency) "Swell'd indeed! Why I am

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" am puffed up, like a Barrel! I am blown like " a Wool-sack! Merciful Heaven, sure I am " poison'd" — Here he betook himself to a second Pair of Breeches, which also produced another Witness of his bulky Encrease. This made him stare afresh: But just as he was trying also another Coat and Waistcoat (which kept equal Size with the first) his Master came into the Room, saying, with some outward Amazement-" Here, where are You, Mr. *Cook*? " The Boy, yonder is frighted out of his Wits; " and says that you are swell'd in the Face " like a Batter-pudding! Let's look at you" which done, he said to him,—" I thought the " Lad had been joking at first; till he continued to assert it so very seriously: But I see 'tis " true enough. What in the Name of Goodness, have you been doing to yourself? Have " you eat, or drank any Thing this Morning " that can have wrought this amazing Change? " Why, I never saw such an Alteration in any " Man in my Life. You look as though you " were poison'd. Have you any Pain in your " Head?" " ——Pain, Sir," reply'd *Cook*, " Why I am swell'd in the same hideous manner all over my Body, and my Eyes are ready " to start out of my Head! See here! I can't get " on any Breeches that I have; and you may " see, Sir, my Coat and Waistcoat won't meet

over

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" over my Breaſt, or Belly, by a Hand's
" breadth. I have tryed the Cloaths I wore Yeſ-
" terday, and they are the ſame with theſe,
" exactly. And I think I am rather worſe,
" ſince I got out of my Bed, than I was be-
" fore."--" Ay! Sayeſt thou ſo?" Nay then,
" get thee to Bed! Get thee to Bed," ſaid his
Maſter. " I am really afraid that you are
" worſe than you think for. But I'll ſend for the
" Apothecary, and hear what he ſays to it."

Here the poor Man, being ſufficiently perſuaded that he was not only greatly ſwell'd, but otherwiſe very much out of Order, went directly to Bed again: And ſoon after his Miſtreſs, Miſs *Maria*, and the Maid-Servants, all made him their ſucceſſive Viſits; with equal Admiration and Concern. So that it was now judged neceſſary, by every one, that the Apothecary ſhould be ſent for, without the leaſt Delay. And the poor ſwoln Man fancy'd himſelf to grow worſe and worſe every Minute.

When the Apothecary came, he was let into the Secret, that he might know the better how to deal with him, and to avoid adminiſtring any thing to hurt him; becauſe, they had agreed to carry on their Project all that Day, to ſee what an Effect this Conceit would have on him at laſt. But *Silvius*'s Revenge

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Revenge was all yet to come. The Apothecary laught at the Joke; and perhaps was in ſome hopes that it might make him *Ill* in good Earneſt. However, he promiſed to ſend him ſomething that would facilitate the paſſing off of the Liquor, and which would conſequently eaſe his Head and Stomach. But when his Apprentice brought this curious Draught, *Silvius* took the Opportunity to acquaint him of all the whole Affair, as alſo of his own future Plan; and the original Abuſe that provoked him to it. The Apothecary's Apprentice approved of his Reſentment, and promiſed to aſſiſt him as he deſired: Which was, as thus; he had now by his Maſter's directions brought him ſomething to carry off the laſt Night's Cups; but that Evening he privately delivered to *Silvius*, another Potion, which nobody but themſelves knew any Thing of, with particular Inſtructions when and how to give it to him.

Several Times, in the Day, he had had Gruel, and Broth, and Tea brought to him; ſo that, before Night, they were pretty ſure there was no greater Diſorder upon him, than that which was engender'd by his own Conceit. But as *Silvius*, by his forward and ready Attendance, all that Day, had been his chief Nurſe in bringing to him all his choice Mat-

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ters, he could now the more conveniently preſent him with this ſmall Portion, on his own Account. For we muſt here obſerve, that it had been before agreed upon, by a general Conſultation, that he muſt abſolutely take, that Night, a pretty ſtrong Sleepy-doſe, to lock up his Faculties from the Power of Obſervation, though perhaps there was no Occaſion for it. So that they might, thereby, procure an Opportunity for the reſtoring of all his Cloaths to their former Allowance. This Opiatic-Draught was accordingly given to him about Seven o'Clock; when the two Taylors were ſoon ſet again to Work, for the Purpoſe juſt mentioned. But watchful *Silvius* being yet his chief Attendant, and having not quite done, with him gave him now to underſtand, that the Doctor had ſent him another Doſe; which he muſt alſo take, juſt before he went to Sleep. And thereupon, as he had been inſtructed by the Apothecary's Apprentice, he took it upon himſelf to watch him, leſt he ſhould drop into a Slumber, and forget, or otherwiſe neglect it. So that when he perceived a heavy Droſineſs to hang about his Eyes, he failed not to rouſe him to the Reception of this laſt Doſe: And at the ſame Time, greatly comforted him, with an Aſſurance that he now looked infinitely better.

Some

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Some of our malicious Readers, may perhaps, have Malignance enough, either to hope, or imagine that this laſt Doſe (which was charged with our Hero's Revenge) might be impregnated with ſome kind of Poiſon; ſo that our Favourite *Silvius* might thereby be in ſome Peril of coming to the Gallows. But, alack a day! they are quite diſappointed; for it was ſo far from containing any Quality capable of poiſoning the inſide of the Carcaſs, that before he awoke the next Morning, it had ſo thoroughly cleanſed him of all nauſeous Contents within, that every Perſon who came near him, or even into the Room, were in as much Danger of being poiſoned by the ill Effects of it, as himſelf. For *Silvius* having done his Duty by him the Day before, one of the Maids was now the firſt Perſon in the Morning who came to enquire how he did; and finding that he did not anſwer her firſt nor ſecond Call, ſhe was not quite certain whether his Sleepy-draught had not cauſed his Nap to continue longer than was by them intended him. But ſhe having drawn the Curtain, and ſhook him a little, there awoke with him (and which iſſued from the Bed, as he moved his Carcaſs) ſuch an inſufferable and filthy Stench as rendered the poor Girl much Difficulty, to abide the Room even a quarter

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quarter of a Minute. She made little Queſtion, within herſelf, but that he had burſt his Bowels: And was ſomewhat ſurprized to find him inſenſible of this his moſt lamentable Condition. For he perfectly ſwam in a kind of unſavory Deluge: And which, as ſoon as he had opened his Eyes, ſo ſenſibly attacked his Noſe, that he was almoſt poiſoned in good Earneſt.

When the Maid had informed the reſt of the Family, of this Tragical-event, the poor wretched Fellow became baited among them like a Bear; every one endeavouring which could worry him moſt. But he, perceiving his ſwelling to be all gone, made not the leaſt doubt but that his poiſonous Diſtemper had made its Eſcape in the ſame Evacuation: And more eſpecially as it bore ſuch a horrid and deteſtible Scent.

This generous Preſent of Jalop, which *Silvius* had procured him, and which was all clear Gains, as it was not to be placed in his Bill, had wrought his Revenge to the utmoſt of his Deſire; for it is hardly to be conceived what a foul Handle they make, in the Country, of ſuch a ſlippery Accident: The very Boys in the Street would not ſuffer him to forget it: And *Silvius*, upon Occaſion, could find an Hundred ways

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ways to put him in Mind of this disagreeable Instance of his Fallibility.

Mr. *Scribblewell* and the Apothecary, both became astonished when they were inform'd of this loose Issue, and rather attributed it to the Nature of his lax Constitution, than the Effect of the last Medicine, knowing that the Position they had agreed to, could have no such Operation. But Mr. *Gook*, now finding his Cloaths again come to, concluded that the venomous Matter, which had so abominably swell'd his Body, had been happily carried off by this fortunate Discharge. But the fair *Maria*, had she been so minded, could have inform'd him better. But *Silvius* now saved her that Trouble; for, after some Debate within himself, whether he should publish this Exploit, or stifle it, he concluded that private Revenge was no Revenge at all; and that all the Pleasure and Satisfaction center'd in its being known who it was that had thus whelm'd him in such a vile Disgrace. And therefore, he very soon after, found an Opportunity, before all their Shop-mates, to give Mr. *Cook* the whole History of this extraordinary Obligation: Together, with a further Promise, that if he ever offer'd to strike him again, he had another Project to execute, that he should find much more inconvenient to him.

Here,

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Here, the Applauſes which the reſt of the Auditors render'd *Silvius* laſt Plot; and their continual Jeers, ſo greatly abaſh'd this expoſed Wight, that it was a moſt ſevere vaxation upon his Patience to endure their many Sarcaſms: And yet he judged it perilous to reſent them.

CHAP. VI.

Wherein our Readers may find ſome very uſeful Documents, drawn from the Example of Silvius. *A very ſhort Chapter.*

HAVING formerly acquainted the Reader with the Infant-love contracted between *Silvius* and *Angelica*, we now proceed to inform him of the many ſad Effects, and inconvenient Conſequents of that Love.

Silvius, on his Part, whenever he paſs'd the Houſe of Lady *Worthy*, threw his eager and expectant Eyes at every Door and Window, in ſtricteſt Search of the charming *Angelica*. And ſhe, on the other hand, as knowing his uſual Hour of coming, never fail'd, if poſſible, of anſwering his Deſires. So that once a Week, at leaſt, they generally enjoy'd the Satisfaction of one another's Converſation. This cuſtomary, and always look'd for Bleſſing,

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ſing, begat in *Silvius*, as he encreaſed in Years and Growth, a peculiar Deſire of rendering himſelf more than ordinary agreeable, and pleaſing in all his Carriage and Behaviour towards his Soul's Darling. And as he was too much confined for any great Opportunity of obſerving the polite Deportment and Converſation of thoſe of her Rank, he, at every ſpare Hour, dedicated his chiefeſt Thoughts and Time to Reading; as being the only Means, he rightly imagined, to correct his own irregular and wild Ideas, and Conceptions by. This Method of improving his Notions, by Reading and Reflecting, taught him more the underſtanding of himſelf, in particular, than many a rich Man's Son gathers from the Advantage of a great School, much Indulgence, and a *French* or *Iriſh* Preceptor. This natural Inclination of *Silvius*'s continual Endeavour to make himſelf appear amiable both in his Carriage and Converſation, as believing this the only Way to make him proſper in his Love, was an Emulation that all Mankind, Rich and Poor, ought to ſtrike at. For in whoſoever ſuch a laudable Reſolution, and conſtant Practice ſhall take Place, and preſide, we are tolerably ſure, not to find in them any of the moſt nauſeous and faſhionable

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onable Cuſtoms, Follies, and Vices, which are now ſo much in Vogue.

For who, that would be thought honeſt, would forfeit that Character, by the common Practices of Theft, Fraud, or Deceit? Who, that would be thought a Man of Senſe and Underſtanding, would take Delight in the Company of Fools, and talking of Nonſenſe? He, who would be thought decent and cleanly, ſhould never talk vulgarly, nor obſcenely; never be ſeen drunk; never wear a long Beard; dirty Shoes; his Stockings about his Heels; his Cheeks ſtuffed with Tobacco; nor his Noſe plaſter'd with Snuff.

By theſe Exceptions, our Reader may ſuppoſe, and perhaps very juſtly too, that *Silvius* was very careful not to be detected in the leaſt Article of them. And therefore having already noted, that he now dedicates all his Leiſure time to Reading and Reflection, we need not attempt to entertain our ſagacious Reader with a long Account of his robbing of Orchards, and Gard ns; ſtealing of Pigs and Poultry; breaking of Windows, and deſtroying of other Mens Properties, *&c.* the common and preſent Practices, whereby moſt of our young Gentlemen of Wit and Spirit, are now a-days ſo worthily diſtinguiſh'd.

Having

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Having, according to the Rule of Truth, (which is a very requiſite, though ſcarce Ingredient, in the Compoſition of an Hiſtoriagrapher) no preſent Occaſion to make mention of thoſe few modern Atchievements which were abſolutely neglected in the Minority of our better bred *Silvius*, we ſhall now, without further Interruption, leave him to purſue his preſent prudent Undertakings; and invite our Reader to give us again his Attention and Meeting, in the Sixteenth Year of his Age.

CHAP. VII.

Wherein is related an odd kind of Accident. Shewing the Deficiency of Nature in the Purſuit of Good-works. Which, to ſome Readers may prove very entertaining; and to others not worthy their Notice.

AS we ourſelves, according to the common Vanity of Authors, are much better Judges than our judicious Readers, what is neceſſary to inſert in this our Hiſtory, and what ſhould be omitted; we ſhall now, without further Ceremony, acquaint them that *Silvius*

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Silvius had nearly attain'd the Age of Sixteen Years, when the following ſad Accident happen'd.

Mrs. *Scribblewell* had a Mother whoſe Surname was *Johnſon*, and who, had lodged and boarded with her and her Huſband almoſt Twenty-years: And being always a very pious ſenſible, good Woman, ſhe had made it her Cuſtom, from within a few Years after her firſt coming to live with them, to have Prayers read in her Bedchamber every Night, the laſt Thing before ſhe went to Bed. This Ceremony had been long performed by Miſs *Maria*, Mr. *Scribblewell*'s Neice (as before mention'd) a great Favourite of the old Lady's, and who was a very agreeable young Lady, about two Years older than *Silvius*; that is to ſay, about Eighteen, with 4000l. to her Fortune.

The Inſtitution of this laudable Cuſtom, was, as we have been informed, for the ſake of Miſs *Maria*; to improve her Reading, and to impreſs and ſtrengthen in her youthful Mind, a more perfect Knowledge of Religion and Morality. And to this nightly Form of Prayer, Mrs. *Scribblewell* and the Maids, were conſtantly uſed to attend. And when *Silvius* came firſt Apprentice, being ſo very young, and a Relation alſo, he was propoſed by the

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old Lady to be admitted one of this Society; Accordingly, with his Master's particular Leave and Order he was initiated, and had constantly attended from his first coming to this Time; but now *Silvius* was become a useful Person in his Master's Business, and being required to rise pretty early every Morning, and also a good deal perhaps fatigued with his Employment in the Day, it was no great Wonder if he became sleepy by Bed-time.

So that, it one Night happened, after Prayers were over, and every Body were retired but the old Lady (who was exceeding large and fat) her Niece and her Maid; that as these two last were busy in divesting her for Bed, so that she was just undressed to her very Shift, and had nothing else remaining on but her Night-cap and Slippers, *Silvius*, who had fallen fast asleep, and unobserved of either of them, had continued still kneeling, with his Elbows in a Window, and his Face declining in his Hands, at the farther End of the Room, which was very large; and being now disturbed by the corpulent old Lady's rumbling herself with some Difficulty out of her great Chair, he being between sleeping and waking, roar'd out (with an Accent of Devotion, no Doubt) *Amen!*

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This pious Expreſſion had no ſooner paſſed the Lips of the devoted *Silvius*, who we may obſerve, though he was faſt aſleep, had ſtill his Prayers at Heart; but the good old Lady, who had juſt erected herſelf upon her Legs, and was puffing and blowing, and rubbing of her great, fat, round Belly (which we apprehend ſhe had good Reaſon for ſo doing) and was getting out of her Under-petticoat, being greatly ſurprized at this ſudden and unexpected Expreſſion, replied to it with great Emphaſis, and with as pious a Meaning as the others.— *Lord have Mercy upon us.*

This immediate Replication of the good old Gentlewoman's, awakened effectually poor ſleepy *Silvius*, who, rubbing his Eyes to diſengage their drowſy Invader, and drive him, for the preſent, from their Curtains, beheld ſuch a wonderful Mountain of female Fleſh, that could only renew his Aſtoniſhment. He gazed with much Surprize for ſome ſhort Space upon the vaſt Promontory, and ſhe having tacked herſelf about in Front at the firſt ſounding of his Voice, gave him the fineſt Opportunity imaginable of beholding this majeſtick Appearance with the beſt Advantage.

Many Writers would doubtleſs enlarge and dwell much longer on the Topick of this Accident: But as ſuch a Proceeding might poſſibly

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ſibly produce ſomething that might as well be omitted, we ſhall only inform our Readers, that all Parties preſent looked very fooliſh, and very much frighted; and *Silvius* having, without ſpeaking one Word, recovered his Legs, and ſneaked out of the Room, the old Gentlewoman and her Attendants got the better of their Fright, and ſo retired, with Temper and Forgiveneſs, to Reſt.

CHAP. IX.

Silvius, *for the foregoing Accident, is expelled the Nocturnal-Society.* Miſs Maria *diſcovers a Paſſion for* Silvius; *he evades the Suit, and reſolves to attack* Angelica.

OUR *Silvius*'s Deficiency, that he had not learnt to watch as well as to pray, was the next Day chewed like the Cud in the Mouth of every Perſon in the Family, after their own Taſte, with different Notes and Comments upon it, as their various and inſpired Genius's pleaſed to ſet forth. All which we ſhall think here not worthy our further Notice: Only perhaps it may be requiſite to inform our Readers, that for this one ſmall

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Slip, poor *Silvius* was for ever after denied and expelled the Benefit of that ſacred and divine Aſſembly. But whether he accounted this Expulſion pleaſant or grievous to him, we ſhall leave to the Opinion of our well-judging Readers.

As we have already obſerved in our foregoing Chapter, *Silvius* had now taken Poſſeſſion of his ſixteenth Year, was ſprightly, blooming, and, for a Country Youth, exceſſive graceful in his Carriage and Behaviour, even beyond the common Cuſtom of Lads of his Age; and tho' he never with-held his Tribute of ſeeming Approbation, by the Pleaſantry of his Smile at every ſimple Joke that paſſed the Lips of his Companions, yet he was too ripe in his Judgment to iſſue forth any light and frothy Expreſſions himſelf. He now grew ſo ſtudious, and ſo ſedate and thoughtful at certain Times, that many of his airy Acquaintance believed him to be going melancholy and ſtupid: But whatſoever the reſt of the World thought of him, the fair and charming *Maria* had conceived a more tender and affectionate Idea of him.

This young Lady, as we obſerved before, was about eighteen Years of Age, and had four thouſand Pounds independent Fortune. Her Complexion was fair; her Features regular

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gular and pleaſant; her Stature of a midling Height, and her Temper very lively and agreeable. With all theſe tempting Qualifications and Perfections, joined to the moſt affectionate Paſſion for him, ſhe appeared no more than any other Perſon of her Sex, to the heedleſs and inſenſible *Silvius.*

It may indeed ſeem to ſome of our Readers perhaps, a little ſtrange and unnatural, that ſo ſenſible and prudent a Lad, with no better a Proſpect nor Circumſtances than we have already deſcribed him, ſhould reſt ſo regardleſs of this fair Opportunity to mend, or rather *make* his Fortune. Four thouſand Pounds, with ſo agreeable and deſerving a Lady as *Maria*, was a Temptation much more worthy than *Silvius*, according to the common Conſtruction of the World, had any Right to pretend to; but we apprehend, that this Wonder will greatly diminiſh, when we ſhall recollect what hath been already hinted concerning his natural Affection for *Angelica*; and more ſo, when we can with Truth aſcertain, that every Day ſtill added to their mutual Increaſe of Love; for that all the Attempts, Hints, and Diſcoveries of the almoſt languiſhing *Maria*, were ſtudied and tried in vain; her youthful Blood, warm Complexion, and healthful Conſtitution, all whiſpered to her yielding, tender Thoughts

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that now was the Seaſon made for Love. *Silvius* was far the moſt agreeable Youth, both in his Perſon and Underſtanding, that ſhe had any particular Acquaintance with; for ſhe went but very little abroad, and therefore it creates no great Matter of Wonder, that ſhe ſhould fix her firſt Affections on him; nor will it appear any wiſe unnatural, that her Love for him continued to encreaſe, when we ſhall inform them, that the fair *Maria*, having an Opportunity of an Hour's private Converſation with him, either Chance, or Deſign, we know not which, threw in between them the pleaſing Topick of Love: This Theme was ſo ſenſibly handled by the Art and Skill of *Silvius*, who had before debated a thouſand Arguments within himſelf on that Subject, occaſioned by his Paſſion for his lovely *Angelica*, that his Couſin *Maria* was enamoured with his Diſcourſe to the higheſt Degree; ſhe had great Hope, that this early Senſibility which appeared in him, and which ſhe meaſured by her own inward Feelings, was a ſympathetic Tenderneſs, and an Underſtanding cauſed, fed, produced, and nouriſhed by her own generous Paſſion for him; and therefore ſhe not only admired and gave into moſt of his Arguments on that Head, but alſo took all the Pains and Care ſhe could to let him ſee how much he had

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had converted her to his Devotion: Sighs, Glances, Smiles, and an hundred other Arts, were put in Practice to encourage and attract him to her Purpose; but all this was like casting the Proverb before Swine; they all passed unheeded of any outward Understanding, and whatsoever was really observed by *Silvius*, was secretly concealed within his Breast. This not immediately producing the desired Effect, the enamoured *Maria* resolved to make Trial of another Method; and the next Night, when *Silvius* came into his Bedchamber, in order to amuse himself according to Custom, he found the following Lines carefully copied from *Rochester*, and laid under a Book upon his Table.

Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind,
The softest Refuge Innocence can find;
The safe Directer of unguarded Youth,
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by
Truth:
The Cordial Drop Heaven in our Cup has
thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go
down:
On which one only Blessing God might raise
In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise;

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For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt his God, and bless'd his Power in
Love.

After the serious Perusal of these Lines by *Silvius*, which were fairly copied in *Maria*'s known Character, it is no easy Matter to describe the numberless Ideas that instantly occurred to him. It lighted up his wild Imaginations into a perfect Blaze! so that his agitated Spirits were not easily to be reduced to Temper: He could not be at the least Loss to understand her Drift; but whether to encourage or suppress it, as well as the properest Means for so doing, required his best Considerations. He was not insensible of her Charms and Fortune, nor could he doubt of her Love and Design; but then, as a Bar to his encouraging the Suit, the divine *Angelica* would immediately rise predominant in his Mind, and work all the fair *Maria*'s Advantages to nought.

It is perhaps worthy Observation, that our Hero *Silvius*, all through the foregoing Chapters, even to this Minute, has never yet troubled our Readers with much Discourse of his own; but as few Words, in Man or Woman, is always allowed by People of Sense, to be a very great Sign of Wisdom, we are at some Loss,

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Loſs, whether to attribute this large ſhew of Underſtanding to our Hero, or to ourſelf; but leaving that to the Deciſion of our Readers, we ſhall now endeavour to convince them, that, for the future, when our *Silvius* ſhall think it worth his while (and becoming him) to ſpeak, he ſhall open his Mouth as much to the Purpoſe as *Balaam*'s Aſs, or any other Beaſt ever did.

Having thus largely promiſed for him, we ſhall now proceed to ſhew what Step he took to deal with the inviting *Maria*. He conſidered her Charms and Fortune; reflected on her good Temper and Senſe; and ſumming them all up together, found himſelf in ſome Danger of being totally loſt to all future Hopes of his lovely *Angelica*.

Perhaps, if ſome of our modern *fiery* young Beaux, of Taſte and Addreſs, had been in his Place, the yielding Nymph might, through the Intenſity of their Paſſion, have been in ſome Peril of falling a moſt dreadful and malignant Sacrifice to their Flame: But our innocent *Silvius* was, however, at this Time, an utter Stranger to theſe ſhining Qualifications, and fine Accompliſhments of Taſte and Faſhion; and therefore, after he had weighed the whole Affair as nicely as he could in the Balance of his Reaſon, he took an Opportu-

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nity of presenting her with a Copy of the following Lines, from the same Author which she had before quoted for him.

Tell me then the Reason why
Love from Hearts in Love does fly?
Why the Bird will build a Nest
Where he ne'er intends to rest?
Love, like other little Boys,
Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys;
Which when gain'd, in childish Play,
Wantonly are thrown away.
Still on Wing, or on the Knees;
Love does nothing by Degrees;
Basely flying, when most prized;
Meanly fawning when despised;
Flatt'ring, or insulting ever;
Generous and grateful never.
All his Joys are fleeting Dreams;
All his Woes severe Extreams.

Many of our judicious Readers will doubtless be surprized, that *Silvius* should return such an improper Composition as the above Lines might seem to them to be for his present Situation; but perhaps they might be better reconciled, when we shall have given them to understand, that it was done with an Intent merely to puzzle the fair *Maria*, and to try how

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how she would behave in her Construction of them; and which was thus:

She read them over and over again, and the more she considered them, the more she found herself at a Loss for *Silvius*'s Meaning in them. The Author she understood sufficiently; but why he chose such an ænigmatic Composition, as this seemed to be in this Case, she could not conceive.

And so we shall leave her to preponderate at her own Discretion, while we shall assume the illuminated Office of a *Will o' the Whisp*, and lead our gentle Readers where they are not yet aware of; but in order now to open their Eyes, and to make them as bright and clear as our Pen itself, we shall hasten to instruct them, that our Hero *Silvius*, being at this Time very far advanced in the Wane of his Apprenticeship, and in the 17th Year of his Age; his amorous Complexion, and constant eager Passion for his lovely *Angelica*, being also somewhat exhilarated by his Fear of losing her (for she was now besieged by many) would not suffer him any longer to delay his utmost Power and Attempt, if possible to gain her Promise: And though the fair and admirable *Maria* was, at this Time, near double her Fortune, yet he chose to give his dear *Angelica* the first Preference of his Heart.

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CHAP. X.

Shewing what Steps Silvius *next purſued. And perhaps a more agreeable Chapter than the laſt.*

HE weighed every Circumſtance that could occur to his Mind with the niceſt Judgment; he conſidered very rationally, that he had all the Reaſon in the World to believe, that (if he pleaſed) the fair and wealthy *Maria*, as we may here call her, was at his Devotion; and that, in all Probability, he might never again, this once elapſed, have ſo good an Opportunity of raiſing his Fortune. But what was all this Benevolence of Providence, which, no Doubt, would have been immenſe, had but *Angelica* been unknown to him? I ſay, what was it all, when compared with the immeaſurable Joys which the Violence of his Paſſion, the Fertility of his Fancy, and the Hopes of his Succeſs flattered his Imagination with? His Soul was ſo tranſported with the fond Ideas, that it was impoſſible to baniſh her ſcarce a Moment from his Mind.

Our

Our amorous Readers, who either do, or have felt this Universal Passion, may save our Pen almost a quarter of an Hour's Labour if they will here be pleased to conceive the extraordinary Situation of our poor entangled *Silvius*; who had now commenced the very critical, and most dangerous Seasons of Life: For Love, as it is a childish Passion; so does it generally act, *in Character*, all the pretty childdish-tricks imaginable. And it is worth noting that People of the most correct Carriage and Conversation, no sooner put on the Character of a Lover, but that of a rational-man immediately gives place to it. And indeed, it is very fit it should; for if it were possible that a Man of correct Prudence and Deportment could see, with his own wonted Eye, the ridiculous Figure he exhibits in the Character of an obsequious Lover, he would without doubt abhor the Picture, and every thought of it, so long as he remember'd the least part of the Painting. And so we shall return to our *Silvius*.

When *Sunday* arrived, and *Silvius*, with all the Emotions of a wishing, hoping, and dispairing Lover, went to pay this venturous Visit; he fortunately, beyond his Expectation, found the House to contain no other Inhabitant of Human-race, but his fair *Angelica*, and one

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one Maid-servant. This blest Opportunity was doubtless a great satisfaction to his enamour'd Bosom; for he now began to prepare his Mind with all the elegant Thoughts he could muster up; and which hurry'd about, and danced up and down, backwards and forwards, like a Citizen on a Lord-Mayor's Day; and in such a confused manner as is much easier conceived by those who have felt the like on the same occasion, than it is for our unexperienced Pen to paint. The fair Object of his desiring Love, the sweet *Angelica*, was no less pleased with *Silvius*'s Visit than he was to find her almost alone; but what contributed at this Time greatly to their Mortification, was an Accident which neither he nor *Angelica* was any more apprized of, than any of our good Readers are: And which was this; the Servant-Maid (who was now the only Companion that *Angelica* had, till her Lover *Silvius* appear'd) had also contracted a most deep Affection for him, herself: And therefore, now he was most happily come, she resolved to share as much of his agreeable Company, as she possibly could. And as she yet, knew nothing of *Silvius*'s and *Angelica*'s Passions for each other; she had conceived within her own Mind, a mighty Hope of her good Design upon him. She was charmingly ornamented, according

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according to the Cuſtom of that lovely Sex, on thoſe Occaſions, with her very beſt Cloaths, and ſweeteſt Looks: And if our intelligence be not falſe, ſhe alſo put on her moſt becoming Airs and Humours too.—That is to ſay, in her opinion. But though theſe laſt might appear never ſo agreeable to herſelf, they were eſteemed quite otherwiſe, both by *Silvius* and *Angelica*; for it is very natural to imagine that this agreeable Couple might now, not only deſire, but alſo reſolve, if poſſible, to reap the Benefit of this lucky Afternoon. And which, too, was pretty obvious to Mrs. *Suſan*; which was the Name of the good-natured Damſel above-mention'd.

Angelica, on purpoſe to engage him in a little private Converſation, told *Silvius* that if he pleaſed ſhe would now, ſince her Grand-mama was not at Home, ſhew him ſome few Paintings and other Curioſities, that ſhe believ'd he had never yet ſeen. This agreeable Propoſal exactly correſponded with the preſent Wiſhes of the impatient *Silvius*; whoſe enraptured Heart caper'd at the Sound of it, as light and nimbly at the Heels of a *French* Dancing Maſter: But *Suſan* reſolved that they ſhould not want her Company, (as in fact they did not.) And notwithſtanding ſhe was ordered to get ready the Tea (for the other Maids were

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were all, with Leave, abroad) she had no sooner put on the Kettle, but her impatient Inclinations hurry'd her after them. And just as *Silvius* had begun the Prologue of his intended Address, the intruding *Susan* broke in upon their Privacy, and Unfortunately spoil'd the Scene.

This interruption, and sudden disappointment was no more agreeable to the fair *Angelica*, than it was to *Silvius*; for she had some Time before this observed that he exhibited to her palpable Perception, many Tokens of an unborn Secret in his Breast, that labour'd for an Opportunity to be delivered: And which was now just issuing to a Birth, when the nimble Assiduity of busy *Susan* render'd it quite abortive.

Silvius no sooner found himself thus cruelly interrupted, but he begun to curse his Negligence, and want of Thought, in not preparing a Letter proper for his Purpose; because he could not be sure of any better Opportunity. And besides, it might have been a better Preparative for his personal Address, hereafter. However, he had now so far proceeded towards his Intentions, that she well understood what yet remained untold: And though she was nowise displeased with that part of his amorous Introduction; yet, many Things were highly necessary

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neceſſary both to be conſider'd, and alſo to be diſcuſs'd between them. But finding themſelves cut off from the Benefit of this golden Opportunity, ſhe dextrouſly prevented any Diſcovery, or even Suſpicion in the Maid, by inſtantly changing their Diſcourſe, and aſſuming her uſual Deportment towards the Perſon and Company of *Silvius*.

This impertinent Paſſion of Mrs. *Suſan's*, was as blind to them, as theirs were to the Unſuſpicions of *Suſan*; and notwithſtanding her ready Attendance carry'd her with them, wherever they went; and that ſhe would ſhare the very utmoſt of his Company, in ſpight of all the Arts they attempted to the contrary; yet, was it all adjudged by them, rather to be Curioſity and Deſign in her, than any Thing elſe. And therefore it only put them more upon their guard, than they might otherwiſe poſſibly have been.

We ſhall ſubmit to our tender Readers to judge of the inward Perplexities of thoſe interrupted Lovers; when both of them having their Honey-bags brimful of the ſweeteſt Matter, which they wanted to impart, or rather to exchange with each other; and though over-fraught with impatient Longings of this wiſh'd for Diſcharge; yet, could they not ſo much

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much as breathe a Sound, or caſt one amorous Glance, for fear of not only being obſerved, but alſo of its being magnify'd to what form and ſize the watchful *Suſan* might pleaſe to repreſent it in: And on the prevention of which, abſolutely depended all their future Hopes.

Having paſs'd the remaining part of the Day together, with as much Satisfaction on each ſide, as their preſent Circumſtances could admit of; till Prudence inform'd them that it was now high Time to part: Poor *Silvius* took a reluctant Leave of his charming *Angelica*, in ſuch an affectionate manner, as we ſhall leave the Readers to imagine as they ſhall beſt conceive.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XI.

Containing ſome new Matter.——Silvius *propoſes to himſelf a Gallant for Mrs.* Suſan. *Who, and what he is. He and* Silvius *contract a moſt conſolidated Friendſhip with each other. He ſends Mrs.* Suſan *a moſt tender Billet, in a new Taſte.*

WHEN *Silvius* was return'd home, he began greatly to ruminate on the particular Behaviour of *Suſan*; and though he little ſuſpected what was the real cauſe of her ſo ready Attendance, which was accompany'd with all the good Nature imaginable; yet, he very wiſely judged it quite neceſſary, againſt another Opportunity, to endeavour to provide her with one, who would in all probability amuſe and entertain her as ſhe deſired: And the more he conſider'd the Caſe, the ſtronger he was confirm'd in this Opinion; ſo that now a proper Perſon to carry on this Project was the firſt point in Queſtion; who muſt be, not only a Man who was, by his Perſon, and Ability, both capable and likely to ſucceed; but alſo one, with whom he might ſafely depoſite

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poſite the grand Secret of all: I mean his Love of *Angelica*. And for which great Undertaking, his good Senſe and Experience ſoon directed him to pitch upon a Friend, as follows ——

But firſt, in order to fill up every Gap that may give room for Cavil and Criticiſm, we muſt premiſe that our obſervant Readers may very likely ask, what occaſion our *Silvius* had to give himſelf all this Trouble and Concern about *Suſan*, when there were, doubtleſs, other Servants or People in the Family, of whom he ought to have been, in all probability, every whit as cautious. As this ſeems to our Apprehenſion extremely reaſonable, we ſhall therefore ſpeak to ſome Points, which may perhaps at this Time, appear particularly ſeaſonable. And as we have had frequent occaſion to mention the Lady *Worthy*, Grandmother to *Angelica*, as the moſt material Perſon in that Family; our Readers may naturally and reaſonable queſtion why they have heard no account, as yet, of *Angelica*'s Father or Mother: Or, ſome clearer Information of that Family? To which, we muſt anſwer, that having hitherto, no great Occaſion to introduce them in our paſt Scenes, we have omitted any mention of them, until an abſolute Neceſſity call'd upon us for ſo doing:

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And which at this Time ſeems to preſent it ſelf.

Lady *Worthy* was the Widow of Sir *Thomas Worthy*, a Gentleman of a good Eſtate and very fair Character, who never had but one Son; of whom being too tender and indulgent, he gave them an early Example of the Folly of their Fondneſs, by the expeditious Ruin of his Conſtitution and Fortune together; which, at the Age of twenty-five Years, brought him to his Grave, without the leaſt Lamentation, or Loſs to the reſt of the World: This Son being dead, the Remains of their Eſtate now reverted at the old Peoples Death and Diſcretion, between their two Daughters, of whom *Angelica*'s Mother was the eldeſt.

This Lady, who was exceeding beautiful in her Perſon, and alſo inherited all the good Qualities of her Parents, married very young to one Mr. *Traffic*, a *Portugal* Merchant, with whom ſhe ſettled in *London*, and lived very happy ſome few Years. By him ſhe had this Daughter *Angelica*, who was ſtill an Ornament to the Family, and was the only Child their mutual Love produced; for Mr. *Traffic*, occaſioned by a violent and neglected Cold, fell into a moſt rapid Declenſion, which in a little Time carried him quite off. To his dear little Daughter he left two thouſand Pounds,

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Pounds, and the Residue of his Estate to his affectionate and inconsolable Widow, to make her some small Amends for the Loss of so endearing a Husband. When she was thus deprived of her best beloved Companion, the World for a Season grew very indifferent to her; and therefore, as soon as she could settle her Affairs, she retired with her little Daughter *Angelica*, to indulge her Sorrow in this rural Habitation, and her native Air, with her good sympathizing Mother.

Here she continued about seven Years, when old Father *Time*, by the continual Motion of his sable Wings, had now fann'd the grievous Smartings of her Wound more temperate, she was sollicited a second Time in Marriage: This captivated Servant to her Beauty and Virtue, was one Mr. *Webb*, a Gentleman, who, by being born in her own Neighbourhood, had personally known her from a Child, and by a long Course of dealing with her first Husband, Mr. *Traffic*, they had still maintained an intimate, though a distant Correspondence: For as Mr. *Traffic* resided at *London*, and merchandized to *Portugal*, so did Mr. *Webb* reside at *Lisbon*, and traded with him in *England*.

But the latter having now buried his Wife about twenty Weeks, he endeavoured to repair that

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that Loſs by the gaining of Mrs. *Traffic*; and which, after ſome Time, was happily accompliſhed: So that *Angelica* was but juſt turned of nine Years of Age when her Mother was married to this ſecond Huſband; and by the Lady *Worthy*'s particular and moſt earneſt Requeſt, ſhe left her Infant darling Daughter behind her, to be her aged Mother's chiefeſt Companion and Comfort, while ſhe accompanied her new-married Spouſe *to*, and *at* their ſettled Abode in *Portugal*.

Here ſhe had lived very happily about eight Years, when the preſent Inſtant of this our true Hiſtory may claim its proper Date. Lady *Worthy*'s other Daughter was now married to a trading Gentleman in the City of *Worceſter*, and with whom the old Lady was now a viſiting, when Miſs *Angelica* found Means to excuſe herſelf from going with her, only in pure Hope and Expectation of ſeeing her favourite *Silvius*.

As to Mrs. *Suſan*, ſhe was a Farmer's Daughter of good Credit; but her Father had been now dead many Years; a likely, genteel, well-bred Girl, whom, when very young, the Lady *Worthy* had taken a great Fancy to, and therefore ſhe now employed her both as a upper Servant, and a Companion for herſelf and Miſs *Angelica*. In this Damſel ſhe

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she had much Confidence, insomuch, that every thing which was under her Cognizance, needed no other Guardage; and indeed, she was so great a Favourite with both the old Lady and her Grand-daughter too, that she seemed as it were upon a Footing with them both; whereby she had now the greater Power and Liberty either to interrupt, or to assist those Lovers.

And therefore, as *Silvius* luckily doubted it warrantable and safe to intrust her with this weighty Secret, so he judged it most expedient, in order to close her Eyes the faster, to find out some fit Object who might render them otherwise attracted, by engrossing from them the chiefest Employment of her Thoughts: And *Susan*, we may venture to affirm, was a Girl of such a considerable Mien and Beauty, that Numbers of fine Ladies, who have much more Wealth than Philosophy, and far more Pride than Wit, Charms, or Virtue, would gladly part with a Moiety of their Fortunes, could they but exchange thereby, for the healthful and sprightly Bloom of her Constitution and Person; nor was her lively and pleasant Temper in the least inferior to her Face and Shape: Thousands of our modern Jemmy Beaux, who waste their Time, Money, and tender Constitutions in the Pursuit of poisonous and loathsome Gallantry, would have thought them-

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themſelves ſo happy in our agreeable *Suſan*'s Favour, that the Extaſy they might thereby have felt, would very probably have endanger'd their total Diſſolution.

Silvius being thoroughly acquainted with her Humour, his Buſineſs now was, he thought, to ſeek one who would ſuit her; and after ſome Debate within himſelf on that Head, he at laſt pitched upon one of his chiefeſt Acquaintance, whom he had an high Opinion of, one *Bob Wilfull.* This Mr. *Wilfull* (whom we ſhall ſometimes call *Bob*, and at others, plain *Wilfull*, as we ſhall think proper) was perhaps as fit for his Purpoſe as any one Perſon *Silvius* could have thought on; for he was a very handſome, agreeable, ſmart, lively young Fellow, about three and twenty Years old, and who had made the Tour of *London*, in what ſome People call a Fit of Wildneſs, or raking, or a Ramble, or a Frolick, and ſuch like; but term it what you pleaſe, *that* was not the laſt Sally which our Readers will find he made.

To this Perſon *Silvius* repaired the very ſame Night; for the Impatience of his Love, and the Advantage he hoped to reap from this Project (in other Reſpects than barely amuſing *Suſan*) would not ſuffer him to delay the Buſineſs one Hour after he could find out *Wilfull*,

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to whom he imparted the very utmoſt Secrets of his Soul.

When *Wilfull* had heard his whole Story out, he was no leſs pleaſed, that *Silvius* had paid him the Compliment of chuſing him for his Confident, than *Silvius* was, that he had accepted of his Invitation: For *Wilfull* had long conceived a very great Regard for *Silvius* which was occaſioned by their caſual Converſation with each other, at different Times; and thus brought about: *Wilfull*'s Father was by Trade a Bookſeller, and Mr. *Robert*, as we are now pleaſed to call him, was his head Shopman, when he pleaſed to be in the Way; ſo that *Silvius* coming there frequently for Books, for he read a great deal, it had often cauſed ſome ſmart Converſation between them; and by which Means their Intimacy ſo encreaſed, that from this one Accident, it became hereafter the moſt conſolidated Friendſhip in the World.

The next Night they met again to re-diſcourſe the Matter, when they mutually reſolved, that *Wilfull* ſhould now, without Loſs of Time, lay a cloſe Siege to the enamoured *Suſan*; and that it might the more expeditiouſly ſerve the End deſigned, it was agreed that *Bob* ſhould open his Trenches by ſending her a Summons to ſurrender, in the Form

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Form of a very humorous Love-Letter; that this should be conveyed to her the next Day; and that, before the enſuing *Sunday*, he ſhould endeavour a perſonal Interview with her, in order to find out how ſhe received his Challenge. A Copy of which is *verbatim* here, as follows:

Dear! dear! dear! dear! dear! dear! dear! Sukey!

I Muſt, and do moſt ſincerely aſk your Pardon, if I am not here ſoft enough in my Expreſſions; not, but that I can aſſure you, all my Family are accounted ſoft enough: But however, not to trouble you and fire you with a long and ſuperb Tale of artful fine Speeches; for which, I own, I am very famous, I ſhall in a few Words inform you, that I am in Love with you! yes, my dear *Sukey!* and ſo confoundedly in Love, that I would do almoſt any thing for your Sake, I mean, that would coſt me neither much Time, Trouble, nor Expence; for I muſt own, that I hate much Extravagance in either; not that I ſhould think a Shilling ill-ſpent, or a whole Night loſt, that was waſted in your dear Company. In ſhort, my deareſt! ſofteſt! kindeſt! ſweeteſt Creature! I am very, very baſhful! and, indeed, a

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Kind of comical young Dog; for though I have often had the ſhocking and tranſporting Pleaſure of ſeeing you, yet I could never have modeſt Aſſurance enough to tell you on my Mind; yes, I ſay again, the ſhocking Pleaſure, and I may Well ſay ſo; for I never yet ſaw you, but my Limbs, my Vitals, and my whole Frame, all went into an immediate Fit of an Ague. And leaſt, my deareſt Girl! you ſhould make any Scruple to ſettle your Affections upon me, before you ſee me, or enquire after me, give me Leave, my dear *Sukey!* to preſent you with a brief Account of myſelf, and which, I dare ſay, will be very agreeable to you.

In the firſt Place, I was born very young (that you may depend upon) bred up very faſt, and was indeed, if I may ſo ſay and be forgiven, a Man before my Time: I am, as you may partly perceive by this Epiſtle, a pretty good Scholar, and can, if I pleaſe, talk *Latin* like a Magpie; I can alſo, upon an Occaſion write left-handed: I have too, my Dear! to ſpeak the Truth, pretty tolerable Skill in Muſick; for I can play indifferently well upon the Jews-harp: Dancing too, I think I have ſome Notion of; for I can croſs-over, figure-in, and lead through the Middle. I think, my dear *Sukey*, this is not a very vulgar Education; ſo that,

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that, when you have ſummed up all together, and conſidered it well, I beg to know whether I have made any Impreſſion on your Heart; for I can aſſure you, that you have put all the little Organs of my Frame intirely out of Tune: The Reſtoration of which will not only be gratefully acknowledged, but will alſo lay ſuch an eternal Obligation upon me, that it will never, with my utmoſt Endeavour, be ſufficiently diſcharged.--- I am, my dear *Sukey*, with as much Love and Ceremony as poſſible,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. &c.

This elegant Epiſtle being properly ſubſcribed and ſuperſcribed, it was immediately diſpatched to the agreeable *Suſan*, by a ſpecial Meſſenger, and how it was received, our Readers may poſſibly be inſtructed hereafter; but for the preſent, it is the Will and Pleaſure of our infallible Muſe, to turn from our laſt Subject, and now make a Viſit to the Houſe and Family of Mr. *Sribblewell*, in order to enquire into ſome Particulars, which we apprehend may eſſentially concern this our true Hiſtory.

The END of the Firſt Book.

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THE ADVENTURES OF Captain GREENLAND.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Containing ſomething in Imitation of a ſhort Preface. A Deſcription of Maria's *new Gallant; and a ſatirical Sonnet upon him by* Silvius, *being his Maiden Eſſay in Poetry.*

WE are not unapprized that it is a cuſtomary Method with moſt Authors in their Prefaces, to alarm their Readers to the very utmoſt of their Power, with moſt pompous ſtrange Accounts, and weighty

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weighty Promiſes of their own preſent amazing Performances; beſides engrafting of many ſophiſtical and learned Quotations from *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, and *Italian* Authors, as though it was impoſſible to pleaſe the Public with the plain naked Produce of an *Engliſh* Genius, in their own native Language: But if an Author ſufficiently underſtands his own Mother-Tongue (which indeed cannot be ſuppoſed without a little Grammar) the *Matter* he is treating of, and the *Machinery* that is requiſite in the Conduct of his Performance, I cannot find any Cauſe he hath to deſpair in his Attempt, although he be an utter Stranger to all other *Languages* in the World: The leſs Acquaintance he has with *foreign Authors*, the more likely his Works are to be his own; and though the Ancients have preſcribed certain confined Rules for every Sort of Writing, yet thoſe who follow them cloſeſt, to eaſe the Spleen of Critics, will almoſt be ſure to give it to every body elſe; for Example:

The *Greeks* and *Romans* have been very ſtrict in ſettling the three chiefeſt Points to be obſerved in the penning of *Dramatics*, *viz.* Time, Place, and Action: And as a Standard for the Moderns to work by, of the latter *Terence* ſeems the chiefeſt erected, whereby his Plays are like the Rules they are wrote by,

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ſo much confined, and the worſe for being ſo, that they are ſcarce ever read but by *School-boys.*

This Circumpreſcription having contracted your Proſpect to ſo narrow a Compaſs, is, as one may ſay, a Kind of Priſon to the free Soul and Pen of a more unbounded Genius; which, diſdaining ſuch a pitiful Conſtraint, muſt either burſt a Paſſage through it, or periſh in the Performance, through this paltry Confinement.

Shakeſpear has been the foremoſt to throw off this ſtiff and formal Yoke; and with what Succeſs and Approbation we need not here to mention. And further, that a pure *Engliſh Genius*, without the Mixture of *foreign* and *learned Languages*, may be capable of writing in all Kinds of Eloquence, even to highly pleaſe the moſt *learned* Readers, as well as the unlearned, *He* ſtands a noble and immortal Example: Nay more, his artful Pen hath wrought ſuch inimitable Strokes, both ſublime! natural! learned! ſimple! and profound, that though the greateſt *Geniuſes* and Scholars, both in his own and After-Times, have employed their Pens about *him* and his *Works*, they have not yet certainly diſcovered (or, however, ſettled that Point) whether he

was

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was a Man of any tolerable Learning *himſelf*, or not.

Similar Rules have been ſet down for Works of this Kind; but as we have here but two only Points heedfully to obſerve (*viz.* Truth and Regularity) which are particularly neceſſary in the Purſuit of this Hiſtory; we ſhall neither *need* nor *heed* any further Concern about the preciſe Rules and Methods, which other People are pleaſed to act by. And ſo we beg Leave to proceed.

While our amorous *Silvius* is in the utmoſt Concern about his fair *Angelica*, the ſlighted and anxious *Maria* is finding out new Means to attract and engage his Affection: She *dreſſes*, *ogles*, *ſighs*, and takes all Opportunities of being in his Company; and, on all Occaſions, of preferring a Converſation on the ſweet Topic of *Love*: Which, conſidering his preſent Situation, we may very well imagine was to him no unpleaſant Subject. But while *Maria* is vainly taking Aim at the impenetrable Heart of our obdurate *Silvius*, whoſe adamantine Gates are Proof againſt her ſtrongeſt and keeneſt Shafts, ſhe is, undeſignedly, but yet ſeverely wounding of others. And indeed, it is no great Wonder; for her Artillery was, in Compariſon, nearly allied to, and almoſt as dangerous as the dreadful Thunder of *Jove*:

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And especially, when, to make good our Similitude, we consider the flashing of her radiant Eyes, equal to the swiftest, sharpest Lightning.

After she had made what Advantages and Essays she thought proper, and found them not to answer her Expectation and Desires, she determined to have Recourse to the common Practice of disappointed Lovers, and especially among those of the Fair-Sex, I mean that of encouraging *another Candidate*, in order to quicken poor *Silvius*, if possible, by the Agitations of either Envy or Jealousy. But, although *Maria* was a Person of exceeding good Sense, we have *now* so judiciously instructed our *Readers*, that they are become, thereby, far more sensible than she herself was *then*; for to her Reproach be it spoken, the prevailing Person whom she thought proper to use as an Instrument in this Experiment, instead of raising in the solid Mind of *Silvius* any Taint of Jealousy, served only to constitute in its Place a most hearty Contempt of her depraved Taste and Proceeding: For we must here take notice, that this worthy Gentleman was one of those delicate and most useful Creatures, who are best known and understood by the Appellation of a *Beau*; a particular favourite Animal among the *Ladies* (though I believe with very

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few elſe) and pretty near upon a Footing with their *Monkey*, their *Parrot*, their *Squirrel*, and the *Lap-dog*. But this curious Youth, as we have been informed, was (notwithſtanding his Inſignificance) a Creature not to be trifled with. For it is worthy our Conſideration, that the Paſſion of *Love* is ſo ſubtle, that it oftentimes pitches upon ſo hateful an Object for its Delight, that a reaſonable Reflection, even in the ſame Perſon, will frequently loathe and condemn the Choice: Handſome dreſs'd Perriwigs, fine Cloaths, coxcomical Airs, and empty Converſation, are very dangerous Things for an unguarded Lady to truſt herſelf with; and are frequently more eloquent, perſuaſive, and ſucceſsful in the Trade of Love, than the moſt learned and wiſe Diſcourſe that ever was expreſſed by any Perſon of Truth and Underſtanding, in Purſuit of a Prize.

This ſimple, tame, Coy-Duck which *Marin* had thus ſelected from the reſt of the World, to draw, or rather affect *Silvius* with a Contagion of *Love*, was by his honourable Profeſſion, a moſt profound and learned Perſon, called an *Attorney at Law*; and the *Law* he might indeed profeſs as much, and as long as he pleaſed, the underſtanding of it was in no great Danger of being over-reached by him: But however, he was moſt fruitfully bleſt in a certain rich and darling Jewel, which, it is

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said, the Generality of the *Fair-Sex* do most preciously esteem; namely, *Loquacity*, and which noble Talent was always managed by him with such a forward Pertness, and such an affected Self-Conceit, that with some People it would perhaps rather have displeased, than ravished.

According to our best Information, it was about the third or fourth Visit, that, by *Maria*'s Permission, and perhaps Invitation, this choice Creature had made her, when *Silvius*, not rightly brooking some Part of his incorrect Behaviour, and which he had very well noted, being instantly inspired with something like our present Genius, as well as with a Desire of Revenge, immediately flew to a Pen and Ink which luckily stood in the Window, and while the Fit was yet warm, he sat himself down again in their Company, and without their least Suspicion, produced the first Brat of his inspired *poetic* Genius; and which we have here presented in his own Hand-writing.

Why, thou busy meddling Ape,
Will still thy Tongue run on?
Nothing can thy Rudeness scape,
For Breeding *thou hast none.*

The

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The Busy-body*'s seen in thee,*
Thou such a Knack has got,
In all Men's Business thou wilt be,
Just like a true Mar-plot.

So keen thou art in Wit and Thought,
And dost such Rules pursue,
That hard it is to salve each Fault,
Which thou still blunder'st through.

Thou pert, conceited, empty Puff!
Thy Gorgon*'s like a Ring;*
Of round and endless stupid Stuff
Thou makest perpetual Din.

And like a noisy, buzzing Fly,
Do'st perch *on every Lip;*
Senseless where thy Wing does try,
And of the Sweets you sip.

Like to a dreaming Snail thou heav'st
Polluted Slime behind;
And, like a Lunatic, *thou rav'st,*
As empty as the Wind.

Thou

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Thou like a chatt'ring Pye *do'ſt ſit*
With Words devoid of Senſe;
And with ſuch plenteous Lack of Wit,
As ſeldom fails Offence.

As ſoon as *Silvius* had finiſhed the above Verſes, which were done in leſs than half an Hour's Time (and which half the Beau-Witlings about *Temple-Bar* could not have much bettered) he preſented them to the agreeable *Maria*, under the following Title.

Made upon, and in the Preſence of a buſy, impertinent, ignorant, and chatt'ring *Coxcomb*.

"Here, Madam," ſaid he, "you have a "pleaſing Voice, and underſtand Muſic, "therefore, if you'll pleaſe to add a Tune to "it, I am certain that this Song is abſolutely "*new*, and ſhould be glad to hear you ſing "it."

Here *Maria* caſting her Eye over it, began to colour till her Cheeks glowed like a red-hot Salamander; and continuing ſtill to read them to herſelf, Mr. *Peewit* (for that was the pretty Youth's Name) cried out, "O la! "Ma'am! pray let me look at them, and "I'll put you a Tune to it preſently; for I "have

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" have a very tolerable Knack at thoſe Kind " of Things."—" No! no! Sir," anſwer'd " ſhe with ſome Confuſion, it is no *Song*, I " aſſure you."—And ſo ſaying, ſhe wrapt it up, and put it into her Pocket, and Mr. *Peewit*, with all the Intereſt he could make, could no-wiſe gain a Sight on't.

CHAP. II.

Wherein Mr. Wilfull *begins to relate a very wonderful and pleaſing Hiſtory of a young Lady of very uncommon Accompliſhments; and in which, Mr.* Peewit *is very particularly intereſted.*

AFTER *Maria* had pocketed the above Verſes, the Review of which ſeverely nettled her, *Silvius* took his Leave, and flew immediately to his good Friend *Wilfull*; whom he acquainted with the Contents of the foregoing Chapter: And alſo produced him the rough Copy of the Verſes; which *Wilfull* praiſed beyond Meaſure, and more eſpecially for a very material Reaſon, which we are going, with all convenient Speed to relate. *Silvius* had no ſooner inform'd his Friend

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Friend of all he had to offer, as above, but *Wilfull* with great Joy, reply'd——

" Friend *Silvius*, you little conceive the " Pleaſure you have given me, by this witty " Stroke of yours; and more particularly, as " that empty Coxcomb *Peewit*, is the verieſt " ſhadow of a nothing that ever was produc- " ed by Nature: And I have a double Rea- " ſon to rejoice at any Thing that may pub- " liſh his Inſipidity to the World. Therefore, " if you will make me a Preſent of this Copy " of Verſes, for I really think them pretty, I " may make ſuch Uſe of them, ſome Day or " other, as may ſufficiently anſwer my " particular Deſire. And of which, when- " ever it ſhall happen, I ſhall hereafter make " no Secret to you. The happy Friendſhip, " *Silvius*, which you have now honour'd and " pleaſur'd me with, is ſo highly agreeable " to me, that, from this hour, I ſhall never " be deſirous of withholding any Thing from " you. And as an Earneſt of which Confi- " dence, I at this Time, entreat your moſt " patient Attention. That your Couſin *Ma-* " *ria* holds a perſonal Correſpondence with " that worthleſs Fellow *Peewit*, I am doubly " concern'd; in the firſt Place, *Silvius* (for " I ſhall now keep nothing from you; though " this is a Secret that indeed came to my " Knowledge

" Knowledge but yesterday) my Brother *Sam*,
" who is a Year younger than I am, and you
" know, *Silvius*, no very disagreeable Fellow,
" is fallen most distractedly in Love with
" that sweet and charming Girl, your Cou-
" sin *Maria*. But, as his present Fortune,
" to deal honestly, cannot be compared with
" hers, we know it will be in vain to pro-
" pose it, either to her Aunt Mrs. *Johnson*,
" or to Mr. *Scribblewell*: And therefore, as
" I must naturally value my Brother's wel-
" fare, in every Respect, I should be infi-
" nitely obliged to you, since you have free-
" ly declared to me, that you have neither
" Pretensions, nor Intentions towards her,
" yourself, if you will lend us your best In-
" tereſt and Endeavours to assist his Suit,
" or if that can't be freely granted, your good
" Advice shall thankfully suffice; and which
" I shall the more easily hope for, as you are
" at this Time a pretty competent Judge of
" the many and various Anxieties which at-
" tend a Person in his Condition: For, per-
" haps, there is no Passion incident to our De-
" sires, which meets with less Pity from one
" another, than that of Love; nor any one
" that so well deserves it. For, although I
" profess myself at this Time happily free from
" its Anxities; yet, I must own that I have

" e'er

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" e'er now, tasted of its whimsical Operations.
" And did it not prey so confoundedly upon
" the Spirits, devouring the most temperate
" Means of healthfull Rest and Appetite;
" and engross so unmercifully all the whole
" Scope of Thought to the Sacrifice of its
" own unsatiable Cravings, it might be a little
" sufferable: But, by what small Matter I
" know of the powerful Workings of this
" blind little Gentleman, he deserves no bet-
" ter Appellation than those of Tyrant!
" Cheat! Beast of Prey! Thief! Murder-
" er! and such-like. And, were I to put
" his Character in heroic Chains of *Rhime*, I
" think I should make the Links of a baser
" Kind of Stuff, than those of *Dryden*'s;
" where he flatters the little, dirty, blind Ras-
" cal, as though he was got into his Debt,
" and was not able to pay him.

" *For Love's not always of a vicious kind,*
" *But oft to Virtuous Acts inflames the Mind;*
" *Awakes the sleepy Vigour of the Soul;*
" *And brushing o'er, adds Motion to the Whole.*
" *Love, studious how to please, improves our*
Parts,
" *With Polish'd Manners, and adorns with*
Arts.

" Love

" *Love first invented Verse, and formed the*
Rhime,
" *The Motion measured, harmoniz'd the*
Chime:
" *To lib'ral Arts enlarg'd the Narrow-soul'd;*
" *Soften'd the Fierce, and make the Coward*
bold.

" Thus, says the fawning flatt'ring Pen of
" my good Friend *Dryden.*——But now,
" *Silvius*, I shall inform you of a very odd
" Adventure, that happen'd between this
" magnanimous Mr. *Peewit*, and a certain
" young Lady who is a distant Relation of
" mine.———For (says *Shakespear.*)

" *Good Name* (*says* Shakespear) *in Man or*
Woman,
" *Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls;*
" *Who steals my Purse, steals Trash, 'tis some-*
thing, nothing:
" *'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to*
Thousands;
" *But he who filches from me my* Good-name,
" *Robs me of that, which not enriches him*
" *And makes me poor indeed.*—

" I

" I must beg your Patience;" (continued Mr. *Wilfull*) " for I fear, I tire you: But " these Lines, you will by and by find are " quite a-propos to my present Purpose. And " as I cannot by any other Means, so perfect- " ly convey to your Uunderstanding a true " Portrait of this extraordinary Gentleman, " I must yet trespass upon your Patience " while I present you with a whole History. " For unless I should trouble you with a De- " scription and Character of the young Lady " I am going to mention, you will not so " readily comprehend the Fullness of the Story " which I now mean to deliver to you. And " tho' the Publication of the Fact was as in- " dustriously suppress'd as possible, by the " Friends of Mr. *Peewit*; yet, when you " come to hear it fully related, I doubt not " but that you may recollect from com- " mon Report, a prior Acquaintance with " some Part of my Story. Which, though " it will extend to a pretty tolerable Length; " yet, I am persuaded you will be of Opinion " that the Catastrophe will sufficiently re- " ward your Patience."——To which, *Silvius* reply'd, ——— " Brother *Wilfull*, you " have put me upon the Rack of Expectation " and Desire: Pray, begin: I long to hear it " out."

" *Sophia*,

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" *Sophia*, (ſaid *Wilfull*) for that is the
" young Lady's name, is the only Daugh-
" ter of a very worthy Gentleman, in *Pem-*
" *brokeſhire*; who is a Couſin-german to my
" Father; and, who is poſſeſs'd of an Eſtate
" of about fourteen hundred Pounds a year.
" And being a Lady of an excellent Capaci-
" ty; and of a free, lively, and unconfined
" Genius; ſhe not only ſought to know and
" practice the moſt ſhining Qualities and Per-
" fections of her own Sex; but alſo ſtudy'd
" and follow'd many of the moſt *Maſculine*
" Exerciſes, in which ſhe ſo remarkably
" improved her Talents, that before ſhe
" was twenty years of Age, ſhe was not
" afraid to follow the boldeſt Fox-hunter in
" all that Country: And ſhe was, likewiſe
" as keen and expert at her Fowling-piece;
" Dancing was one of her gentleſt Amuſe-
" ments; and *Muſick* was ſo natural to her,
" and yet, ſo edify'd with Art, that it iſſued
" at Pleaſure with her Breath, and hung at
" her Finger ends. And yet, ſo learned ſhe
" was, that *Latin* and *French* were like Ser-
" vants to her Wit; and Wit itſelf ſtood
" ready at her call. Her Father, was indeed
" much of her Temper; and, as you may
" very well imagine, exceſſive fond of her.
" If I was diſpoſed to attempt her Character,

" I

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" I know not how, better or nearer to dif-
" cribe him, than by ſaying that he was exact-
" ly another Juſtice *Ballance*. And if you
" are acquainted with the Comedy call'd the
" *Recruiting Officer*, you alſo will find that
" *Farquhar*'s *Silvia* there, is a faint Reſem-
" blance of the *Sophia* I would here paint.
" The Cuſtom of her Sex's Apparel you
" may very well judge, from what I
" have already advanced, was very incom-
" modious to her, in many of her favourite
" Delights, but particularly that of Fencing;
" for I muſt here take Notice, that the Uſe
" of the *Small-ſword* was her very Heart's
" Darling, and ſhe made ſo great a Progreſs
" in the ſkill of it, that I have heard it ſaid,
" very few Men were able to diſpute it with
" her: An Inſtance, and Proof of which,
" together with the uncommon Conduct of
" her Proceedings; and other Reaſons, of
" which I ſhall preſently inform you, induces
" me to trouble you with this Story.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

Containing the true and entertaining History of Sophia.

" THE free, open, and unreserved " Manner of *Sophia*'s common Beha- " viour, (continued Mr. *Wilfull*) together " with her natural Beauty, Genius and Per- " sonal Acquisitions; were Envy! Poison! " Fire! and Daggers! to the *Ladies*; but " Virtues! Gems! Raptures! and Paradise! " to all the *Gentlemen* who knew her. A- " mongst the affected, whey-faced of her " own Sex, she was accounted Masculine! " Robust! Rampant! Forward! Bold! and " in short, every Thing that was bad; and " in particular a most scandalous Stranger to " the Niceness and Delicacy becoming of her " Birth and Sex. But with the Gentlemen " of the best Sense and Spirit, she was always " the first certain Toast, the fair and sprighly " *Sophia*; the ingenious and witty *Sophia*; " the generous and unaffected *Sophia*; the " blooming and learned *Sophia*; and such " Conjunct Epithets as these, was she frequent- " ly distinguish'd by. But different Liquors with " the different Sexes, produced quite different " Opinion and Reports of our charming and a-

" greeable

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" greeable *Sophia*. The generous, and man-
" ly Bowl and Bottle generally ſpoke loud and
" plentifully in her Praiſe: But the wateriſh
" and milky Chatter of the Tea-table, turn'd
" all her Reputation to Scandal, Infamy and
" Blemiſh.

" Her manly and unconfined Behaviour, as
" I have ſaid, (continued *Wilfull*) was ſub-
" ject Matter enough to furniſh forth a dozen
" Months with Converſation at the loweſt
" Ebb, when nothing elſe was new and wor-
" thy to ſupport the willing Spirits of Defama-
" tion. It was morally impoſſible, the *Ladies*
" *ſaid*, that one who could Hunt, Shoot and
" Fence in ſuch maſculine Faſhion, ſhould be
" a capable Protectreſs of her Sex's Honour:
" And that report was a falſe Herald, if Mon-
" ſieur *Sagoon*; Sir *Humphrey Foxchaſe*; and
" my Lord *Singleſhot*, did not know as much
" of her Perſon, as ſhe did of herſelf. That
" her intenſe Deſire and Purſuit of ſuch vulgar
" Exerciſes, for one of her Sex and Fortune;
" did not, no, nor could ariſe from the bare
" Pleaſure of purſuing them only, but from the
" vicious Effects and Conſequences of them,
" which could not fail of gratifying her loath-
" ſome *and* deteſtable Appetites: And at length,
" publick Confirmation, they did not doubt,
" would ratify the Truth of it. And though ſhe

" might

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" might reign some time: and that the Power " and fear of the Law, might possibly curb " People's Tongues, for a while; yet, it " could not shut the Eyes, or lock up the Un- " derstanding of judicious and penetrating " People; and that *Time*, the old Midwife " of the World, would not fail, at last, to " bring her shame to Light.

" Such were the good-natured, and tender " Constructions of her Sex; together with " some of the feather-deaded Confederates of " the other: Amongst the latter of which, " this *Peewit*, the new Gallant of Mrs. *Ma-* " *ria* was above the rest of the World, very " Liberal and Busy: And amongst many o- " ther of his foppish Insinuations, hinted that " he knew a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, " who had surfeited his brutish Desires; and " abominable Appetite (as he was pleased to " term it) sufficiently with her: And that " he wish'd, he might not repent of the Cor- " respondence to the last Hour of his Life: " And that he knew some Reasons for such " dreadful Apprehensions. But however, he " had more Honour, he said, than to report " any Thing to her Prejudice. And since " her Debaucheries would, doubtless terminate " in her own Shame and Ruin; he had more " Charity, than by any means to contribute

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" a Publick blazon of the Truth he was here-
" in but too well informed of. Thus was
" he very laviſhly ſparing of the moſt raſcally
" Scandal and Detraction imaginable: While
" his admiring Hearers ſwallow'd down the
" luſcious Poiſon, like Draughts of vital Cor-
" dial, licking their Lips at the deceitful Taſte,
" and praiſing its Sweets, which were Venom-
" ous! Ulcerous! and Dangerous! This
" Proclamation was no ſooner made, but, like
" the *Sinful world*, it began to run round up-
" on its own Axis; and by the help of its
" own Gravity and Motion, we may very
" well ſuppoſe, it did not ſtop ſuddenly:
" However, (continued *Wilfull*) I muſt in-
" form you, that the Vibration continued, till
" in the Courſe of its Progreſſion it reach'd
" the Ears of my Couſin *Sophia*: Who no
" ſooner felt the grating Diſcord of theſe ma-
" lignant Sounds, but ſhe ſummon'd up all
" the Virtues of her injured Nature to attack
" this many-headed Enemy. Which when
" ſhe had nicely examined, and weighed with
" her utmoſt Judgement, ſhe pauſed not long
" for a Reſolution how to act. She preſent-
" ly concluded that it was neither her Duty
" nor her Intereſt to reſt in a State of indo-
" lent Serenity, and let the malignant World
" with licentious Breath taint the wholeſome
" and

" and fair bloſoms of her Reputation. And " that, ſince Nature and Providence had given " her both Spirit and capacity to clear and defend " herſelf, ſhe determined now both to try and " exerciſe thoſe Talents; ſince, on ſuch Occaſi- " ſions, their ineſtimable Uſe and Value both " ſhine the brighteſt, and are the beſt known.

" This noble Reſolution was no ſooner " made, but ſhe applied herſelf in ſtrict " Scearch, and with as little Stir as poſſible, " to find out the Authors of theſe abomina- " ble Scandals. And though it was not " the eaſieſt Taſk to accompliſh, yet, as ſhe " appeared ſo fully determined to do herſelf " ample Juſtice on the Calumnizer, every " Perſon whom ſhe applied to, (as ſhe was di- " rected from one to another, who had " handed down this ſooty Tale, ſtep by " ſtep) all ſeemed willing, and endeavour- " ed to clear and extricate themſelves from " the Peril of the iſſue. So that, at laſt, ſhe " having attained the ſummit of the Building, " ſhe found the plummet to deſcend from the " empty Babble-head of this Mr. *Peewit*: " Which, being proved to her, paſt Doubt " or Contradiction, ſhe determined without " the leaſt Heſitation, or loſs of Time, to do " him the ſtricteſt Juſtice, and bring him to " a moſt ſevere Account. And that too-

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" without the tedious Expence, and uncertain
" Courſe of Common-Law; but by a ſpeedy
" and now ſatisfactory Proceeding. Which
" was this: When, as I have ſaid, ſhe was
" aſcertain'd that the Head of this black
" Fountain took its Riſe from the Mouth of
" of this watery Mr. *Peewit*, ſhe had re-
" courſe to her ready Pen, and preſented him
" with the following Epiſtle:

SIR,

AS I have many worthy and ſingular Obligations to thank you for, I am in ſome Pain, 'till I have an Opportunity of rendering you my perſonal Praiſes and Thankſgivings Face to Face. And with the Freedom and grateful Deference as becometh a Debtor, who is eager to tender you ſome ſmall Satisfaction in part: I muſt require the Honour and Pleaſure of ſeeing you this Evening, exactly at ſeven o'Clock, under the Great-Oak in *Primroſe-Mead*: When, and whither, if you'll honour me with a Compliance of this my Requeſt, you will find that, to come dreſs'd and arm'd like a Gentleman, as I have the Pleaſure frequently to ſee you.——" For you muſt
" here note, Brother *Silvius* (ſaid *Wilfull*)
" that Mr. *Peewit* is very fond of being ty'd
" to

" to a Sword."——It will be neither diſad-vantageous nor inconvenient to yourſelf; and for very eſpecial Reaſons, which I ſhall there offer, will be very agreeable, as well as obliging, to one from whom you can apprehend no great Danger, being (only)

Good Sir,

Yours in all honourable Faſhion,

A LADY.

CHAP. IV.

Wherein Mr. Wilfull *concludes the Hiſtory.*

" THIS Billet of *Sophia* was diſpatched to " Mr. *Peewit* by a ſpecial Meſſenger, who " had particular Inſtructions how to act and an-" ſwer on this Occaſion; and who ſo craftily " played his Part, that the poor vain, deceived " Gentleman, inſtead of being invited by an in-" cenſed Enemy, concluded, by his own Con-" ſtruction of the above Letter, and the Bearer's " Anſwers to his Queſtions, that he was there-" by entreated to meet and receive the frank Sa-

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" crifice of a tender and captivated Lady's ready
" Heart and Fortune: And which unforeſeen
" Turn had a more happy and full Termination,
" than was either intended or expected, to the
" Advantage of the injured *Sophia*: For having
" gratified himſelf by asking all the curious Queſ-
" tions which his Vanity had ſuggeſted and
" prompted him to; and being alſo anſwered in
" the ſame Strain of Indulgence, he could not by
" any Means contain the vaſt Meaſure of his good
" Fortune within the Pale of his own weak Bo-
" ſom; but flew with eager Wings to all his
" dear and beſt Companions, with the glad Ti-
" dings of this new and happy Accident; de-
" manding, wherever he went, with the utmoſt
" Affectation, whether they thought he might
" not venture on the Match, from the Contents
" of the Letter, without being too inquiſitive of
" farther Particulars, in Caſe the Lady ſhould
" be ſparing in her Anſwers. It will, I fear,
" my Friend *Silvius*," continued Mr. *Wil-
full*, " be but ſuperfluous to trouble you with
" the numerous Strokes of Vanity, and extra-
" vagant wild Fancies and Notions, which,
" like Weeds of the rankeſt Claſs, took Root
" in his ſandy and barren Brain; let it then
" ſuffice, that I aſſure you, Mr. *Peewit* was
" exceedingly careful that Afternoon, in the
" Embelliſhments of his Perſon and the Unity
" of

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" of Time. He was, according to Requeſt,
" at the Place appointed, rather before the
" Hour than after, dreſſed and perfumed like
" a Beau at an Opera, and his Eyes and Ex-
" pectations as hungry and impatient as a
" doating Husband on a Wedding-Night:
" But after a little Time ſpent in circular
" Glances, Hopes, Fears, Doubts, *&c.* who
" ſhould his Eyes moſt ſuddenly engage, but
" inſtead of a melting, bluſhing, yielding
" Fair-One, a nimble *Ganymede*, with fiery
" Garb and martial Cock, as lively as a
" Buck; and who, making up towards him
" with haſty tripping Pace, to his very great
" Surprize and Diſappointment, ſaluted him
" to this Effect:

" Be not ſurprized, right worthy Sir, if I
" preſume to inform you, that I am not ig-
" norant of your preſent Call at this Place;
" and though a Prolixity of Speech may be
" very agreeable to you, and for that I know
" it takes Place in moſt of your Converſation,
" yet, for your better and more ſpeedy Infor-
" mation of my Inſtant bringing here, I ſhall
" aſſume what Brevity I poſſibly can. This
" Morning, I know Sir, you received a Bil-
" let, diſpatched from the Hand of a *fair*
" *Lady*, whoſe Contents were very expreſſive
" of much Impatience to meet you here, in

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" order to ballance an Obligation of no ſmall
" Weight; your Compliance therewith, Sir, has
" evidently proved you a Gentleman of that
" Punctuality which I hoped to find you; and
" now Sir, if you pleaſe, we'll immediately come
" to the Cauſe and Purport of the whole Pro-
" ceeding. As I look upon the fair Reputation of
" either Man or Woman, as the moſt valuable
" Treaſure they can poſſibly be poſſeſſed of in
" this World, it behoves them to tender and pre-
" ſerve it with the deareſt and laſt Spark of Life.
" I muſt now, Sir, inform you, that I once had,
" and dearly valued that Reputation, which I
" purchaſed and preſerved in the Carriage,
" Conduct, and Obſervation of my whole
" Life, by a ſtrict Compliance with all the
" niceſt and moſt rigid Rules of unaffected
" Honour; by which I flouriſhed, and grew
" rich in the Opinion of my Friends, my
" Neighbours and Superiors, who therefore
" loved, honoured, and cheriſhed me; but
" now, Sir, by the unprovoked Inſolence, and
" the baſe Babbling of a groundleſs chattering
" Wretch, my fair Name, that was as ſweet
" and blooming as the opening Roſe, is there-
" by ſtained! tainted! nay blaſted! and ul-
" cerated! by the unctious! malignant! and
" contagious Breath of this vile *Detractor*.
" But not to accumulate Words and Aggra-
" vations, when *Time* is now preſent, and
" *Juſtice*

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" *Juſtice* herſelf attends upon the *Cauſe*, know, " thou wretched Defamer! thou Canker-" worm of Society! thou leſs than nothing! " thou vile Imitator of the imitating Ape! " Thou art that poiſonous Shadow of a *Thing* " which I have now complained of! But I " will let thee know that the Hour of Account " is now come, when thou ſhalt, with thy " own Blood, waſh out this hated Stain! and, " like other poiſonous Animals, with the Vi-" tals of thy own rank Carcaſe, thou ſhalt " cleanſe and heal the Wound which thy en-" venomed Mouth has made in the clear Cir-" cle of my dear Reputation. I am the Per-" ſon who ſent thee this Invitation, my Name " is *Sophia*; and the Injury thou haſt done " me, thou art too well acquainted with! " And now the Ability I have to juſtify and " right myſelf, thy inſtant Experience ſhall " well inform thee of; therefore, defend and " verify thy foul Reports, or here with thy " Coward Sword, ſacrifice thy vile Miſgiv-" ings, and this Moment, upon thy Knees, " under the bright Luſtre of my *own*, thus " brandiſhed, procure *my* Pardon, by ſigning " *thy* Contrition in this Recantation; or, o-" therwiſe, prepare thy daſtard Soul for her " inſtant and immortal Flight."



" Here," ſtill continued Mr. *Wilfull*, " the dreadful Agitations of the puſillanimous " Mr. *Peewit* immediately prevailed upon him, " to fall upon his trembling Knees, and in the " moſt ſubmiſſive Manner, begging her Par- " don, ſigned a moſt pathetic Inſtrument " which ſhe had before prepared for that " Purpoſe; and then as ſhe had therein " ſtipulated, he immediately in that Poſ- " ture preſented her with his *ſheathed Sword*, " as an everlaſting Memorial of this Ac- " knowledgment of his Confeſſion: And " when all neceſſary Ceremonies were there " paſſed, they parted; but with what differ- " ent Emotions, I ſhall leave you to gueſs. I " ſhall now only add, that the conquering " *Sophia* bore with her the above Inſtrument " and Pledge of her un-fought Victory, and " cauſed Mr. *Peewit* to return with his un- " fraught Belt, diſcharged of that rich Orna- " ment, which was, from this fatal Hour, to " remain a cruel Witneſs of his Villainy and " Cowardice. All this was no ſooner pro- " claimed, but his own *Uncle*, at whoſe Houſe " he then was, obliged him to depart the " Country; and his *Mother*, and other Rela- " tions hereabout, ſtill looking upon him as a " very *pretty Gentleman*, have taken all the " beſt Meaſures they can to ſtop the Report from

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" from getting any Footing in this Neigh-
" bourhood: However, my Friend *Silvius*,
" you may depend upon it as Truth what
" I have advanced; for I have delivered it to
" you almoſt *verbatim*, as it was written from
" *Sophia*'s Father to mine, and which was thus
" imparted in the very Height of his Joy; for
" I ought here to inform you, that, inſtead of
" this Magpie's Chatter doing my Couſin *So-*
" *phia* any Prejudice, it terminated in the very
" Clinching of her Fortune: For you muſt
" know, that my Lord *Single-ſhot* coming to
" underſtand the whole Tenor of this Hiſtory,
" was ſo raviſhed with her Proceeding, that he
" ſwore ſhe had not her Equal in the World!
" and immediately made Propoſals to her Fa-
" ther and herſelf to eſpouſe her; which being
" concluded in about ſix Weeks after, ſhe was
" happily congratulated on that Occaſion; and
" I can aſſure you, my *Lord* is ſo fond of her,
" that it extends to perfect immoderate Doat-
" ing."

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CHAP. V.

Containing a friendly Propoſition of the Author's towards his Readers. Mr. Robert Wilfull *makes a perſonal Viſit to Mrs.* Suſan. *How he was receiv-ed,* &c.

WHEN *Wilfull* had ended his Story, as above, *Silvius* could not avoid expreſſing the utmoſt Satisfaction at this Diſcovery: He was tranſported even into Raptures; and the more ſo, when he conſidered what a diverting Uſe he might hereafter make of it; and ſo we ſhall leave them a little, to conclude on their future Proceedings, and at preſent crave the Pleaſure of a little Converſation with our Readers.

It occurs to *us* at this Inſtant, that it may poſſibly be as amuſing to our *Readers*, to now and then paſs an intervening Minute in Converſation with *us*, as in the continual Proſecution of the direct Narrative of this Hiſtory; and more eſpecially, if it ſhould ſo happen, that they may conceive as much Pleaſure in our Relaxation with *them*, as we can aſſure them it is to *us*. And furthermore, we may give them

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them to understand, that they ought to conceive it, as no small Compliment paid to them, that we now and then unbend from our present Business on Purpose to make them these friendly Visits: And we may yet add, that although we have in this Particular very much the Advantage of them, yet it is all for their sole Good; and which is this, that we, constantly through the Course of this whole Work, do both act the Part of the Reader as well as that of the Author; and that for the Sake and Benefit of the *former*, we endeavour to correct the Duty and Labour of the *latter*, as much as in our Power lies: But in order to put the Reader upon as near a Footing as possible with ourselves, we do now, out of our great Generosity, give them free Liberty (like People of high Rank and Quality, which we do suppose them to be) that, whenever we come to render them any of those Visits unseasonably, either Morning, Noon, or Night, on Foot, or on Horse-back, in a Coach, or in a Chair, or in whatsoever Manner, that they may instantly deny their being at home to *us*, as they frequently do to their very best Friends and Acquaintance; and slap the *Book* full in our Faces as their Porters often do their *Doors*, very genteely to those last mentioned Visitants: And now having, with our own Hand signed this

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grand Letter of Licenſe for the ſole Uſe and Benefit of our Readers, for the Term of fourteen Years, (and no longer) we ſhall immediately return to our Duty, and the Buſineſs of Mr. *Silvius* and Mr. *Wilfull.*

The amorous Billet which our Readers have before ſeen, being diſpatched to Mrs. *Suſan*, ſhe had no ſooner read the Contents, than ſhe immediately concluded, by the humorous Stile of it, that it could be from no other Perſon than the agreeable Mr. *Silvius* himſelf; for ſhe was not at this Time acquainted with any other Perſon, whom ſhe could conceive capable of ſuch a Strain; but the Bearer being purpoſely inſtructed to wait for an Anſwer, ſhe, by the Queſtions which ſhe aſked him, ſoon found her Miſtake: And as he had in his Poſtſcript, petitioned for her Permiſſion to wait upon her the next Night, in order to make his perſonal Addreſs, the natural Curioſity of her Sex forbad her abſolute Commandment in the Negative; and therefore ſhe prettily and artfully returned by Word of Mouth, that ſhe neither knew the Author of the Letter, nor his Meaning; but that if he had any thing to ſay to her, he knew as well where to find her as to write to her; but as for her ſending back any Anſwer to it, he muſt excuſe her,

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her, becauſe ſhe really did not underſtand it.

This Return was ſufficient for our impatient Friends, who waited for the Meſſenger's coming back, with about the ſame Emotions of Mind as Plaintiffs and Defendants do the Iſſue of their depending Cauſes in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, or any other ſuch fatal Place of *Ruin.*

Now *Silvius's* Heart began to mount, and *Wilfull* was in high Spirits with the Thoughts of the next Night's Diverſion; which Time no ſooner came, but he repaired to Mrs. *Suſan*, to make her that Tender of his Love, which he had promiſed; and ſhe as readily waited his Arrival, dreſſed as clean and decent as though it had been her Wedding-Day; which, if it had, perhaps it might have been the laſt *Time* ſhe ever would have been ſo; for it is a Maxim among ſome of that charming Sex, that the long wiſhed-for Hour of Matrimony being once paſſed, and the poor *Gull* ſecurely trapped in the *connubial Snare*, Cleanlineſs and Decency may then vaniſh, their Work being done, and the Reward obtained for which they were at firſt employed.

Mrs. *Suſan* receiv'd him with all the Strangeneſs and Coyneſs neceſſary in her Sex, on thoſe Occaſions; and Mr. *Wilfull* matched her with Hyperboles, Proteſtations, and diſſembling full

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full as great on his Part; which being practiſed with all the Art imaginable on each Side; poor *Sukey* fell a conquered Victim, according to the common Fate of the fair deceived; and though *Silvius* had before undeſignedly got ſome Footing in her Heart, yet now Mr. *Wilfull* made ſo good Uſe of his Time, and played the Part of an artful Lover ſo well, that the Memory of *Silvius* was as effectually eraſed from her Thoughts, as former Obligations are generally in thoſe who are ſuddenly raiſed to the Top of Fortune's Wheel. Perhaps the only true Thing he told her, was his *Name*, and *where* he lived; and had this Scene been acted in *London*, ſhe might have been deceived in that too; but in Country Suits, thoſe are Points that cannot be well immaſked. In the Courſe of their Converſation, as was before agreed, Mr. *Wilfull* took an Occaſion to mention caſually the Name of *Silvius Greenland*, when *Suſan* ſuddenly ſaluting the Sound, with a Bonefire in her Face, demanded of him whether he knew Mr. *Silvius?* To which he replied, "Know him, yes, that I do, as "well as my own Heart, or as well as any "pretty young Lady in the Kingdom knows "her own Face in the Looking-glaſs." "And pray," ſaid ſhe, does he know any "thing of your ſending me yeſterday's Letter,

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" or of this Visit?" " No," replied *Wilful*, " That, you must understand, I durst not " trust him with; because I know he is pretty " intimate in this Family, and I could not tell " but that he might have been my Rival. " No, " I assure you, Sir," answered Mrs. *Susan*, " I " believe his ambitious Aim is above a Servant; " but he is a good-natured merry Creature, " and a Person of exceeding good Sense. All " our Family are extreamly fond of him: Mr. " *Graveairs*, a dissenting Minister, that comes " here sometimes, says he knows more good " Sense than half the People in this Country." I " am very glad to hear it, Madam," returned *Wilfull*, " I know he comes here generally of a " *Sunday* in the Afternoon; and with your Leave " I'll propose calling here with him next *Sunday*; " for I can make him believe that I have " known you these many Years; and there- " fore he'll not suspect any thing that has now " passed between us: And I do assure you, " that he has this Week made a very smart " Copy of Verses (which he says are the very " first he ever attempted in his Life) upon a " certain young Gentleman, whom he has " painted to a Hair, though he had never seen " him above twice before in his Life; and I " can't tell but that I may have them in my " Pocket at this Instant." — Here he accord-

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ingly ſearched, and found them; which he read over to his fair and lovely *Suſan*, and which (ſhe doubtleſs being a very good Judge) gave her the utmoſt Satisfaction. —— For we may here take notice, that in Country Places, Poets are not ſo very riſe as they are in ſome Parts of *London*: In theſe vulgar and remote Places in the Country, People generally content themſelves with the bare Poſſeſſion of common Senſe, unaffectedly accompanied with the ſimple Gifts of pure Nature, and the Mercies of Providence; but which are infinitely deficient for the Conſtitution of the Meridian of *London*; there Poets ſwarm, and that too (without one Grain of Wit, in ſome particular Parts, as about the *Temple*, *Covent-Garden*, *&c.*) like Rooks about a Rookery; and which is, perhaps, no bad Compariſon neither, conſidering the Nature and Colour of thoſe Vermin, I was going to ſay. There we have Politicians without Underſtanding; Satiriſts without Meaning; Soldiers without Courage; Learning without Knowledge; Critics who can't read; Wits without Senſe; and M-n--rs without Heads. Now as all thoſe abound and thrive ſufficiently in this Part of the World, it is pretty obvious to any diſcerning Perſon, that what will flouriſh in one Place will abſolutely periſh in another.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Susan* was so well pleased with the Verses, that she begged of Mr. *Wilfull* that she might keep them till *Sunday*, in order to shew them to Miss *Angelica*; which he consented to, and at the same time was permitted to make his second Visit with *Silvius* at that Time, promising in the mean while her favourable Thoughts of him and his Proposals; and so, when he had spun out his Time to the Extremity of their present Convenience, he took his Leave in such Form, and with exactly such Ceremonies as our different Readers may in their own good Judgment think most proper to conceive.

It is very possible that some of our curious Females may wish that we had been a little more particular in discovering to them the identical Words and Actions which really passed between them in this agreeable *Eclaircisement:* The *young* Ones, who are unexperienced, we apprehend, might desire it, for the Instruction they might thereby hope to gain, against the desired Hour of their own like Encounter. And the *experienced* Ones, whose Jubilee Days begin to wax out of Date, would gladly, perhaps, be once more put in Mind of those pleasurable Hours they have formerly passed---Never to return again.

Then, since we have thus naturally considered the Case of our dear female Readers,

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to whom we have ſworn the moſt perfect Loyalty, it would be a downright Rebellion not to ſacrifice every thing in our Power to gratify their leaſt ſuppoſed Wiſhes and Requeſt: And therefore, ſince we cannot now with any Propriety attempt to deliver it here, as it was acted over by this *amorous Pair*, let it ſuffice, that we inform them, that *Wilfull* prayed; ſhe coloured; then he vowed; ſhe ſighed; he preſſed; ſhe frowned; till, at laſt, being tired of theſe Introductions, he, catching her faſt in his Arms, almoſt ſtifled her with a thouſand eager Kiſſes; which ardent Proceeding of his put her ſo out of Breath, that ſhe had hardly Strength enough left to wipe her Lips and bid him be quiet.

This beautiful and true Deſcription, we hope, will effectually anſwer both our Intentions and our Allegiance; and ſo we ſhall now return to our Hiſtory. When *Wilfull* had the next Day acquainted *Silvius* with all that befel him in this delightful Adventure, he, with the greateſt Joy at his Succeſs, paid him his Tribute of Thanks and Applauſe for his friendly Undertaking, and ſo good an Acquaintance. But while theſe two were thus diſcuſſing the many material Points now before them, and which muſt none of them be neglected, *Silvius*, turning his Head about, ſaw Mr. *Peewit* paſſing

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passing the Corner of the Street; which he immediately acquainted his Friend *Wilfull* with; adding, that he imagin'd he was then going to visit the Fair and Agreeable *Maria*. And which, indeed, proved true: For upon this Surmise, *Wilful* and *Silvius* agreed to adjourn all present Business till the next Night; and that *Silvius* should instantly repair Home, in order to observe how Matters went on between Mr. *Peewit* and his agreeable Cousin.

CHAP. VI.

Mr. Peewit's *Conversation with Miss* Maria; *a sarcastical Stroke of* Silvius's; *Mr.* Peewit *resents it*; *and what thereupon ensued.*

SCARCE had Mr. *Peewit* made his first Congeé to Miss *Maria* when *Silvius* came in; and she rightly judging that he had seen him coming thither, imagined, also, that pure Jealousy had brought *Silvius* so soon after him. But there we are informed, that her infallible judgment a little err'd. However, without much Invitation, or perhaps without any at all, he laid hold of a Book that was then on the Shelf, and without saying three Words either to his Cousin, or her Gallant, he sat himself down, and began to read to himself, not seeming to regard the least

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Word, or Motion that paſſed between them. And *Maria*, as I obſerved before, thinking that his Jealouſy had really occaſioned his Preſence, reſolved to fret him a little, if poſſible; and therefore, began a pleaſant Converſation with Mr. *Peewit*, by enquiring into his Amours.——"I think, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you were "this Time twelve Months in *Wales*. Pray "how did you paſs your Time there? Chief-"ly amongſt the *Ladies*, I ſuppoſe."—"Yes, "Ma'am," reply'd he, for let me die, if a "Body might not as well think of—that is— "pugh, Pox! I can't think of it now: It is "an Expreſſion though,——that we have in "Law.—But it is the ſame Thing Ma'am, "as how if a Body ſhould think, that is, of "doing Impoſſibilities: that is Ma'am I mean, "as to be quiet for them. For you muſt "know, Ma'am, that there was to be ſure, a "Set of the merrieſt, ſweeteſt Creatures! in "the whole World! But then, they are the "wickedeſt Devils that ever were ſeen, to "be ſure, Ma'am. For they would not let "one alone, a quarter of an Hour together; "ſometimes, we were uſed to ſpend a whole "Afternoon together at *Crambo*; and then "Ma'am, at other Times, that is, as how "*What-is-it-like*? And ſo on."—"Well, ſaid "*Maria*, and pray Mr. *Peewit* what is *That-*"*like*?"—"Why, reply'd *Silvius*, ſtill looking

on

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on his Book; "I believe Ma'am, I have it "in my Hand."—And ſo ſaying, he read the following ten Lines in the Works of *George* Duke of *Buckingham.*

Firſt draw an errant Fop from Top to Toe,
Whoſe very Looks at firſt does ſhew him ſo;
Give him a Mean proud Garb, a dapper Pace,
A pert dull Grin; a black Patch croſs his Face,
Two goggle Eyes, ſo clear, tho' very dead,
That one may ſee thro' them, quite thro' his Head,
Let ev'ry Nod of his, and ſubtle-Wink
Declare the Fool would Talk, but cannot Think.
Let him all other Fools ſo far ſurpaſs,
That Fools themſelves point at him for an Aſs.

This Interruption of our *Silvius* gave ſo *a-propos* a Picture of the gallant Mr. *Peewit*, that it was impoſſible he ſhould miſtake his Meaning.—And therefore aſſuming an *Air* of ſeeming Courage, he demanded of our Satiriſt —"Pray Mr. *Silvius*, now, that is, what do "you mean, Sir? As how I am Fop, and an "Aſs, and all that? Pray Sir, explain your-"ſelf! Or I can tell you, as how I ſhall "trounce

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" trounce you, for all you are a *Wit*, and e-
" very Thing elſe, and all that. I believe I
" ſhall make you know, as how I underſtand
" the *Law*, as well as you do *other Folks's* Po-
" etry; and ſo forth."—" Pray Sir, ſaid *Sil-*
vius, looking very gravely in his Face,—" Do
" you know one Mrs. *Sophia*, who is now
" Lady *Singleſhot*? And what happened
" between her and a certain young Gen-
" tleman in *Primroſe-mead*, in *Pembroke-*
" *ſhire*? Pray Sir, can you tell me what is
" become of that *Fighting-Sword*, which he
" preſented to her upon his Knee, after he
" had begged his Life of her, and confeſſed
" himſelf a Raſcal, under his own Hand writ-
" ing?" " Well Sir! reply'd Mr. *Peewit* in a
pet, " I know very well what you mean now,
" but it's a curſt confounded Fib! Burn me
" if it ben't. And I'll never come into this
" Houſe again, while I live! If I do, I'll be
" burnt like the Devil in Hell! And I'll make
" you prove your Words too! See now, as
" how, and if I don't." And ſo, ſays he,
" Miſs *Maria*, I am your very humble Slave
" Ma'am; and all that; and as how I ſhall
" be very glad to ſee you, Ma'am, at any
" Time: But burn me, if I don't trounce
" your Couſin *Silvius* there, for all that."

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And ſo ſaying, he made his Manners to the young Lady, and ſcampered away as tho' the Devil drove him. While *Silvius*, aſſiſted to haſten his Pace by laughing all the while at him and crying, as he went out of the Door, "Hold Sir, hold! I have ſomething more to "ſay to you, about that famous Rencounter "that I mentioned."—But he had already got as much as he cared for; and thus abruptly left his fair Miſtreſs, in ſpite of all her entreaties to the contrary, in the utmoſt Surprize, and Loſs for their meaning. As ſoon as he was got clear out of the Houſe, ſhe began to call poor *Silvius* to a very ſevere Account for his Rudeneſs towards her Viſitant, and that, too, in very loſty Strains; till having vented her firſt rage, *Silvius* ſoon brought her as tame and as gentle as a Dove.—Said he, to her, "Look you *Maria*, if my Maſter, or "your Aunt *Johnſon*, knew as much of that "paltry Fellow, as I could inform them, "they would either of them cut off your Legs "for ought I know: If ever they heard of "your being in his Company."—Here *Silvius* told *Maria* the whole Story, which he had before gathered of his friend *Wilfull*: But he obſerved at the ſame Time, that his Author was not a very good mimick; or elſe, that he was an utter Stranger to his Perſon and Converſation: Becauſe, he ſaid, he had delivered his

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Language to him in a moſt more elevated Stile, and Manner than ever he would live to be capable of. When Miſs *Maria* had patiently heard what *Silvius* had to offer; ſhe frankly told him, "That ſhe heartily loathed Mr. "*Peewit*; and that, by accidentally drinking "Tea at an Acquaintance's, where he was "alſo a viſiting; ſhe had by way of Compli-"ment, made him a ſlight Invitation: But "the Reaſon of it was, ſhe ſaid, becauſe ſhe "had not lately had ſo much of his agreeable "Company, as formerly; and therefore, ſhe "encouraged Mr. *Peewit*'s ſecond Viſit, pur-"poſely to nettle him; becauſe ſhe plainly "found that ſhe did not like him." To which *Silvius* reply'd, ——"You muſt "know, *Maria*, that I dearly love you! "Love you to my Heart! but not to de-"ceive you; no otherwiſe than as a moſt "conſtant, honeſt, faithful Friend. I would "do any Thing within the utmoſt Limits "of my Power, either to ſerve or oblige "you. And I have ſomething of moſt ma-"terial Conſequence to communicate to you, "at our better Opportunity; which I hope, "yes, my *dear Maria!* I ſay again, I hope "for your own Sake, it will not prove very "diſagreeable to you."—This ſmall Speech, we may very well imagine, was quite ſufficient to alarm her Curioſity; a Tear of Gratitude

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ſtood peeping in her Eyes, for his kind Declaration; and her lovely tender Boſom returned ſuch quick Impulſes, as evidently convince him that he had touched her nearly. Soft catching Glances accompanied with Sighs and ſome Confuſion ſtole from her melting Eyes, and darted, in watery-lightning on his Face, their blunted Beams. Here the good-natured *Silvius* ſeeing her ſo greatly wrought upon, felt as ſtrong a Trial of his Heart, as he ever before experienced; when taking her by the ſoft, lovely Hand, in order to ſooth her to a Recompoſure of her Mind, of which ſhe ſeemed now quite diſpoſſeſſed; he found her Trembling, and ſo agonized with the kind emotions of her Soul, that he inſtantly catched the contagious Tenderneſs from her; And had ſhe now poured forth the anguiſh of her Mind, in ſuch ſweet Accents as ſhe was very capable of; and which, perhaps, only the Cuſtom of her Sex forbid, it is very poſſible that poor *Silvius* had now found the Effects of the critical Minute, by ſo deep an Impreſſion, as he never after could have forgot. For thoſe are certainly the deareſt, but the moſt dangerous Moments that unexperienced Lovers can engage. It is now, when the Heart beats quick, and the gentle Paſſions opening their Flood-gates for diſtilling Softneſs, that the Soul being over-

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whelmed with flowing Tenderneſs, the buſy *God* ſteals in, and then erects his Throne. But now, for ſome few Moments, their Speech ſubſided; and gave their fluttered Spirits a ſmall Reſpite to recover themſelves. Which being partly accompliſhed, the lovely *Maria* (beſtowing upon him the ſweeteſt, tendereſt Look) cried, "O *Silvius!* *Silvius!* did you "but know my Heart, I am ſure you would "ſay that I deſerved your Friendſhip." And my dear *Maria*! ſaid he, interrupting her, "I have "ſomething, at our more Convenience, "to impart to you, that will ſufficiently "convince you of my ſincereſt Friendſhip; "and how much I have it really at Heart, to "ſerve you."—"And why not ſpeak it now, "Couſin *Silvius*," ſaid *Maria*. "Becauſe "(anſwered he) when ever this Secret is "broached to you, we muſt be tolerably ſe- "cure of an Hour's Time, without Inter- "ruption: For I can aſſure you 'tis not a "very few Words that can ſettle the Matter "we are then to diſcourſe upon. Nor is it "a Subject of ſo light Conſequence as to treat "it with the leaſt Indifference." "Why "then, (ſaid ſhe) if you pleaſe let *Sunday* Eve- "ning be the Time, in the Kitchen-Gar- "den." With all my Heart, my dear *Ma-* "*ria*! (reply'd *Silvius*) at eight o'Clock I'll "meet

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" meet you there.—And at which Time and Place, with our kind *Reader*'s Permiſſion, we'll meet them again our ſelves.

CHAP. VII.

Containing ſuch Matter, as we ſhall leave to the Diſcovery of the Readers; and likewiſe to make ſuch uſe of it, as they ſhall judge Convenient.

NO ſooner had *Silvius* and *Maira* broke up their laſt Conference, than he immediately repaired to his Friend *Wilfull*; and acquainted him of every individual Thing that had paſt, from his firſt coming Home. Mr. *Wilfull*, as we may well imagine, was mightily pleaſed with his Account of Mr. *Peewit*'s Behaviour. And more eſpecially, as it had made ſo fair a Way for an Introduction of his love-ſick Brother's addreſs to *Maria*. The Management of which, was now left entirely to *Silvius*. And which indeed was the grand Secret that *Silvius* meant to communicate to her, on *Sunday* Evening next, in the Garden. If *Bob Wilfull* had done his Friend *Silvius* a Favour, by undertaking a ſham Courtſhip

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with Mrs. *Susan*; *Silvius* had now sufficiently returned it, by the good Progress he had made in the Service of his Brother. But Services in Friendship ought never to be repeated; and therefore we shall say no more of it. Upon the Intelligence of this good Prospect, it was agreed, that *Wilfull* should that Night, or next Morning, acquaint his Brother *Sam* therewith; that he might both be ready to second *Silvius*'s Motion upon Occasion; and also to comfort him with some Hopes of his Success. Mr. *Samuel Wilfull*, was indeed, a Youth, who any Woman might have liked, that had not set her Heart upon a Coach, or a Beau, or a Cockade: Things, which very often, too much engross the female Affections. He was very Genteel, Sprightly, Decent, good Temper'd, and Ingenious. But, alack-aday! What signifies our most conspicuous Hopes and Prospects? We promise to ourselves one kind of Plan, and Providence opposes with another. All Things at present, seem'd to our Hero and Heroines, with a very prosperous Aspect; and so indeed, they would have continued, if Fate, or Fortune, or Chance, or Providence, *&c.* would have been graciously pleas'd to order Matters, with that Facility and Success, which we could wish: But that would be rank Vanity to expect. And therefore, as the Recording

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cording of Truth was the only grand Point in View, when we firſt ſet out with the Penning of this good Hiſtory; ſo we ſhall continue with the utmoſt accuracy, to ſtick to facts only, tho' never ſo intricate, or ungrateful to our Pen. And, indeed, we are now about to relate ſomething that is very unpleaſant to ourſelves, let it appear as it may to our Readers.

One Mr. *Dole*, a Farmer in that Country, who was very rich (and who many Authors would have called a *Gentleman*; but we being better acquainted with the neceſſary Ingredients proper for ſuch a Compoſition, ſhall not ſo injure the Appellation with giving him ſuch a Sound) coming frequently on Market-Days to Mr. *Scribblewell*'s on Matters of Buſineſs; the *Devil*, or ſome other ſuch Deity, who trouble their Heads with Affairs which no ways concern them, put it into the old Fellow's Mind to be of a ſudden a little inquiſitive about the Condition of the fair *Maria*. --. Said he, "Neighbour *Scribblewell*, you ſeem "to have a good handſome Kind of a young "Gentlewoman there; I have taken notice "of her many a Taime, and troth, I muſt "needs ſay, I never ſaw a young Woman in "my Life I ever liked better. She's a Rela-"tion of your's too, is not ſhe?" — "Yes,

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" Sir," replied Mr. *Scribblewell*, " ſhe is both " a Relation and a *Ward* of mine." —— " A " Ward!" anſwered Mr. *Dolt*, " what's that? " her Name's *Ward* I ſuppoſe." " No Sir," ſaid Mr. *Scribblewell*, " her Name is *Maria* " *Fairly*, and I am appointed by her Father's " Will one of her Guardians till ſhe is of " Age.—O, ho!" anſwered Mr. *Dolt*, " I " underſtand you now; you are left one of " her *Overſeers*, as it were, to look after her, " that ſhe might not run away with herſelf, in " Marriage, and ſo forth?" — " You are " right," returned Mr. *Scribblewell*, " and I " can tell you, ſhe's worth looking after too; " for ſhe is as ingenious a good Girl as is in " this Pariſh, and there's not many better *For-* " *tunes* in it." " Is ſhe ſo! cry'd *Dolt*, " Wounds and Guts! do you think ſhe'd like " my *Dick*?' Sleſh, if ſhe would, I'd make him " deſarving of her, mun, I would ſome how or " other make my *Dick* as good a Fortune as your " *Mary*, I'll warrant you." — " Why Sir," replied Mr. *Scribblewell*, " you muſt talk to " her Aunt *Johnſon*, and hear what the Girl " will ſay about it herſelf: For my Part, I " never intend to propoſe a Husband to her " while I live; it is a tickliſh Office, Mr. " *Dolt*, and one never knows when one is " right or wrong in it. She is now eighteen, " and

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" and as she don't seem to be in any great
" Hurry about it herself, I shall never encou-
" rage her, for my Part; and if she pleases
" herself, and marries a good sober, sensible
" Man, of fair Character, it is as much as I
" care for. and if she don't, as I tell her, she
" is ruined; I would not have her marry a
" *Fool* for an Equipage; a rattl'ing *Rake*, for
" his Airs; nor a lubberly *Sot* upon any Ac-
" count." —— "'Sflesh, Naibor *Scribble-*
" *well*," quoth Mr. *Dolt*, " you bin i'th'
" right on't, and my *Dick* will suit her to a
" Hair; he's a little sprightly, sturdy tite Lad,
" and would whistle her a hundred and fifty
" Tunes in an Hour, ay, and dance 'em when
" he's done." —" O," replied Mr. *Scribble-*
" *well*, " if that be the Case, he could not fail
" to please her to be sure." —" Troth, I think
" so," answered Mr. *Dolt*. " Let's see,
" what Day's To-day, O, *Thursday*;--- well
" then, a *Saterday* I shall be in Town again,
" to market; and so, do you see, if you like
" of it, *Naibor*; why, *Dick* shall come along
" with me; and then we shall see what the
" Girl will say to him; and if so be, do you
" see, that they like one another, why, I'll
" make *Dick*'s Land worth all her Money;
" he has a good two hundred Acres of his
" own already; that was left him by his old

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" Grandmother; and, if ſo be, do you ſee, " that Matters can be brought to a Conclu- " ſion, adsfleſh, he ſhall give her as good as " ſhe brings, I'll warrant. I have had this " Thought in my Head, you muſt know, a " good while, but always forgot to mention " it to you; but now, ſeeing of the young " Woman again, why, I thought, do you ſee, " that now was as well as another Time, I " muſt own, Naibor, I like the Looks of the " young Woman; and if *Dick* and ſhe can " hit it, why the ſooner we can make an End " on't the better: Mr. *Scribblewell* replied, " That he would have nothing to do in the " Affair; but if the Girl liked his Son, and " what Propoſals he had made, they ſhould " have his Conſent." And ſo Mr. *Dolt* took his Leave, fully aſſured that *Maria* could have no Objection to his agreeable and well-bred Son. And no ſooner was he departed, than Mr. *Scribblewell* acquainted his fair Ward of the Good which Mr. *Dolt* had thus intended her. To which *Maria* made Anſwer, " That " his Son muſt be ſar another-guiſe ſort of a " Perſon than his Father, to have the leaſt " Intereſt in her Affections, even if he was " really poſſeſſed of ten thouſand a Year." Mr. *Scribblewell* replied, " You know, my " Dear, that I have often ſaid, I never would

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"have any farther Hand in your Diſpoſal, "than my Advice; and that if you did any "otherwiſe than well, it ſhould not be my "Fault. You are now of Years and Diſ-"cretion ſufficient to judge for yourſelf; but "I am afraid that your Aunt *Johnſon* will not "very eaſily be of my opinion; ſo that you "muſt well conſider, when you ſee the young "Man, how you affect the Propoſal, and in "the next Place, according to that Degree of "Love which you may conceive for him, "you will the better underſtand how to ac-"count with your Aunt."—— *Maria* was abundantly thankful for his kind Indulgence, and withal for his apprizing her of this Diſcourſe, which had now paſs'd between him and Mr. *Dolt*, becauſe ſhe ſhould thereby be the better enabled to conſider of the whole: But notwithſtanding Mr. *Scribblewell*'s generous Reſignation to all future Proceedings on this Head, what he had related to his Couſin *Maria*, produced a ſufficient Embarraſſment in her Mind. She was in her own Nature and Temper, exceeding delicate; and this Mr. *Richard Dolt*, her propoſed Lover, by the Appearance and Converſation of his Father, could promiſe little better to her, than a moſt ignorant, ſtupid, and awkward *Clown*, and which was grievouſly repugnant to her Af-

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fections, and made her the more lament the Declaration that *Silvius* had ſo emphatically made to her the Night before: However, ſince he had promiſed to her his continual and ſincereſt Friendſhip, and that there was ſomething yet remaining undiſcovered, which he aſſured her portended her future Good; ſhe ſecurely hinged her Hopes on that one Point, and reſolved to buoy her Spirits up, till the wiſh'd-for Hour of its Nativity ſhould arrive; and of which our Readers may be very well aſſured we ſhall largely treat in ſome enſuing Chapter; but in our next we have Buſineſs of more glorious Conſequence to impart, and which muſt by no means be omitted.

CHAP. VIII.

Silvius *and* Wilfull *acquit themſelves with great Honour and Bravery in a very remarkable Rencounter.*

IT being now on a pleaſant Summer Sabbath, when the golden God of Day was driving down the Meridian Hill of Heaven, and briskly darting his wanton-luſtred Rays towards the Earth, that the beauteous *Angelica*, enlivened by a ſympathetic Mode of Spirits,

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Spirits, with that of the ſweeteſt Day, beſought her Companion, the fair *Suſannah*, to bend with her a pleaſant Walk through the charming Vistos of their large and noble Orchard; and it being now about the uſual Hour wherein our Heroe and his Friend Mr. *Wilfull* were wont to come that Way, it is more than probable, that their preſent Courſe was deſign'd to give them meeting; and eſpecially as we muſt take notice, that the Margin of this Orchard border'd on a pleaſant Mead, through which the public Path came near the Hedge betwixt them: But as Beauty, like the Heat and Glories of the Sun, is ever attractive, and eſpecially the Beauties of the Fair, ſo is it always in the more danger to be attack'd by Vulgar-touch, except, like the Sun, it were ſo elevated placed, that none could reach it but with the Eyes alone, or know its Sweets but in Imagination. Here thoſe fair ones had not long enjoyed the lively Breathings of the fragrant Air (which, at every Inſpiration, being charged with the richeſt Perfumes of the lovely Seaſon, were more refreſhing to the Taſte of Health than any that ever ſprang from the artificial Ladings of a *Modern Beau*;) but the fair Appearance of their Shapes and Airs, drew great Attention and inward Longings from three young Gentlemen who were paſſing

paſſing by Chance that Way. They ſtood ſome Minutes in wanton Converſation, and counting over to each other the many various Beauties which thoſe innocent *Ladies* furniſh'd their Fancies with, till at length grown bold and reſolute, by their own Preſumption, they reſolve to leap the Hedge and try their Skill and Fortune with them. *Angelica* and *Sufan* were too agreeably employed in a cloſe Attention to their *own* Diſcourſe, to be the leaſt apprized of this Attack, before theſe brisk Aſſailants had very fairly ſurrounded them, and were not a little aſtoniſhed to find themſelves thus encompaſſed. One of thoſe *Heroes* began the Siege in a pretty tolerable Addreſs; but the other *two*, fearing perhaps the ſuperior Succeſs of his *Art*, reſolved on an immediate Storm; and to that End began to diſcharge their haſty Artillery in ſuch rough Strains, as half frightened the poor *Ladies* out of their very Senſes: As for Flight, there was no Poſſibility, and gentle Speech and Intreaties were all poured out but to the Winds. Aſſiſtance there was no Proſpect of; and as for Menſervants there was but *one* belonging to the Houſe; and *Sunday* Afternoon was not a very likely Time to expect him in that Part of the World; ſo that poor *Angelica* and *Sukey* were now in a very perilous Plight. When *Miſs*

had

had try'd what gentle Manners would do, and found it ineffectual, ſhe aſſumed a Dignity of Speech and Air, that any but the moſt unpoliſhed Ruffians would have inſtantly been moved and awed with. But, alack-a-day! their Savage Paſſion ſo ſuddenly had ſwallowed up all Modeſty and Reaſon, that nothing but the moſt brutiſh Actions imaginable proceeded from any one of them. Their Handkerchiefs were pulled almoſt off their Necks, and a moſt unſeemly Diſſabille appeared about them both. They had ſtruggled as long as they well could, and were thereby ſo far enfeebled, that nothing but Outcries, the laſt Effort, was now remaining to give a Chance for Help. *Angelica*, with all her Force, began the Alarm, which was inſtantly ſeconded by *Suſan*; and they had ſcarcely repeated the Sound, before thoſe ill-manner'd Brutes endeavoured to ſtop their Mouths, and thereby, as well as otherwiſe, uſed them with ſo much Violence, that had they been in the Hands of Savages, they could not have been handled worſe: However, Providence, who is always watchful over the Innocent and Virtuous, now convey'd their diſtreſſed Cries through the diſtant Fields, and which thereby ſoon ſat trembling in the hollow Porches of our ſtartled *Silvius*'s Ears; who being now but about two Fields off, and with Aſtoniſh-

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Aſtoniſhment, was ſucking in the ſhrill and plaintive Sound, never in the leaſt ſuſpected that it was the diſtreſsful Summons of his dear *Angelica*; yet, as it was the Voice of ſome Fair abuſed, he, with his Friend *Wilfull*, haſtened his Steps with the utmoſt Speed towards the Place from whence the Cries proceeded. But how ſhall I deſcribe their Rage and Wonder, when coming into the next Meadow, with all the Expedition that Curioſity and manly Reſolution could well inſpire them, they ſaw two *Ladies* thus ſtruggling in the rude Hands of three inhuman Fellows! And this being in the Lady *Worthy*'s Orchard, was a Circumſtance ſufficient to inform them who they were; whereupon they inſtantly bolted over the Hedge with the Agility of a Buck, and came upon them before the buſy Youths had the leaſt Apprehenſion of any ſuch Interruptions. *Silvius* was rather the firſt that approached this brutiſh Place of Outrage, and ſeeing his fair *Angelica*'s lovely Boſom thus roughly expoſed, and vilely tore in a moſt indecent Manner, and ſhe almoſt breathleſs, with defending herſelf from their further Purpoſe; he needed no other Argument to direct his Conduct. He had a ſmall Oak Stick in his Hand about the Thickneſs of a Man's Thumb, with which, as though it had been a Giant's Club,

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Club, he, without ſpeaking a ſingle Word, lifted it up, and with his utmoſt Force, gave one of the Raviſhers ſuch a ſenſible Salute upon the Head, as made him inſtantly quit his Prize, and face about; which he had no ſooner done, but *Silvius* alſo made him kiſs his Hand with ſuch Ardency, as made his Head recoil to the very Ground with the Force of the Embrace. This Action was hardly executed with more Dexterity, than *Wilfull* had almoſt match'd it with a ſecond, who was at the ſame time full as active upon the Abuſe of poor Mrs. *Suſan*; for, by the immediate Succeſſion of two or three good Blows from his Fiſt, he was tumbled, in like humble Condition, upon the ſpangled Carpet of the Earth. This was performed in one and the ſame Inſtant; and indeed ſo ſuddenly, that neither of them all were the leaſt appriſed of any ſuch Incident before it was finiſhed. And now the nimble Fingers of active *Silvius* attack'd the Perſon of the *third Man*, and that perhaps with as quick a Slight as *Vaux* or *Yates*, or any other *Manual Juggler* ever uſed to tickle their Beholders out of their Senſes, and indeed with full as good Succeſs; for in leſs than half a Minute he was laid upon the Graſs by *Silvius* his Slight of Hand, as ſenſeleſs as a dead Whiting. Judge, gentle Readers, the ſudden.

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den Ecſtacy that ſtrait took place in the ſwelling Boſoms of the delivered *Fair!* They ſaw themſelves, as it were, miraculouſly, in a ſingle Inſtant, ſnatch'd out of the barbarous Hands of *three* moſt inhuman Wretches, at a Moment, when their departed Strength, and all their Hopes were giving them up to everlaſting Stain and Ruin! and that too by the only Perſons on this Side Heaven, to whom they could wiſh to owe ſuch Obligation.

But now, while all their Spirit were mounted to the higheſt Pitch of Joy, the Goddeſs of War (for *Mars* we do ſuppoſe knew nothing of the Matter) began to change Sides in the Battle; for *Silvius* and *Wilfull* having laid all the three Delinquents upon the Ground, never troubled themſelves any further about them for the preſent; but ceaſing the Purſuit of their Conqueſt, to comfort and cheriſh the drooping and abuſed *Ladies*, they gave their reviving Antagoniſts too great an Opportunity to make Repriſals upon them; who, in leſs than than a Minute after, were riſen from the Turf, and did now ſurpriſe poor *Silvius* and *Wilfull* in much the ſame ſevere Manner which they had dealt to them; ſo that for ſeveral Minutes the Victory was too too much upon the unworthy Side: But at length, as they were all moſt buſily encountered in a Kind

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Kind of *Battle-royal*; and the Ballance hanging greatly the wrong way, for *Silvius* being the youngeſt and weakeſt of them all, had two upon him, and he being almoſt ſpent out, the Glory of the Field had ſoon been loſt, if *Wilfull* (being a ſturdy Fellow, and having now luckily gave his Antagoniſt, and the ſtrongeſt of them, what they call a dead Blow) had not that inſtant relieved his Friend, by eaſing him of half his Enemies, whom he ſoon reduced in as low a Condition as his laſt, and then as readily lent the Third a Lift, by the Aſſiſtance of a hard *Pelt* or *two*, joined to the generous and beſt Endeavours of *Silvius*, which ſoon brought him once more upon a Level with his Fellows. And now *Silvius* and *Wilfull* had too lately experienced the Conſequence of their Remiſsneſs, to neglect at preſent this Advantage of the Battle; therefore they took good Heed to ply them well with timely and weighty Thumps, until they all of them cry'd, and begg'd, and heartily prayed for Quarter; which being at laſt granted, they fairly drove them out of the Orchard before them, in a very wretched Condition.

When *Silvius* and *Wilfull* return'd to their fair Beloveds, perhaps it would be very difficult to determine which of the whole *Four* felt the higheſt Pleaſure at the Succeſs of this Enterprize;

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terprize: And the Honour of the Field being thus gallantly carry'd, by two, againſt three more able-body'd Perſons, in the Cauſe and Defence of aſſaulted Virtue and Innocence, the numerous Thanks and Encomiums which flew from the Lips of the delivered *fair Ones*, fell far ſhort of their inward grateful Thoughts, and which were as perfectly and evidently expreſſed by their eloquent Eyes, and every Muſcle in their Faces. If *Angelica* and *Suſan* were put in Diſorder by their late Scuffle, *Silvius* and *Wilfull* were now put in a much worſe, to look at; for they were almoſt covered with Blood; though indeed the greateſt Part of it proceeded from their Antagoniſts, who were in a much worſe Condition, beſides the deeper Stains of being detected in ſo *black* an Act, and ſo ſhamefully puniſhed for it by an inferior Power: But this was a happy Day indeed for the victorious *Champions*; for they had, beſides the unſpeakable Pleaſure of being aſſiſted to diſcharge their Cloaths of Blood, *&c.* by the Hands of the Fair themſelves, during which Interval they had a moſt fortunate Opportunity to ſay many tender Things, they had now, by this lucky Atchievement, fixed a moſt perfect and deep Impreſſion of the moſt ſenſible Obligation in their grateful Hearts, and which *Time* itſelf could never afterwards eraſe.

And

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And where we ſhall now leave them to a full Enjoyment of this days Bliſs; and, for the Preſent, paſs on to ſpeak of other Matters.

CHAP. IX.

Silvius *and* Maria *meet in the Garden; he opens his Commiſſion to her with Succeſs. A Deſcription of Mr.* Richard Dolt; *his Interview and Behaviour with* Maria: *The Match concluded between Mr.* Dolt *and Mrs.* Johnſon, *in Behalf of their* Son *and* Niece.

THE Hour of eight being now preſent, and Phœbus having about half an Hour's Journey e'er he immerſed his golden Cheeks in *Thetis*'s briney Pool; both *Silvius* and *Maria*, according to the foregoing day's Appointment, obey'd the Summons of their contracted Time. When each of them meeting, with a full fraught Boſom, greeted the other, on their true Obedience of their Promiſe: After which, *Silvius* began, and open'd the Scene as follows.

"My deareſt *Maria*! I am here commiſ-
"ſioned, by a very worthy Friend, with a
"Truſt

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" Truſt of no leſs Conſequence, than (as " he ſolemnly declares), what his own Life " depends on. I muſt confeſs, it is an Em- " baſſy ſo ill purpoſed to my Capacity, that I " could heartily wiſh, ſome other Proxy had " in my ſtead been ſubſtituted. But what I " moſt rely on, is, that your good Nature, in " which I know you are rich, will make a " full Attonement for my Deficiency: And " therefore, without further Illuſtration, I " muſt acquaint you, my deareſt! kind *Ma-* " *ria*! that the Perſon of whom I am now " but the Shadow, is the youngeſt Son of the " worthy Mr. *Wilfull*, the Bookſeller. He is, " my Dear, if you will believe me, (and I " never mean to deceive you) a Youth of moſt " ſweet Endowments. Poſſeſs'd of Nature's " beſt Gifts, both in his Mind, Perſon and " Underſtanding. But alas! without the " kindly nouriſhing Beams of your moſt re- " freſhing Smiles, his blooming Hopes muſt " wither into Sickneſs. He languiſhes for " you, *Maria*, with all the Senſibility of the " moſt pure and unaffected *Love*. And a Pro- " pitious Return to thoſe humble Solicitings, " would elevate him from the moſt pitiful " State of Sadneſs, to the higheſt Pitch of " Tranſport. Conſider then, *Maria*, how " god-like it is, when having it in our Power

" either

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" either to cheriſh or depreſs; to ſave or de-
" ſtroy, as we pleaſe; that diſdaining the
" Mean, and haughty ſavage Thought of
" Cruelty, we joyfully aſſiſt, and raiſe the de-
" jected Supplicant! Such, *Maria*, are the
" true diſtinguiſhing Marks of a noble generous
" Mind: And ſuch, I am ſure, are juſtly your
" Attributes. Thus much, *Maria*, I was
" obliged to offer for the Information of my
" preſent Buſineſs; and now, all I have more
" to ask, is, that you will promiſe me to
" vouchſafe him one Viſit; and if he ſhall then
" appear in your Eſteem, anywiſe leſs than
" what I have now promiſed him, deal with
" him plainly, according to your own beſt
" Judgment. ——— Here, *Maria*, after
" ſome little pauſe, returned to *Silvius*, thus."

" Alas! *Couſin Silvius*, you little think
" what Storms are engendering around me;
" let me caſt my Eye which Way I will, the
" Clouds are darken'd; the Winds have beat
" the Compaſs round, and the Rage of Thun-
" der will very ſuddenly burſt.

Here ſhe told him, what had that Morn-ing paſt between Mr. *Dolt* and Mr. *Scribble-well*; which were very glad Tidings to ho-neſt *Silvius*; for he made a moſt hopeful Ac-count, that it would greatly forward his pre-ſent undertaking to advantage. But poor *Ma-*

ria

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ria had much rather have heard him a pleading Advocate for himself. At length, by *Silvius*'s urging to her the Danger and Inconvenience of her Delay, she gave Consent to see her devoted Mr. *Samuel Wilfull*, in a few Days; and that he might so inform him.

With our Reader's Permission, we may here take Notice, that three fourths of all hasty unhappy Marriages, are hurried on, and contracted, by the irrational Proceedings of either their *Parents*, *Guardians*, or other *Relations*; and so, very often, by endeavouring to avoid one Inconveniency, they consequently run into another. But if we trace the Matter to the Top, *those* will be found culpable, while *these* will stand excus'd. But whether this is the Case in our present History, or not, we shall hereafter shew.

Nothing more material having at this Time pass'd between *Silvius* and *Maria*, we shall now conduct our Readers to that Part of our Story, where Mr. *Dolt*, the next *Saturday* Morning, arrived at Mr. *Scribblewell*'s, with his Son, Mr. *Richard*; the hopeful Suiter of the Fair *Maria*. But, before we bring them together, perhaps, it may not be improper, to endeavour to give our Readers some small Idea of his *Person*; that they may the better conceive the true Presentment of the following Scene.

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Scene. " His Age was about twenty one " Years; his Stature about five Foot and an " Inch; very ſtout, and well made; I mean " for Strength. For he was very near as thick " as he was long. His Face was as broad, and " as flat as a Pan-cake; with little white Eyes, " which made him look exactly as he was; " that is to ſay, exceſſive Sharp. His Com- " plexion was about that of a deep Mahogany; " and his Dreſs exceeding *apropos* to himſelf; " having on, (upon this remarkable Occaſion) " to begin at his Head, a Jocky-Cap, cut out " of an old Hat; which was turn'd up all " round, and Lac'd with a Silver edging. His " Hair, (that hung down to his Eyes, and " which was, very near, all of a Length) e- " mulated the Pride of the moſt Proud on " Earth; for not one of them but what diſ- " dained to bend in the leaſt Imitation of a Curl. " His Cravat was ty'd in two great Knots un- " der his Chin, and hung dangling down to ve- " ry near his Waiſtband. His Coat, (which " was environ'd with a fine Leather Belt, cu- " rioufly Wrought in divers Colours) was " made of a changeable Compoſition, Silk and " Hair, or ſome ſuch Thing, and deſcended a- " bout half way down his Legs; which laſt " were ſufficiently caſed in a Pair of great hea- " vy Boots, well cloath'd with Dirt: A long

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" Whip in his Hand, and a Pair of clean " Wash-Leather Gloves, *concludes* his *Pic-* " *ture.*

This, Reader, is the exact *Portraite* of our Heroical Mr. *Richard Dolt.* Whose arch Looks, and most judicious Actions, correspond-ed as suitable to his Dress, as you can con-ceive. For, as soon as he came into the Par-lour, he gave his Whip a great Crack; and after stalking about it, till he had made the Floor as dirty as the Street, (which was at this Time pretty much so, occasion'd by a hard Shower of Rain, that had fallen that Morning, of several Hours continuance) he roars out — " Where a murrain is this young Woman, " *Father*! heh? What! is she merry, and " gamesome, I wonder? ——— Ay, ay, " *Boy!*" return'd his Father; " She's a good " orderly, tidy sort of a Body, as one should " see in ten Thousand. And now do you be " sure to behave yourself mannerly, do you " see.——Ay, ay; never fear me, *Father*!" answer'd the Son. —— Just at that Instant, enter'd Mrs. *Johnson*; with much about the same *Pace* and *Bulk*, as those of a State-Coach; who, after making a Couple of very short Curtsies, which we conceive were the most convenient, for a Woman of her Weight and Size)

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Size) ſhe addreſs'd Mr. *Dalt*, to the following Effect.

CHAP. X.

Shewing what paſt betwixt the two Dolts *and the politic Mrs.* Johnſon.

"THIS young Gentleman, I preſume, "Sir, is your Son," ſaid the Aunt. —To which the Farmer anſwered in the Affirmative; and at the ſame time Mr. *Richard* made her a very forward Bow.— "My Son-in-"Law, Sir, ſaid ſhe, informs me that you "have made a Kind of Propoſal to him, if "all Parties can agree, for the Eſpouſal of "your *Son* and my *Niece*. It is a Matter, "Sir, of ſome Conſequence, and requires a "great deal of Deliberation."—"Od'ſflesh, anſwer'd Mr. *Dolt*, "not at all, Madam. If "the young Folks like one another, d'yo'ſee, "the Bargain may be as well ſtruck in half "an Hour as in ſeven Years."—"Pardon me, "Sir, ſaid Mrs. *Johnſon*, there's a great many "Things to be conſider'd; and my *Niece* is "a Perſon of more Speculation and Caution, "than to plunge precipitately into ſo great a "Change as this, which muſt abſolutely con-

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" cern her for all the reſt of her Life."—
" Od'ſfleſh, Madam, return'd Mr. *Dolt*, is n't
" it the ſame Thing, d'you ſee, if you take
" a Leaſe of a Houſe, or a Piece of Land?
" Nay more, for that may-hap may be ob-
" liged to continue in your Family after you
" are dead and gone, long enough; for my
" part, d'you ſee, I hate to ſtand higgling and
" chopping. I like the *Girl*; and I don't
" doubt but that my *Son* will too; and if ſo
" be, d'you ſee, that ſhe likes him, he ſhall
" make her a Settlement equal to her For-
" tune, and if you like of it, he ſhall marry
" her out of hand, and that I think is a fair
" Bargain. His *Mother* and I wan't above
" four Days, from our firſt Acquaintance, be-
" fore we were marry'd; and thof I ſay it,
" I believe no-body agrees better, d'you ſee,
" than we do. She's as notable a Woman,
" either as a *Wife*, *Mother*, or *Miſtreſs*, as
" any in this Pariſh. Isn't ſhe, *Dick?*" —
" Ay, that ſhe is, Father, ſaid his *Son*, and
" takes as much Care of the *Dairy*, the *Poul-*
" *try*, and the *Hogs*, as any body in *England*,
" and more too."— " So ſhe does, Lad, re-
" ply'd his Father; and for that Matter,
" d'you ſee, ſhew me a Man that underſtands
" a Piece of Land better than I do, if you
" can: But, however, we are now upon other
" Buſineſs;

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" Buſineſs; and ſo, Madam, if you pleaſe, I " ſhould be glad if you'd let my Son ſee the " young Woman."—Sir, reply'd Mrs. *Johnſon*, " I'll acquaint my *Niece* with it preſently. " But I muſt firſt obſerve to you, Sir, that from " what you have advanced, concerning the " many good Qualifications of Mrs. *Dolt*, that " my *Niece* will make a very improper Wife " for your *Son*; ſhe, you muſt remember, " Sir, has been bred a Gentlewoman, and " has a Gentlewoman's Fortune; ſhe knows " nothing of *Cows*, nor *Hogs*, nor *Poultry*; " but ſhe underſtands her Needle, Cookery, " Paſtry, diſtilling of Herbs and Simples, and " ſuch like, or ſhe knows how to dance a " Minuet, touch a Harpſichord; or to read, " and diſcourſe upon common Subjects, per- " haps as well as any Lady in this Country " for her Father having but this *one Child*, " was very fond of her; and we have neither " ſpared Coſt nor Pains to educate her like " a Gentlewoman; for, he dying when ſhe " was young, left her to the Care of my " Couſin *Scribblewell* and *me*, who have done " the beſt we can to make her underſtand " herſelf, as well as the true Religion in which " ſhe was brought up; and therefore, Sir, if " your *Son* wants a Wife to feed *Hogs* and " *Poultry*, he muſt look out for one of a dif-

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" ferent Taſte and Education than my *Niece*;
" for I aſſure you ſhe's an utter Stranger to
" all ſuch Employ." — " S'fleſh and Guts!
" Madam, reply'd Mr. *Dolt*, I don't deſire her,
" d'you ſee, to either concern herſelf with
" Birſt or Beaſt, not I; there will be Men
" and Maids enough to do it without. Let
" her divert herſelf in cooking of her *Harp-*
" *ſichords*, as you call them, or what ſhe
" pleaſes."--Ay, ay, cry'd his Son, let her
" do what ſhe will, as Father ſays, for all I
" care; I ſhall never trouble my Head about
" her, not I."—" Well, Sir, ſaid Mrs. *John-*
" *ſon*, and what Settlement are you willing
" to make her?"— " Nay, Madam, reply'd
" Mr. *Dolt*, we don't know what ſhe may
" aſk, d'y'ſee; but if you'll pleaſe to tell us
" the loweſt Price, we ſhall then know what
" to ſay to you. My Naibor *Scribblewell* ſays,
" ſhe has four thouſand Pounds to her For-
" tune; and if ſo be, d'y'ſee, that its ſo, why
" then *Dick* ſhall make her a Jointure of two
" hundred Pounds a Year, Free Land; what
" ſay you to that, Madam?"— " Why, Sir,
" anſwer'd *ſhe*, I can't ſay but that you offer
" very fair, according to the accuſtom'd
" Manner of *Marriage-Settlements*; but it
" will by no means do for my *Niece*; her
" Fortune and Education intitle her to a Gen-
" tleman,

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" tleman, with a Coach; however, I shall " expect she may have a *Chaise*, a *Pad*, and a " Servant *Maid* to attend her."— " Waunds " and Flesh, Madam! replied Mr. *Dolt*, what " would she do with a *Chaise* and a *Pad* too? " she can't use them both at once, you know, " unless she makes her *Pad* draw her *Chaise*, " d'y'see, and she rides Postillion *herself*; and " as for a Servant o' purpose to attend her, " why, what signifies who attends her, d'y'see, " so that she has some-body to wait on her?" " —" Yes, Sir, said Mrs. *Johnson*, but it does " signify, in my Opinion, a great deal; if she " has not a Person particularly appointed for " her Service, she will never be attended as " she ought; *every body's Business is no-body's* " *Business*: And here's another Thing too, " we must stipulate a certain Allowance for " Cloaths, and such like." — " Flesh and " Guts, Madam! answered Mr. *Dolt*, d'y' " think we shan't let her have Cloaths enough " to wear, unless she makes it in her Bargain " to have so many Gowns and Smocks, and " Petticoats in a Year."— " Waunds! Ma- " dam, I never heard the like."— " 'Flesh, nor " I nother, *Father*, return'd his Son, I'm sure, " for my part, I'd sooner go without a Shirt " to my Back, than she shou'd want any thing. " *Father* knows, Madam, I was always good-

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" natur'd. Wan't I *Father?*"——" Ay, ay,
" Lad, anſwer'd the *Farmer*; "but come,
" Madam, let my Son ſee the young Woman,
" I warrant you we ſhan't diſagree, if you
" have any Conſcience at all." —" Sir, ſaid
" Mrs. *Johnſon*, I have no Objection to your
" Son's ſeeing my *Niece*; but I thought it pro-
" per to let you underſtand, partly, my Pro-
" poſals, in order to ſave you what Trouble
" I could."——" Well, well, Madam, re-
" plied Mr. *Dolt*, if you'll pleaſe to fetch her
" here, d'y'ſee, I'll warrant you we ſhan't
" fall out; and if ſo be that ſhe likes *Dick*,
" and he likes *her*, a Triſte ſhan't part 'em."

Here Mrs. *Johnſon* went for her *Niece*, and (though greatly againſt poor *Maria*'s Will) returned with her in two Minutes. As ſoon as ſhe was introduced to them by her *Aunt*, Mr. *Richard*, very politely, whipp'd up the Skirt of his Coat, and having firſt wiped his Mouth with it, he flew to her Face, threw both his Arms about her Neck, and with his polite and amorous Embrace, made her in ſuch a *Diſſabille*, as though ſhe had gone thro' the Hands of half a Dozen *Covent-Garden Rakes*. This rough unlook'd-for Addreſs, put poor *Maria* into a moſt terrible Confuſion; and had ſhe not had a ſecret Deſign within her own Mind, for her future Proceeding, per-

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haps she might have returned the young Gentleman such a Token of her Approbation, as might in some measure have check'd his forward Sprightliness for the future. But Mrs. *Johnson*, seeing that it was only the Defect of his Education, and his Inexperience, endeavoured to excuse it to her *Niece*; and turning to her *Lover*, with a Smile, said she to him,—"You must consider, Sir, she is not used to "such violent Proceedings; you are the first "Lover she ever yet had, and therefore a little more Gentleness may be much more a-"greeable to her."

But Mr. *Richard*, being now fired with the Sweets of her balmy Lips, for he had never tasted such Richness before, was almost at his Wit's End with excessive Rapture; so that he was flying to a second Onset, when *Maria*, rising from her Chair, met his eager Haste, with stretch'd-out Arms, and a contracted Frown, with these Words:—"Hold, "good furious, Sir, a Truce with you, if you "please; I don't understand such Treatment. "My *Aunt* informed me, that two *Gentlemen* "desired to speak with me; but I find, that "you are both Strangers to that *Character*." "Nay, Madam, said the Farmer, you must "not be angry with the *Lad*, d'y'see, it's only "the Effect of his great Love for you. Af-

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" ter he has been marry'd a little while, you'll " find him another Kind of a Man."—" Ay, " ſo ſhe will, *Father*, anſwered the *Son*; and " if ſhe is angry with me now, why, I'll make " it up with her, if ſhe'll give me a Buſs, and " that's fair now, is n't it *Father?*"—" Time " enough for theſe Things, Sir, hereafter, " return'd Mrs. *Johnſon*, we muſt talk now " about other Matters."—" Fleſh! Madam, " cry'd Mr. *Dolt*, but that ſhews the *Lad* " good-natur'd, though, d'y'ſee."—" Ay, *Fa-* " *ther*, ſaid his *Son*, you know I never bear " Malice, do I?"

CHAP. XI.

Containing Mrs. Johnſon's *Reaſons for approving the preſent Propoſals*, &c.

HERE Mrs. *Johnſon*, perceiving that her *Niece* was greatly diſcompoſed, and that the Fire of Reſentment ſparkled in her Eyes; in order to prevent any further Irruption, ſhe told her, That if ſhe pleaſed ſhe might go to her own Apartment, and that ſhe would come to her preſently. At which good News, *Maria* made them a Congé, and with a very glad Heart retired, leaving a ſevere Frown, as ſhe departed, towards the amorous Mr.

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Mr. *Richard.* But for this ſudden Remove her Aunt excuſed it thus: "You ſee, Gentlemen, that ſhe is a little out of Countenance, and therefore you muſt excuſe her retiring; for I dare ſay ſhe never received a Kiſs from a Man before, in her Life; I mean as a Suitor; and as you have now *both* ſeen her, I preſume we may be a little more particular in what may any wife regard the Match. My Son *Scribblewell*, you muſt obſerve, leaves the whole Affair to me; and therefore, Sir, if your Son and you approve of it, we ſhall ſoon determine the Matter, one way or the other. What ſay you, young Gentleman, ſaid ſhe, to Mr. *Richard*, ſhould you like my *Niece* for a Wife, think you?" "Like her! ay, waunds! ſhould I, better than any body I ever ſaw in my Life, anſwered the young *Squire*, only ſhe's plaguy ſkittiſh, methinks."——"Ay, that will wear off, Boy, reply'd the *Father*, when ſhe comes to be a little more handled. But what ſay you, Madam, continued he, will the Propoſals I made to you be agreeable?"——"Why, yes, Sir, reply'd Mrs. *Johnſon*, in one reſpect, I can't ſay but that you have propoſed like a Gentleman; but you don't ſay any thing concerning my other Requeſt; ſhe muſt abſolutely have a

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" certain Allowance for *Cloaths*, and other " little Neceſſaries; this is what the *Great* " People call *Pin-money*, and without which, " by my Conſent, ſhe never ſhall marry any " Man living. You know I alſo told you, " that her *Huſband* ſhould allow her a *Chaiſe* " and a *Pad*. Now, Gentlemen, I'll tell " you what I will do further to forward this " Affair, as well as to convince you that I " am really in earneſt in what I am about. " Your Son ſhall have down upon the Nail, " with my *Niece*, four thouſand Pounds in " ready Money; excluſive of which Sum, I " will, myſelf, equip her with Linen, Appa- " rel, and all other Requiſites of that Kind; " beſides which, I will alſo make her a Pre- " ſent of a *new Chaiſe*, a *Sadle-horſe*, and all " neceſſary *Furniture* thereto; and in Return, " Sir, you ſhall only make her a Jointure of " two hundred Pounds *per Ann.* Free Land; " allow her one Maid-ſervant, purpoſely to " attend on her, and one hundred Pounds a " *Year* to buy her Cloaths, *&c.* which I think " is as reaſonable and moderate as you can " deſire."

" 'Fleſh Madam! return'd Mr. *Dolt*; you " talk like a very worthy Gentlewoman! " And, as I have but this *one Child* in the " World, as I told you before, I will endea-

" vour,

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" vour, d'you ſee, to make him deſarving of " her. And if you can perſuade the young " Gentlewoman, into a downright liking of " him; 'Fleſh and Wounds! Madam, I'll " toſs her a Couple of hundred Pounds out of " my own Pocket, to lay out in whatever ſhe " pleaſes. And ſo let the Day be as ſoon as " ſhe will. — At which, Mr. *Richard* roar'd " out, ſhaking his Father by the Hand, Ecod! " there's a Father for you! If ſhe finds Fault " with *that*, the Devil muſt be in her, I ſhould " think." — Here, Mrs. *Johnſon* was too Intent, upon what Mr. *Dolt* had juſt ſaid, to have that Regard to his Sons fine Comment, which it deſerved: And after ſome panſe, ſhe return'd to Mr. *Dolt* thus: — " Sir, " I have no Cauſe of Complaint to any Thing " you have hitherto offer'd; and altho' I know " many People would have ſought after a " Perſon of a more refin'd Education for their " *Charge*, had they been in my Place: Yet, " Sir, I muſt tell you, that I am not to learn " what miſerable Lives many of thoſe Gentry " lead. The Lady's Fortune is frequently " ſacrificed, to pay the Husband's Debts: " Sometimes, to buy him new Pleaſures; and " perhaps, filthy and abominable ones, *too*: " So that, in the End, the Reſult, is, to the " unhappy Wife, Indigence! Miſery! and

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" Contempt. For which Reaſon, I prefer a " plain honeſt Man, with a moderate Settle- " ment, to a fine accompliſh'd Coxcomb, " with all his flaſhy Train of Follies, Vices, " and Uncertainties." " 'Fleſh and Wounds! " Madam, ſaid Mr. *Dolt*, I never heard a " Woman talk ſo wiſe and prudently before. " What you ſay, is right, do you ſee: There's " ſcarcely a Man of Fortune in all this Coun- " try, that is, I mean, your Lords, and " Knights, and Parliament Folks, and ſuch " like, that is worth a Shilling, as one may " ſay: You may carry them in a Bill of five " Pounds, and go five hundred Times for the " Money. But if you owe them any Thing, " they'll take Care not to let you be in their " Debts long. I had rather, Madam, truſt a " good *Tradeſman*, or a *Farmer*, fifty Pounds, " than a Parliament Man, or a Lord, five " Shillings. For Zounds! if they have a Mind " to be *Rogues*, there's no coming at them. " But come, Madam, when ſhall this happy " Day be? Ods-fleſh! I am ſo pleaſed with " your Converſation, that I like the young " Gentlewoman now, a thouſand Times bet- " ter for being your *Niece*; and I am reſolved, " that no Terms ſhall part us."

" Why then, Sir, return'd Mrs. *Johnſon*, " this you may depend upon, that no Perſon

" elſe

"elſe ſhall ever have my Conſent to marry "her. And I believe, I may venture to an- "ſwer for her's too. She never yet did diſo- "blige me; nor I hope never will. But, you "know, Sir, young Girls are Coy and Time- "rous; therefore I muſt bring her about by "Degrees. And as ſoon as Conveniency of- "fers, the Affair ſhall be accompliſh'd. In the "mean Time, you may depend upon my beſt "Endeavours, to manage Things to your ut- "moſt Satisfaction."

Here, Mr. *Dolt* and his *Son*, render'd the good *Aunt* their hearty Thanks, for all that ſhe had promiſed them: And after Payment of their moſt ſincere and awkward Compliments; and promiſing that they would call upon her the next Week for further Advice; they took their polite Leave and departed: As full of Hope and Joy, as the Succeſs of ſuch a Negociation could well inſpire them.

Having now made their Exeunt, Mrs. *Johnſon* immediately repaired to *Maria*'s Chamber, in order to found how far ſhe really affected this her extraordinary Choice, in Mr. *Richard Dolt*. Where we ſhall now leave them, to confer on that moſt pleaſing Topic, and ſcrutinize into their preſent Proceedings, at a more convenient Opportunity.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.

Silvius *and* Wilfull *fall into a very odd Scrape; with ſome Account of their particular Behaviour therein.*

THE Wiſdom of our *Fore-fathers*, doubtleſs, for very good Reaſons, always painted the Figures of *Fortune* and of *Juſtice* Blind. But of late Years, it may be obſerved, that the *Miniſters* of thoſe two *Deities* are generally as Dark as themſelves. Which Truth, at this Time, ſomewhat moves our Compaſſion; in that our right worthy Friends, poor *Silvius* and *Wilfull*, are juſt falling into the *Blind* Power of them all together.

For on the *Tueſday* Morning, after the Engagement in Lady *Worthy*'s Orchard, as *Silvius* was ſtanding at his *Maſter*'s Door, a Perſon came up to him, and told him, "That a "*young Lady* deſir'd to ſee him immediately, in "a certain Walk adjoining to the Town; and "begg'd that he would not ſtay a Moment." *Silvius*, being quite unſuſpicious of the Guile, took his Hat, and followed the Meſſenger. But, no ſooner was he gotten to the Place mention'd, but his Guide, to his no ſmall Aſtoniſhment, informed him, "that he was a

"Con-

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" Conſtable; and that he had a Warrant a-
" gainſt him, from Mr. *Alderman Lumber*;
" for being a Party concern'd, in beating and
" abuſing the young *Squire* his Son, and *two*
" other worthy Gentlemen, who were *then*
" in his Company. That, as the Fact was
" committed *out* of the Liberty of the City;
" he was directed by the *Juſtice*, to draw him
" to that Place, before he ſhould offer to take
" him into Cuſtody. But as he was an *Alder-*
" *man* of the City, as well as a *Juſtice* of the
" Peace for the *County*; and that the two a-
" bus'd Gentlemen, were the *Sons* of his par-
" ticular City Friends; who were, at that
" Time at the *Alderman*'s Houſe, waiting for
" his Appearance; he the Juſtice, was willing
" that they ſhould both be Witneſs of his Pro-
" ceeding in the Caſe. And which the Con-
" ſtable ſaid, he could himſelf aſſure him,
" would be to the ſevereſt Extremity of the
" Law."

When *Silvius* was brought to the *Alderman*'s Houſe, to his great Aſtoniſhment, who ſhould be there before him, but his good Friend *Wilfull*; in Cuſtody alſo, and upon the ſame Account. Upon which, he cry'd out, in *Otway*'s Words!

What! my Friend, too bound? Nay then,
Our Fate has conquer'd us, and we muſt fall.

But

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But before we proceed any further, in the preſent Buſineſs, it may not be improper to give ſome little Hiſtory of this wiſe and worthy Juſtice, Mr. *Alderman Lumber*: This great and infallible *Magiſtrate*, had, from his Infancy, ſuck'd in the Notions and Principles of *Jacobitiſm*. By which Means, having gained the Eſteem of many great Men, of the *ſame Inclining*; when unexpectedly, ſome of them came into Power, they procured him a Commiſſion of the *Peace* for that County. There are various Accounts of his original Profeſſion. Some ſay, he was an *Iriſh-Corn-cutter*; and ſome affirm, that he was a *Welſh Goat-herd*; and, after that, took upon him the Occupation of a *Dancing-Maſter*. But moſt agree, that he was many Years a *Ticket-Porter*, in, or about the *Temple*. (which, by his following Diſcourſe, ſeems moſt likely.) And that, being a kind of arch Fellow, he got at length to be head *Pimp* to a certain great Nobleman: By which means, coming to live too luxuriouſly and idle, he was ſoon afflicted with that proverbial Mark of Affluence, call'd the *Gout*. And being thereby incapable of being ſo uſeful in his honourable Vocation, as formerly; and having alſo now accumulated a little Fortune; his noble Patron procured him a Commiſſion in the *Peace*, for this Part of the

World,

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World, where he chose to retire; and perhaps, because he thought, as he might be least known here, it would prevent the World from reflecting upon him for his *past Life*. Here his Jacobitical Principles soon recommended him to the highest Esteem with the *C-r-p-r-n*: And by them was soon solicited to commence a Member of that *Wise*, *Learned*, and most *Worshipful* Body. Where he has now made a most remarkable Figure for many Years; and hath also past the Chair, and is elected a *Standing-Justice*; although, he can hardly Scribble his *own* Name, or Read a Verse in the Psalms.

He was now grown extremely near sighted; and having here greatly improved his Estate, he still continued to wax more Proud and Ill-natur'd than ever. And least either he himself, or any of his Visitants, should happen to forget that he was an *Alderman* and a *Magestrate*, he always kept one of his *Scarlet Gowns* hung up in the Room where he receiv'd Company. Being extremely ignorant, he was also (the natural Consequence thereof) as Obstinate and Positive. So that, if once he conceiv'd an *Opinion*, in any Case, no Power of Reasoning could ever drive him out of it.

As soon as the *Constable* arrived at his House with *Silvius*, he was introduced to his *Worship*; who

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who being Seated in his great Chair, with his *Son* at his right Hand; and several other Gentlemen about him; besides the *two Youths* that bore his *Son* Company, the *Sunday* before, in the Lady *Worthy*'s Orchard: The Constable address'd him thus:

"An't please you, Sir, I have here brought "you the young Man that you granted the "*Warrant* for: And his Companion, I see, "Sir, is here in the House before us. Which "of them would your *Worship* be pleased "to Examine first, the *Weaver* or the *Book-*"*seller*."

"Why, quoth the *Justice*, as they were "both of them concern'd in the same *Fact*, "and at the same Time, they are consequently "equally Guilty: And therefore, they shall "equally parcipitate of the same Punishment. "Therefore bring them in *both* together. I "hear they pretend to be *Wits*, and fine Fel-"lows. But they shall find by and by, that "perhaps some People here, who shall be "nameless, have as much *Wit* as themselves: "And that I have not study'd so many Years "at the *Temple*, and acted the Duty of a *Ma-*"*gistrate* so long, but that I know how to deal "with such Fellows as these are. I have serv-"ed most of the *Great* Offices in this King-"dom; and the Duke of *Bloomsbury*, who was

"the

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" the chief Man and wiſeſt in the State, committed his moſt material and ſecret Affairs, to *my* " particular Management. And I am very certain, that I ſhould either have been made a " *Judge*; or a *General*; or an *Ambaſſinder*; or a " *High-Admiral*; or ſome ſuch Perſon; if I had " not been ſeized with this damn'd *Gout*. But " *Alexander the Great*, had the *Gout*; and ſo has " Doctor *Rock*; and ſo had Sir *Thomas De* " *Veil*; and ſo has my Brother *Fielding*; and " ſo had my *Grandmother*: And ſo have moſt " of the greateſt Men in the known World. " A poor Fellow was never once known to " have it, ſince —— O! here comes the " *fighting* Gentlemen! — Here! bring the " Raſcals nearer, that I may take a thorough " View of them. — So! what you are Wits " are you, and great Fighters? You are *low* " *Church* Chaps, that knock People's Brains " out, in Defence of Presbytery, do you? " Contrary to the Law and the Prophets. You " are for deſtroying the Chriſtian Religion, " and *Magiſtrate's Iſſue* together, are you? " Come, which of you was it that beat and a- " buſed my *Son* in this Manner? Ha! Speak, " you Raſcal!

" Why, Sir, ſaid *Silvius*, if your Worſhip " will pleaſe to hear me. —— No! you Raſ- " cal, cry'd the *Juſtice*, interrupting him with " great

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" great Heat, I shan't hear you yet! you im-
" pudent Villain! Sirrah! let my *Son* speak
" first; he is the Plaintive in the Cause. And
" are not you an impudent Dog, now! to of-
" fer to prate here, before my *Son* has told
" his Story? But Sirrah! I'll make an Example
" of you presently. I will, you impudent
" Rogue! Come, Child, said he, to his *Son*,
" how was it? Tell us the whole Affair. You
" shall see, Gentlemen, continued he to his
" Friends, I will proceed quite regular, ac-
" cording to Law. And you, Clerk, d'you
" hear? Make ready to take their Examina-
" tions, as I shall direct you."

CHAP. XIII.

Wherein is shewn, in what Manner the learned Justice *proceeded.*

HERE the *Justice* and his Friends having form'd a Semi-Circle, with his *Worship* in the Middle, and his *Clerk* before him; and a vast Auditory in the Front, the Scene proceeded as follows:

" Come, *Son*, said the *Alderman*, let these
" Gentlemen hear how this Fray begun, and
" so proceed, from the Begining to the End.
" For, altho', indeed, I know the whole Af-
" fair

" fair myſelf, yet I muſt do *Juſtice*, and pro-
" ceed according to *Law*; and I think there
" is a Lating Saying, which I have often heard
" a very great Man repeat to this Effect:—
" *Nam ſquib Ladies ſinum mollybuſ?*—which
" is as much as to ſay, in *Engliſh*, What fig-
" nifies *Laws* without *Juſtices* of the *Peace*?"

Here all the Juſtice's Friends gave him a loud and general Applauſe; but *Wilfull*, with a contemptuous Sneer, reply'd, (looking at *Silvius*, and pointing to his *Worſhip*) " *Ecce, ſa-*
" *piens homo cum primis noſtra civitatis!*"—At which the gouty *Alderman*, with a great Frown, told him, " that he underſtood him
" well enough, but bid him uſe no more of his
" impudent *Flaiſes* to him on pain of his be-
" ing puniſh'd for it, as he deſerv'd." Upon which, *Wilful*, very ſarcaſtically only ſmiled, and bowed; and then Mr. *Alderman* being thereby pacified, again demanded of his *Son* to relate the Hiſtory of the laſt *Sunday*'s Adventure; which he began thus:

" As ſoon as we had dined, Sir, theſe young
" Gentlemen, Mr. *Philip Muffin*, Mr. *James*
" *Jacobs*, and *myſelf*, agreed to take a Walk
" a Mile or two from Town, and as we paſs'd
" by the Lady *Worthy*'s Orchard, we ſaw two
" young Women talking together under a
" large Walnut-Tree; upon which, one of
" them

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" them call'd to us, and ask'd us, *if we were* " *afraid to venture ourselves any nearer.* Upon " this Challenge, Sir, we answer'd, that they " should see we were not afraid, and thereupon " we all three of us enter'd the Orchard, and " went up to them: But we had not been in " Conversation with them half a Minute, be- " fore *six* or *eight* Fellows, who were all hid " in a Ditch just by, bounced out all upon " us *together*, before we were the least aware " of them, and knock'd us all down with great " *Hedge-stakes*; upon which, the Women " cry'd out to them, *Kill um! kill um!* they " are High-church Rogues! and would be the " Ruin of us Presbyterians, if they could; and " so, Sir, they all kept beating us with their " great *Hedge-stakes*, till they thought they " had quite murdered us, and then they all " went away together, rejoicing at what they " had done."

" This is mighty fine, Gentlemen! (quoth " the *Justice)* here was a Murder intended; " a downright wilful Murder! This is Death " by the Law, *without any Benefit to the Clergy.* " Here is no Bail for this! This was a Plot " against Church and State; this was a Com- " plification of Murder! Heresy! and Treason! " all together. This must be an *Assize* Bu- " siness. This is no *Pretty-Lancery* Affair;

" this

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" this muſt be Work for the Hangman. Here,
" *Clerk*, remember by-and-by to make out
" a Warrant for apprehending of the *two*
" *Women*, and the reſt of the Fellows belong-
" ing to the *Gang*. Do you know their
" Names, Child?" ſaid he to his *Son*.—" No,
" Sir, return'd he, nor I ſhould not have
" known theſe *two* again, if I had not ſent a
" Perſon yeſterday on purpoſe to pump it out
" at Lady *Worthy*'s Houſe. But now I ſee
" them again, I am very ſure they are the
" ſame Perſons."

" And, what ſay you, Gentlemen, (ſaid the
" *Alderman* to the other *two*) do you remem-
" ber any thing of their Faces? Are they,
" think you, the very identible Men that
" knock'd you down."—" Yes, Sir, reply'd
" the Confederates, and I am ſure, continu'd
" one of them, that they imagined they had
" certainly kill'd us; becauſe I heard one of
" them ſay, after they had left us for dead,
" that he was very glad that they had clear'd
" the Field of us."

" Was he ſo! (quoth the *Alderman*) well!
" and may be we may clear the Country of
" them too, by-and-by, and of all ſuch No-
" church Raſcals! Times may come about
" Neighbour *Jacobs!* (continued he to the
" Father of one of the Youths) we don't know
" what may happen by-and-by; Things, I

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" am told, are in a *fair Way*, and then it " will be *our* Turns. But a Plague o'this " damn' *Gout*, I say; when the Times mend, " I shan't be able to enjoy Life, and the Bene- " fit of my *Wish* for it. But no matter; I " have a *Son* here, and a *Daughter* that has " Children in *London*; they may fare the bet- " ter for it, and that's the same thing. Come, " *Clerk*, write their Mittimus; here's *three* " Witnesses, and that's enough to hang every " Duke in the Kingdom, except *one*."

" But may not one beg a small Favour of " your *Worship* first? demanded *Silvius*.---- " A Favour! No, Sir! reply'd the *Alderman*, " do you think I'll grant any Favour to a " Murderer? A pretty Joke, indeed! What " would the Judge say to me, when he comes " to try you, if he should hear that I have fa- " vour'd a Murderer? No, no, Sir, I shall grant " you no Favour, I assure you; I shall always " take care to do my Country *Justice*."—" But, " Sir, said *Silvius*, I think I have a Right to " be heard as well as your *Son*."—" Why, " Sirrah! you impudent Rascal! said the *Ju-* " *stice*, do you put yourself upon a Footing " with my *Son*? Is my *Son* to be compared " with a Rogue and a Murderer? A Justice " of the Peace's Son to be compared with a " Low-church Assassiner! Gentlemen, did " you ever hear the like?"—

" Why,

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"Why, Sir, said *Wilfull*, your *Son* is a "false Witness, and therefore worse than a "Murderer; and I must tell you, Sir, that I "shall one Day call him to a most severe Ac- "count for't; and since your Worship is so "good a Latinist, remember this, *Nemo me impune lacessit!* that is my *Motto* and my "*Maxim*, Sir."—"Sirrah! you are an audacious Rascal! reply'd the *Justice*, and I'll "commit you to the Castle for these very "Words."—"Pray, Sir, what might be their "Interpretation," said a grave Gentleman, who happen'd to stand by amongst the rest of the Crowd.—"Why, Sir, reply'd the Alder- "man, he says that—that—as how my Son is "*impudent to the last Degree. Impune* is Latin "for *impudent*, and *lacessit*, to the *last De-* "*gree*; and, besides all that, he threatens his "Life afresh; and for which Fact, I'll send "him this Moment to Jail! and let him get "out again how he can."—"What! without "suffering him to speak in his *own Defence?* return'd the Gentleman.—"Why, yes, Sir, "quoth the *Justice*, have we not Witnesses "enough? What signifies asking *them* Que- "stions? Do you think they won't deny the "Fact? Do you think a Murderer, to save "himself, won't tell a *Lie?* A Fellow that "would dare to assault a Magistrate's *Son*,

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" would never ſtick at a thouſand *Lies*, I'll " warrant him: But, however, ſince this " Gentleman has the Curioſity to hear ſome " of your *fine Wit*, pray, Sir, oblige him, and " let us hear what you have to ſay that can " over-power *three* Evidences in ſuch a damn- " able *Plot?* Why, Sirrah! (continued he) " if we were but to ſend for the *Recorder*, " We could hang you *both* the next Court- " day, without either *Judge* or *Jury*. Our " *Charter* impowers us to do it. But come, " I ſay, let us hear what you have to offer " that can juſtify ſuch a wicked and moſt vil- " lainous *Plot?*"

" Why, Sir, reply'd *Wilfull*, it is obſerv'd " in *Hudibras*, that,

Juſtice gives Sentence many times,
On one *Man for* another's *Crimes.*

" and I am ſure it is evidently ſo in *this Caſe*. " But here is a greater Hardſhip ſtill. We " are accuſed of very barbarous Crimes, and " condemn'd without the lawful Liberty of " being heard, or even ſo much as ſending for " our Friends to appear for us: But, how- " ever, if I were only ſuffered to ſpeak in my " *own* Defence, I believe I could eaſily dif- " validate all thoſe Evidences againſt us, by " *their own* Words."---" Why, ay, quoth the " *Juſtice*, you hear now what theſe fine Wits

" can

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" can do! he can make thoſe three *good* Wit-
" neſſes worſe than two *bad* ones; that is to
" ſay, he can make the Criminals become
" Evidences, and the Evidences become Cri-
" minals, and ſo abſolutely *convert* the Cauſe;
" but however proceed; we'll ſee what you
" wou'd do."

CHAP. XIV.

Wherein this moſt learned and equitable Scene of Juſtice continues.

" WILL your Worſhip be pleaſed to
" give me my *Oath?*" ſaid *Wil-
full. " Your Oath! why, ay, to be ſure!
" quoth the *Alderman*, and then if you for-
" ſwear yourſelf, why we'll *pillor* you firſt for
" *that*, and *hang* you afterwards. You may
" be as great Rogues as you pleaſe, Gentle-
" men; but we *Magiſtrates* ſhall always know
" how to handle you, and ſo give him his
" Oath;---give 'um both their Oaths." (Here
the *Clerk* adminiſtered the uſual Oath, both to
Wilfull and *Silvius*) " Well, Sir! ſaid the *Ju-
" ſtice* to *Wilfull*, now let us hear what you
" have to ſay?"

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" Why, then, Sir, reply'd *Wilfull*, the " whole Truth of the Affair is exactly thus: " On *Sunday* laſt, about Four o'Clock in the " Afternoon, as *this young Man* and I were " walking along, about three Fields diſtant " from the Lady *Worthy*'s Houſe, we were " ſuddenly ſurprized by the dreadful *Cries* of " Women in diſtreſs; whereupon, making " all the Speed we could that Way, we ſaw, " in her *Ladyſhip*'s Orchard, your *Son* and " theſe *two* worthy young Gentlemen here, " engaged in a moſt *indecent*, *rude*, and *in-* " *ſolent* Struggle with Lady *Worthy's Grand-* " *daughter* and her chief *Maid-ſervant*, who " were both of them ſtill crying out for Help; " upon which, my *Friend* here, and *myſelf*, " inſtantly leap'd the Hedge, and ran to their " Aſſiſtance; us *two* againſt thoſe *three*, and " no more, Sir; and after a moſt obſtinate " Trial, wherein I do verily believe our ut- " moſt Efforts on *each* Side were uſed, we " at length (with our bare Fiſts *only*, except " one little Rap with a Stick) drove them " very fairly out of the Orchard before us; " but I do declare, upon my *Oath*, continued " he, that the poor Ladies were moſt ſhame- " fully abuſed; and alſo am of Opinion, that " the *Law* will yet make them ſenſible of it, " before they get quit of it."

" A likely

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"A likely Buſineſs, indeed! quoth the "Juſtice, that *two* ſuch Striplings as theſe "ſhould dare to attack *three* luſtier Fellows "than themſelves! beſides, my *Son* is, I know "it, as valiant as the Emperor of *Germany*; "ay, or *Hungary* either; for I was ſo myſelf "when I was of his Years. No! no! this "will never do, this will never do. If your "fine *Wit* can furniſh you with no better a "*Come-off* than that, you muſt e'en lodge in "the Caſtle To-night, I find, yet. This is the "moſt fooliſh Pretence I ever met with in all "my Life."

"Why, then, Sir, ſaid *Silvius*, if your Wor-"ſhip will pleaſe to give me Leave to ask one "Queſtion, I ſhall have done; and that "is, Whether your *Worſhip* or your *Clerk* has "adminiſtered any *Oath* to your *Son*, and "thoſe other *two* Witneſſes now againſt us?" "—Give um their *Oath!* you fooliſh Puppy, "reply'd the *Alderman*, d'you think I can't "believe my own *Son*, and *two* worthy Gen-"tlemen's Sons, of the *Corporation*, without "their ſwearing. D'you think I han't been "long enough acquainted with them to take "their Words! but that they muſt ſwear to "it?"—"Why, then, Sir, I muſt tell you, "ſaid *Wilfull*, if it muſt be ſo, that theſe va-"liant and worthy Gentlemen are not as yet,

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" (nor *can* be now) any lawful Evidences a-
" gainſt either of us; but that on the con-
" trary, we, by the *Oaths* we have now taken,
" are both Witneſſes *againſt* them; and, Sir,
" I do inſiſt upon it, that they are all of them
" taken into Cuſtody; for by the *Oath*
" that I have taken, they are the very iden-
" tical Perſons which laſt *Sunday* made a moſt
" violent and villainous Aſſault upon the
" Bodies of two honeſt and innocent Women;
" and which I was an Eye-witneſs of; and
" at your *Peril*, Sir, be it to let them eſcape."

" An audacious Raſcal! cry'd the *Juſtice*,
" d'you aſſault me in the Acculation of my
" Office! What, Sirrah! do you threaten
" me? Here! Conſtable! take him to Jail
" this Moment. An inſolent Villain! I ne-
" ver heard the like in my Life."

" Hold! Sir, (ſaid the ſame Gentleman,
who ſpoke to the Juſtice before, and who be-
ing an eminent Attorney at Law, and ſeeing
how Things were going on, he reſolv'd to take
their Parts, and ſupport them) " what, this
" young Fellow has now advanced, ſaid he,
" is a Point of Law that is critically *juſt* and
" true; and if either of them goes to Priſon,
" on this Account, we muſt all go together,
" Sir! and I muſt further tell you, that if

" your

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" your *Worſhip* does not take Cognizance of
" theſe *three* Delinquents, which they have
" now ſwore againſt, I may chance to make
" you repent it."——" What! more Bul-
" lies! quoth the *Juſtice*, pray, Sir, who are
" you? where did you come from?"—" No
" matter, Sir! you ſhall know hereafter, re-
" ply'd the *Gentleman*. But I muſt now tell
" you, that I have here ſtood, and *ſeen* and
" *heard* the greateſt Scene of Partiality, Ig-
" norance, and Tyranny that ever was acted
" o'er, or attempted, under the Cloak of
" *Juſtice*. As to that young Man, Sir, (con-
" tinued he, pointing to *Wilfully*) I know him,
" and many of his Relations; and I can aſ-
" ſure you, Mr. *Alderman*, that they ſhall
" neither of them want Money nor Friends
" to ſupport their Cauſe." —" Why then,
" may-hap, you may be one of their *Gang!*
" that made your Eſcape with the reſt, quoth
" the *Juſtice*, and ſo, Sir, I deſire to know
" who you are, that I may commit you to
" Jail by your right Name; for there are ſo
" many *ſlamjacks* about the Country now
" a-days, that one hardly knows who and
" who's together. Come, Sir, I ſuppoſe you
" are another of thoſe fine *Wits*; but, ma'hap,
" you may chance to meet with your Match,

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" yet, for all you are so bold and insolent to
" the King's Image! Sir, I'll make you
" know that I am the King's own Image! a
" Justice of the Peace is the Figure of the
" King; and as the Word *Majesty* is Latin
" for a *King*, so is the Word *Magistrate* La-
" tin for a *Justice* of the Peace."

" And as the Word *Doctus* is Latin for a
" *Scholar*; so is the Word *Stultus* Latin for a
" *Fool*, reply'd the Gentleman, and now, Sir,
" I must inform you that my Name is *Latitat*,
" continued he, and that I am by *Profession*,
" an Attorney at Law: And that, I have al-
" so, at this very Instant, Instructions in my
" Pocket to prosecute those three Gentlemen
" for the above Violence, (which by the
" bye, was only a fling,) so that I fancy the
" Plot of an intended *Murder* will only end
" in the Prevention of a *Rape*; and that the
" six or eight conceal'd Fellows in the *Ditch*,
" will at last appear to be no more than those
" two Lads, who bravely thrash'd them
" three great Brutes, in Defence of *abused*
" Virtue.

" And let me tell you, Mr. *Latitat*, if your
" name be *Latitat* (quoth the *Justice*, rous-
" ing himself in his great Chair, like an offend-
" ed Bear) that in my Opinion, you are only a

" Kind

" Kind of a *Pretty-flogger*; ſent here on pur-
" poſe to bullock and frighten us; but I'd have
" you to know, Sir, that ma'hap I under-
" ſtand the World, better than you imagi-
" and ſo you may take away your *two* Fight-
" ing-wits along with you, if you pleaſe;
" and the next Time they come before m
" they ſhall find it a harder Matter to *Invade*
" a Puniſhment; for all their ſhuffling and
" ſwearing, they muſt not think to puzzle
" me! The King's *Magiſtrate* is not to be
" triffled with; for, as a great Man is often
" uſed to ſay on the like Occaſion,

" *'Tis our Profeſſion makes us chaſte and brave,*
" Juſtice *for Treaſon and from* Heav'n *we*
have.

" So that, 'tis plain, by that fine Speech of
" the Poet's, that all us *Juſtices* came from
" *Heaven*, as well as the *King* himſelf; for
" the *King* is the *Lord's Anointed*; and that
" we are *his Image*, and *Figure*, is paſt all
" Contradiction."

" And which, Sir, may as often be caſt in
" *Clay*, or in *Lead*, as in *Gold*, reply'd *Silvius*,
" as witneſs your *Worſhip's* fine way of maim-
" ing that *Couplet*; ſo that, we may obſerve,
" there are *baſe* Images in the World, as well

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" as *pure* ones. But, as you know, Sir, we " are ſtrictly commanded *not to worſhip Images*, " and that you ſay yourſelf, Sir, that you are " only an *Image* of the King; I ſhall for the " future, Sir, omit to you, even the *Word* " Worſhip, and only look upon you, now, as " that *Wooden*, or *Leaden* Thing you have ſo " *juſtly* explained yourſelf to be."

Here great Part of the Company burſt out a Laughing, and the *Alderman* being now quite weary of the Cauſe, he roar'd out to them with the voice of an incenſed Boatſwain, " Get you " out of my Houſe, you inſolent and provoking " Wretches! or, by the Thunderbolts of immor- " tal *Job!* I'll ſend you every one to Priſon. " What! in the Devil's Name! (Heaven forgive " me the Expreſſion) I ſay, what, in the Name " of G—d! what do you mean, by thus inſult- " ing me, in the accuſation of my *Sacred* Of- " fice? I charge you, once more, be gone " out of my Houſe this Moment? As for theſe " Fellows, continued he, although they are " brought before me by a legal Warrant, from " myſelf, they are now releaſed: And all the " reſt I ſay, I demand to depart this Moment, " and be it at your Parallels to the contrary."

Here the lame *Juſtice* roſe out of his Chair in ſuch a prodigious Fury, that he ſcarce knew what

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what he did; for having, in his rising shoved his great Chair, which stood upon Castors, some little way back (which he had not observed) and the acute Pain in his Feet, soon recalling him again to his Seat, he tumbled backwards, like a great Sack of Sand, on the Floor; to the no little Entertainment of all present, and even his own Committee: But when he found himself a-going, in order to prevent his fall, he catched hold of the back of his *Clerk's* Chair, and also pulled him backwards all along upon his lame Legs and Feet, which made him roar out, with all his might, like a Beggar at at Whipping-post, or a Woman in Labour—"Oh G—d! my *Back!* Oh my *Feet!* "Oh the treach'rous *Wretches!* I am *Mur-* "*dered!* I am villainously *Murdered!* by a "parcel of *Lawless-Rascals* that came here "on purpose to insult the Seat and Power of "*Justice.*"

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Shewing how this beautiful Scene ended.

THE Clerk having now recovered his Feet, he assisted several of the *Alderman*'s Friends to raise him again into his great Chair; where he was no sooner settled, and that he had a little recovered his Wind, but he ordered his *Clerk* to begin a *Mittimus* as follows: —"Here, Sir, said he, I command you "to commit this Fellow! this *Pretty-flogging* "*Latifat*! and his *two* Fighting-wits! and the "*two* Presbyterian Women (when you can get "hold of them) and the rest of the *Rogues!* "and every one that takes their parts. I'll teach "them what it is to affront the King's *Image*, "and the Figure of *Justice* in the accusation "of his Office. Come fill up their *Mittimus*, "I say."

"And so, Sir, said Mr. *Latitat* (to vex "him a little) you refuse to bind over these "*three* Offenders to appear at the *Quarter-*"*Sessions*; do you, Sir."——"Yes, Sir! I "do, reply'd the *Justice*; and what have you "to

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" to say to that? Sir, they shall all appear or
" disappear, or not appear, as I please: And
" if they have committed any Rape, or other
" Damage, they shall all of them appear
" either visible or invisible before any Court in
" *Europe*, and I'll stand by them."—" Very
" well, Sir! bear witness, Gentlemen, re-
" ply'd Mr. *Latitat*. The *Alderman* wisely
" says, that if they have committed any Rape,
" or other Damage, he will stand by them;
" this, I think, is supporting and abetting
" capital Felony, with a Witness; and by
" which he makes himself a Party concerned
" in the Crime. This now, Gentleman, is
" an Action becoming the *Image* of the *King*,
" and the Figure of *Justice*, as he calls him-
" self. This is a noble Declaration to support
" and encourage *Rapes*; this is a just and im-
" partial Execution of the *Laws*! this is an
" unprejudiced Gentleman, who fills his Of-
" fice with Dignity! with Integrity! and
" Honour. I hope you'll please to remember
" your Words, Mr. *Alderman*: That if they
" have committed any *Rapes*, or other Damage,
" you will stand by them."—"I mean, said the
" *Justice*, that if they have done any Body a-
" ny Injury, I will stand by their Innocence;
" that is to say, that if they have attempted to

" ravish

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" raviſh Lady *Worthy*'s Grand-Daughter, or " any other Woman, I will ſtand by them, " if they are *not* guilty; but if not, Sir, " why then, Sir! there's no more to be " ſaid of the Matter: And now, Sir, I " have explained myſelf, I hope I know as " much of the Law, as you do, or any Man " in *England*; and that's ſufficient." Upon which, *Wilfull* reply'd, with a Sneer, and looking at Mr. *Latitat*, " Sir,

" *His* Wit *was ſent him for a Token,*
" *But, was in th' Carriage, crackt and broken.*"

Here, all the Company again burſt out a laughing. But a Gentleman, who ſat at the *Alderman*'s Right Hand (having ſeen a little deeper into the whole Proceedings) now whiſpered a few Words in the Juſtice's Ear, which had a prodigious and ſudden Effect upon him; for, after ſome little pondering he commanded Silence; which being obey'd, he aſſuming a Pleaſantry of Temper, addreſſed the Offenders thus: ——

" Well, Gentlemen, I muſt own I am a " little confuſed in this Affair, it is a knotty Concern;

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" Concern; and this accidental *Fall*, and the " *Gout* together, having a little imbanisters " my Temper, I must desire that you may all " of you, at this Time, depart Friends; and " if there be any thing farther to be done, and " you will come to me again in a few Days, e- " very Thing shall be lectrified to your entire " Satisfaction, and so let us all drink a Glass " of my *Ale* together, and we'll say no more " of the Matter. Here, *Betty*, take my Key " and fetch a Tankard of *Ale*; and do you " hear! put in some Nutmeg and a Toast, and " make haste! the Law is a dry Study, as the " Saying is; and Faith, I am heartily glad, con- " tinued he, that we are all come to a right " Understanding of the Matter; for when Bu- " siness is rightly understood, it is easy to be " conducted, and so, Gentlemen, you are all " released, and I am glad there are no further " Persecution of the Laws on either Side."

Here the Maid brought them a large Silver Tankard of the *Alderman*'s best *Ale*; which being spent in the first Round, it was ordered by the *Justice* to be filled again immediately; and after that a Third, and a Fourth was brought in, and so on, to the Tune of half a Score: And now his Worship began to wax very plea- sant,

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ſant, and good humoured; which was plainly to be perceived, by this his following Speech:

"It is, Gentlemen, ſaid he, the greateſt "Bleſſing of a Chriſtian amongſt any of the "King's *Magiſtrates*, that they uſe Modera- "tion, and *Juſtice*, and *Mercy*, and *Iniquity*, "and ſo forth, towards ſuch Offenders as are "brought before them, as well as to be able "to ſee through the Nature of their Caſes; "whereby, they may judge whether they are "innocence or guilty; and this can only be "done, by underſtanding the *Laws* and the "*Prophets*, as one may ſay, whereby the Goſ- "pel is plainly to be proved, that the *Scrip-* "*tures* and the *Laws* are the ſame Thing; "and that the *Prophets* and the *Apoſtles* were "the ſame as *Juſtices* of the Peace. To prove "which, we need look no further, than the "laſt Conflagaration, when according to the "*Law* and the *Prophets*, the twelve *Apoſtles* "are to appear in the Clouds, like ſo many "*Juſtices* of the Peace, to try the whole "World; and whereby, if any Offender "ſhould happen to eſcape our Puniſhment, "they will, nevertheleſs, be found guilty be- "fore that Judgement *Seat*, and receive their "reward accordingly: And ſo, Gentlemen, we

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" we shall adjourn all Matters now before us, " and leave them entirely to your own Con- " sciences, and the last Conflagaration to dis- " cover: For, indeed, I begin to be a little " tired with Pleading, and should now be glad " to take a short *Nap*; which, by experience " I find, is the only Thing in the World, af- " ter a Draught or two of good *Ale*, for this " damn'd *Gout*."

Upon which, the two young Fellows being (by Mr. *Latitat*'s timely Interposition) at full Liberty to depart, they thought it not worth their while to stretch the Scene any longer. And therefore, *Wilfull*, winking at Mr. *Latitat* and *Silvius*, as the *Alderman* stretch't and reclin'd himself backward in his easy Chair, address'd him thus. " Your *Worship*, Sir, is " certainly a very great Honour, as well as " an Ornament to your high Office. And " you bring at this Moment to my Mind, " a few very fine Lines of the great Sir *Samuel* " *Garth's*. Which, Sir, if you'll please to " give me leave, I'll repeat. At which, the drowsy *Justice* nodded his Assent, and *Wilfull* thus went on.

Upon

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This Place ſo fit for undiſturb'd Repoſe,
The God *of Sloth for his Aſylum choſe.*
Upon a Couch of Down in thoſe Abodes,
Supine with folded Arms he thoughtleſs nods:
No Paſſions *interrupt his eaſy Reign,*
No Problems *puzzle his lethargic Brain,*
But dull Oblivion *guards his peaceful Bed,*
And lazy Fogs *bedew his gracious Head:*
Thus at full length the pamper'd Monarch *lay,*
Fatt'ning in Eaſe *and ſlumbring* Life *away.*

" And ſo, Sir, continued *Wilfull*, I wiſh " your *Worſhip* a good Repoſe, and undiſturb- " ing Dreams.—Ha! ha! ha! Sir your hum- " ble Servant. I am obliged to you (return'd " the *Alderman*) but though you are pleaſed " to compare me to a *Monrock*, in Sir " *Sampſon Gaff's* Verſes, as you call 'em; yet " I am not ſo vain, young Man, as to think " that an *Alderman* and a *Juſtice* of the Peace, " is upon a footing with the King himſelf, " neither: No, no, though we are his *Image*, " and all that. But, we muſt allow you *fine* " *Wits* to complement, and all that. And ſo, " Sir, your very humble Servant. Ha! ha! ha! " a good merry Jeſt faith! I wiſh I could re-

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" remember them Verſes. A *God!* and a " *Monrock* indeed! No no! Not ſo great as " that, neither! No, no——

Here the good *Juſtice*, being juſt upon the Verge of a Nap, all his Auditory withdrew, with a loud and contemptious Laugh at his *Worſhip*'s witty and learned Proceeding; and a general Applauſe for the ſmart Behaviour and good Succeſs of the two Delinquents. And with whoſe good Acquitance, Mr. *Latitat* was no leſs rejoiced, than he was himſelf aſſiſting thereto. For the *Alderman*, at any time was very eaſy to be bully'd, when he found himſelf attack'd by Perſons of Spirit, and who were alſo able to withſtand him.

CHAP. XVI.

Wherein Silvius *declares his Paſſion for* Angelica; *and in what Manner ſhe received it.*

THE long expected Day, call'd *Sunday*, being now again come, *Silvius* invited his Friend *Bob Wilfull*, to dine with him this Day, as before at his Father's; from whence they agreed to proceed after Dinner, to the Lady

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Lady *Worthy*'s. Not in the least fearing any more Battles in the Orchard. But it is not an eaſy Matter for every one to conceive, what different Emotions now beſieged his Heart. Such, perhaps, as the ardent *Soldier* firſt feels, when the Trumpet ſounds a *Charge*; ſuch, as a *Needy Poet* feels, on the firſt Night of his *New Play*; ſuch, as the *looſing Gameſter* feels, at the Hazard of his laſt Stake; ſuch as the *prodigal Son* feels at the *Dying-Groans* of his rich and *miſerly Father*; ſuch as the *Love-ſick* Maid feels, on her long wiſh'd for *Wedding-hour*; or, otherwiſe, ſuch as the impatient *Court Patriot* feels, at the *Death* or *Diſgrace* of the *firſt Miniſter*: Perhaps, like *ſome one*, or *all*, or *none* of theſe inward Concernments, invaded the Breaſt of our impatient and expectant *Silvius*; who now, it being about four o'clock, with his truſty Friend and *Ally*, arrived at the wiſh'd for Gate; where dwelt his Heart's deareſt Wiſh. And we muſt alſo remember, that Mrs. *Suſan* was ſo very well pleaſed with Mr. *Wilfull*'s late Behaviour, that ſhe could not avoid diſcovering ſomething of it to her young Lady, *Angelica*: Who immediately ſuggeſted that Mr. *Wilfull* was only a political Lover of Mrs. *Suſan*'s, raiſed on purpoſe for the Uſe and Service of his Friend *Silvius*; and which Suggeſtion,

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tion, our good Readers very well know was true: And we muſt further take Notice, that it was now, and had been for a great many Years, cuſtomary with the Lady *Worthy*, to have a publick Sermon preached in her own Houſe, once every Month on the *Sunday* Afternoon; and this was one of thoſe Days on which of courſe this Duty was to be performed. *Silvius* very well knowing that it pleaſed the good old Lady, had frequently on thoſe Occaſions, favoured them with his Preſence, and accordingly prevailed on his Frend *Wilfull* to bear him Company this Day on the ſame Occaſion.

The Service was now juſt beginning, when *Silvius* and his Companion entered the Hall; which being over, he went as uſual to pay his Complements to the Lady *Worthy*, and their Family, who received him as per Cuſtom, with great Affection; and alſo invited him, as had been lately uſual, to drink Tea with them.

When he was conducted into the Parlour, his Friend *Wilfull*, according to his Office, ſought out his beloved *Suſan*; by whom he was now more frankly recieved than *Silvius* (though her Heart bounded with Joy at the Sight

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Sight of him) could possibly be, by his fair *Angelica*; and for two especial Reasons: First, she had not the Opportunity for it, and, Secondly, *Silvius* had not as yet, made that formal Declaration of his Passion, as *Wilfull* had done; tho' the Hour was now come, which he intended, if possible, for that most potent Undertaking.

But first, we shall here take Notice, that it hath been the Practice of many of our modern *Biographers*, to make Use of every Opportunity for exposing or lashing of the *Clergy*, of whatsoever Religion, Sect, or Opinion, and rendering them thereby, as either a scandalous, vicious, or rediculous sort of Persons, to the great Discredit of those *ludicrous* Authors, and the Religion which they profess: But as all such Proceedings are absolutely repugnant to our more dutiful Pen, we shall endeavour to avoid all such sacriligious Scrolls, and shall only, in its stead, acquaint our Readers, that were we any wise prone to such unwarrantable Boldness, we could now, and perhaps with very good Cause, lay a Foundation for such a fixed Prejudice in them, against a Reverend Gentleman, of whom we are just going to speak, that we apprehend it would be no easy Matter to remove it.

But

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But, as it is our undoubted Duty and Buſineſs to relate ſuch Facts as really are true, and do eſſentially concern the Machinery of this Hiſtory, we ſhall only ſay, that the Gentleman, who, at this Time performed the Office of *Preacher*, and who was a Youth of about two or three and twenty Years of Age, had caſt a moſt wiſhing and languiſhing Eye on the fair and agreeable *Angelica*; inſomuch that ſeveral Times during his Sermon, he had ſo much directed his Eyes and Thoughts towards her, that he had no eaſy Taſk to recover his ſtray'd Senſes. And no ſooner was the Service over, but he haſted to pay his new Devotion to the Shrine of of her Beauty. As for *Silvius*, he had no Suſpicion of this *Reverend* Rival; but was watching for the firſt Opportunity of informing his lovely *Angelica*, that he had ſomething very particular to impart to her; when this am'rous Diſciple, watching her Eyes for an encountring Glance, ſaw them ſo frequently employ'd on *Silvius*, that the fermenting Poiſon of Jealouſy, ſoon took Poſſeſſion in his enamour'd Breaſt. So that he reſolved to be better inform'd, if poſſible, how far they might really affect each other's Love.

During this ſcrutinizing Obſervation of Mr. *Graveairs* all Tea-time, (for that was the young Preacher's Name) *Silvius*, appeared ſo

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thoughtful and ſerious, that the good *Old Lady* could not but take Notice of it; and demanded, with ſome ſeeming Concern, whether any thing was the Matter with him, that he was ſo extraordinary grave, more than uſual? To which he anſwer'd — No, Madam, nothing more than the Burden of a greater Charge of Buſineſs than heretofore; which, in ſpight of my Endeavours, will claim a greater Share of my Thoughts, than may perhaps be needful.—To which, ſhe replied, that this was ſo far from being a Fault, that ſhe thought it very commendable — But, in fact, ſhe little dreamt what kind of Buſineſs it was, that ſo engaged his Mind.

However, Tea being over, *Angelica*, riſing from her Seat, gave *Silvius* ſuch an intelligible Look, as ſhe went out of the Room, as inſtantly fill'd him up to the very Throat with inward Extacy and Tranſport. His Blood flaſh'd in his Face, like the Sun's Beams on a Looking-Glaſs; and his Heart beat to Arms, like an eager Drummer in the Field of Battle. But having ſtay'd behind her a convenient Time, as he thought, he took leave of the Company without the leaſt Word or Ceremony; leaving his Hat behind him, as a ſilent Token of his ſhort Return. As ſoon as he entered the Great Hall, he heard the ſoft Sound of a Whiſpering

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pering (*Hiſt*—) from the great Stair-Caſe; when, looking ſharply round for the charming Author of this agreeable Signal, he ſoon eſpy'd his deſirable *Angelica* waiting for him upon the Landing-Place: Who no ſooner ſaw that he had perceiv'd her, but ſhe vaniſh'd like an extinguiſhed Light. And in the Ball-room over the Hall, ſhe waited for him. As ſoon as *Silvius* was enter'd the aforeſaid Room, ſhe faſtened the Door, and taking him to the further End of it, addreſs'd him thus:

Mr. *Silvius*, I have ſo high an Opinion of your Good-ſenſe, Good-nature and Conduct, that I am perſuaded you can lay no ill Conſtruction upon my drawing you to this Place, but if plain open Dealing may be accounted the leaſt allied to Honeſty, and Virtue; you will readily excuſe me, if I wrongly apprehended that you have ſomething to unfold to me, that troubles your Patience for an Opportunity to explain it. And I muſt again repeat my Thanks to you for the Services of this Day ſevennight, which I can never forget, nor ſufficiently reward.

At this plauſible and lucky Introduction, our enraptured *Silvius*, tho' he prevented her Proceeding on that Head, was ready to expire with his grateful and inward Agitations. He was quite diſſolved and overcome with the tendereſt

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Senſibility of her generous Frankneſs. His Soul o'erflow'd! and tho' ten thouſand of the ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Thoughts crouded in his Mind; yet was he ſo loſt, for ſome Moments, that he was totally incapable of uttering one Syllable. At length, a little recovering himſelf, he graſping her lovely Hand in his, which he kiſs'd with the moſt ardent Eagerneſs, he began to this Effect.

Oh, thou loveliest! deareſt! and moſt worthy of thy *Sex!* I know not how to expreſs the leaſt Senſe of the vaſt Obligations I am indebted to you! And therefore, thou charming Idol of my Soul's Earthly-wiſh! All I can firſt aſk of you at preſent, is your Gentle-Patience. My Thoughts are confuſed with Hope, Fear, and Joy. My Words are impatient which ſhall be utter'd firſt! and I know not whether to prefer my Thankſgivings, for Benefits paſt; or, my Petition for what I further hope. You, my dear *Angelica!* are my bleſt *Genius!* Sleeping, or waking, there's not an Hour of my Life paſſes, but that you are preſent in my Thoughts. And while I can flatter myſelf with any Hope, of but even the ſlighteſt Friendſhip, from you, in Return; methinks nothing is too hard, or difficult for my tranſported Imaginations to ſurmount. And when I inquire of my Reaſon, the Cauſe of this Extravagance, as ſome would perhaps account it; I am anſwer'd from within

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within, that it is neither a Deluſion, nor a Wonder; becauſe I do aſſure you, my deareſt *Angelica*, that if Death ſhould impede the Execution, it would be more much agreeably welcome to me, than Life could poſſibly be, without the Attempt. I am, my dear *Angelica!* ſufficiently ſenſible of the great Difference between your high Deſerts and mine, in every ſingle Reſpect: And though your Birth and Fortune are infinitely ſuperior to mine; or, to my beſt Deſervings; yet, theſe are the leaſt Parts of the ineſtimable Merits you have to boaſt of. Your perſonal Beauty is far ſuperior to your Birth and Fortune: But then, my Deareſt! *Lovely Angelica!* the beauties of your Mind and Temper, as far out-ſhine the reſt, as the Sun is brighter than the meaneſt Star; it may then, indeed, be aſk'd, What could embolden me, unworthy as I am, to aim at ſo much Richneſs? It is, my Love, indeed a Queſtion too hard againſt me; and ſuch a one as can admit of but only this *ſingle* Anſwer to excuſe me. It is your unparallel'd Goodneſs, that I can *only* rely on: And as Gold is made purer by the Fire; ſo I, by the purifying Flame of your bright Mind (and for your Sake) can ſtand the roughest Proof that Chance, or Man, can exerciſe upon me. There is nothing, my deareſt Life! that is poſſible for Man to perform,

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(and worthy of a Man) but that my aſpiring Love, young as I am, dares to Attempt. The whole World could not ſet before me another Prize, for which I would, ſo willingly, and ſo boldly venture; nor in the Gaining of which I could think myſelf ſo happily and amply paid. Our Lives and our Acquaintance, as I may ſay, began together: And the Affection which I muſt now reveal, took its firſt Foundation with our earlieſt Infant Knowledge of each other. Which has ever ſince continued ſo ſenſibly to encreaſe, that it is now become unbounded. And you, my deareſt *Angelica!* may either make it the moſt ſweet and happy Companion; or, otherwiſe, the moſt inſupportable Burden that ever Man yet bore with. It is abſolutely in your Power; and you only can decide it; whether I ſhall have Cauſe to bleſs my Birth; or dread any future Thoughts of Life. How eaſy! how gay! how delightful will every Hour of my Life and Buſineſs ſeem to me, when I can ſay to myſelf, (wearied as I am; diſappointed, as I may be, or embarraſſed neverſomuch) ſtill my greateſt Comfort and Bleſſing is, that I am not deprived of my dear and lovely *Angelica?* That one Thought will cancel every bitter! bitter Incident! that may, hereafter, preſent itſelf before me.

While

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While *Silvius* was thus unloading of his full-fraught Heart, proſtrate on his Knee, graſping of her ſoft and ſnowy Hand; and his melting Eyes pointing their full and tendereſt Aim at her's; ſhe found her ſympathizng Nature ſo flexible, and yielding to his Tale, that her Pulſe enliven'd, her Boſom heaved, her Eyes wax'd moiſt, her Speech forſook her; and her capable Faculties were all obſorb'd in the moſt affectionate and tendereſt Confuſion imaginable. All which *Silvius* very well perceiving, and preſaging therefrom no ill Omen; he continued ſtill to preſs her, in the moſt perſuaſive Language he was capable of, to give him ſome Hopes of a kind and generous Return: Proteſting, in a very modeſt, but affecting Strain, that he would make it the utmoſt Buſineſs of his Life, both to deſerve, and to reward her *Love*. At length, the generous and unaffected *Lady*, being quite unſchooled in the Practice of the formal Prude's or wanton Coquette's *Art*, made him this Reply:

Believe me, *Silvius*, here is but one Article in this Diſcovery of your Paſſion, which gives me the leaſt Uneaſineſs; or Diſlike: And though it may really be a Merit in you, for

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it is certainly a fine Accompliſhment; yet, it is what I muſt now both dread and complain of: Becauſe I apprehend that I really ought to fear it. It is, my *Silvius*, the Art and Power of your Tongue! for never did I, before, feel ſuch a wonderous Change. And if you have the Power of producing this in me, what may I not apprehend from your practiſing the ſame on others? Could one imagine, that one ſo young, ſo Rural-bred, ſhould ever gain ſuch Maſtery in Speech? I am aſtoniſh'd! but, yet, I own I am raviſh'd at your Art. Oh, *Silvius!* but that I know you; yes and perfectly know you too; I ſhould fear to harken to your Tongue. All! all! ſave your Fortune, that you have ſo plentifully pour'd forth of me, is only due to yourſelf. And *this* I muſt confeſs; yes, and I am proud to own it, too; that if I am the firſt and only Object of your *real Love*, as you declare I am, I am more happy in it, than I ſhould be in that Proſpect, were I born a Princeſs. Your agreeable Perſon; your good Senſe; your Modeſty and Prudence, all! every Thing, contribute to make you truly amiable. And I cannot, my *Silvius*, diſſemble with you; 'tis true, as you obſerved, we contracted our Infant Acquaintance, and with the World, together;

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our Paſſions, and our Deſires, I remember, even at School, ſeem'd to affect and ſympathize with each other's. And now I am half convinced, they ſtill remain the ſame: Therefore, be you but true to what you have now confeſſed, and (as I am alſo, by your late Behaviour in my Defence, under the deepeſt Obligations to you) it ſhall be my future Endeavour, that you ſhall never hereafter repent it.

CHAP. XVII.

Containing the Concluſion of this Day's Adventure.

HAD *Angelica* but known what further Peril her beloved *Silvius* had ſince undergone by the dread Power of Mr. Alderman *Lumber*, ſhe would now perhaps have redoubled her Thanks on that Account; but this gracious Anſwer ſo tranſported his full-fraught Boſom, that he became almoſt incapable of enduring the mighty Bleſſing; immeaſurable Joy and Gratitude kindled a moſt emulating conflict, in ſuch flowing Tides, as were ſcarcely to be confined by Reaſon. He kiſſed and preſſed her ſoft ſnowy Hand, with ſuch Ar-

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dency; and shed so many joyful Tears of eager, grateful-Tribute, as are seldom paid by our modern *Jemmy-Smarts*, to the most deserving of that charming Sex. Nor are such courteous, Honest-offerings often by them Imitated, now-a-days; but to the all-conquering Graces of the wanton Prostitute. But, however, our unfashionable Hero, not satisfied with these small Tokens of his dutiful Obligation, in this humble Posture, solemnly protested a sincere and constant Devotion to her Love and Service.

O Reader! be thou *Male* or *Female*, and could'st but attain the inexpressible Joys of giving, and receiving, such mutual dissolving Tenderness! and such elevated Sweets as these Lovers now imparted to each other! thou would'st, perhaps, imagine that all thy Inconveniencies of Life, till then, were over-paid in that one *Extatic*-Blessing. But as the coarsest and basest Metals are not so capable of such *fine* Impressions, as the purer are; so must the Soul be purged of all its grossest Matter, ere it can stand the Proof of this fierce searching Fire of Love. Even as the scorching, broiling, frying, soaking, boiling, burning Fire of Purgatory, or the Inquisition; which is the same Thing (only that the one is imaginary,

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nary, and the other real) even, I ſay, as theſe beneficial Places of ſevereſt Torment, prepare the Soul for happier Times; ſo does the purifying *Fire* of virtuous Love prepare the impatient and devoted *Mind* for the higheſt Senſibility of the Pleaſures of Enjoyment. And, as the ſweeteſt Meats do the ſooneſt cloy; ſo is our Buſineſs, now, not to dwell too long on the vaſt Delights of the preſent Moment. And as *Time* himſelf is ever on the Wing, and our good Readers may poſſibly be in Haſte to ſeek ſome greater Pleaſure, or ſome better Buſineſs; we ſhall cut this tender Scene as ſhort, at the nether-End, as poſſible.

If *Silvius* was overjoy'd at *Angelica*'s generous Behaviour; ſhe, on the other Hand, was as well pleaſed at his formal and pathetic Declaration: For it was not only what ſhe had ſome Time before expected, but likewiſe what ſhe had moſt earneſtly wiſh'd for. And as *ſhe* was as deep in the *old Proverb*, as he could be, ſhe had always determined within herſelf, that whenever he ſhould make his Paſſion known to her, by a ſolemn Proceeding, ſhe would make him ſuch a Return as the Nature of his Addreſs deſerved. So that now, as ſoon as they had exchanged their honeſt undiſguiſed Thoughts, Vows and Promiſes, to

their

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their mutual Satisfaction, they adjourn'd all further Converſation, on that Head, till another Opportunity.

But we ſhall here take Notice of the Wiſdom of our Fore-fathers, or Mothers, or ſome of our Anceſtors; who have moſt judiciouſly remark'd, that the moſt puiſſant, moſt opulent, and moſt happy People in the Univerſe, are not without their Inconveniencies and Anxieties. So may we now find it, by this innocent and happy Pair: That is to ſay, happy but one Minute ago, (as our Readers, without Perjury may very ſafely witneſs, from what they have already ſeen) and but a Minute after, daſh'd into Danger, Fear, and future Trouble. For having now ended all that was neceſſary for the preſent Juncture, to be underſtood between them; they adjourn'd the future Buſineſs of their Loves till a more extenſive Opportunity would better warrant the Chain of that Progreſſion; and were now returning to rejoin the Company they had ſo lately left; when opening the Chamber Door a little too ſuddenly (which they had bolted within-ſide, at their firſt Coming there) who ſhould they unexpectedly ſurprize upon the cloſe Liſten, with his Ear, as it were, nailed to the Key-hole, but the curious and jealous Mr. *Grave-Airs*: whoſe envious and ſuſpicious Paſſion had whiſper'd

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whiſper'd to him ſomething of what he had now but too ſurely diſcovered: And which he had gathered by detecting their late interchangeable Glances, which paſſed between them at the Tea Table, before they made their Exeunt. And now, having overhear'd, though imperfectly, great Part of what had paſſed in this Incloſure; the reſtleſs and buſy Spirits of Envy and Revenge took up their immediate Abode on the pulſive Movements of his Heart and Brain.

It might perhaps admit of ſome Diſpute, ſhould it fall under the Deciſion of certain *Sophiſtical* Opponents, *which Paſſion* in the Minds of Men might moſt preponderate: *Avarice* with a *Miſer*, *Pleaſure* with a *Prodigal*, *Ambition* with the *Wealthy-Proud*, or *magnanimous* and *gentle* Hopes with a *generous Lover*. But if theſe, and an hundred other ſuch Propoſitions, as might be made, will bear Compariſon and uncertain Proof, which of them ſhall firſt take Place in the high Rank of Power; ſurely thoſe Midnight Elves, *black Envy!* and *grinding Jealouſy!* will hold as tough a Trial; their Motions being as ſtrong and reſtleſs; their Weapons as poiſonous and deadly; and their Deſigns and Policies as deep and dangerous.

But

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But, ſhould we ſuſpect that thoſe monſtrous Vultures ſhould find a ready Aſylum in the reverend, hallowed, and moſt ſanctify'd Boſom of one in ſolemn, divine, and puritannic League with the moſt righteous and ſpiritual Being? Shall ſuch malignaut Rancour work its poiſonous Way to a fixed Habitation in the uncorrupted Heart of one devoted to none but pure and charitable Attempts?

O, too ſurely ſhall we find it ſo! for now, no ſooner did the harmleſs Door burſt from its Embrace, but this Shady-Eveſ-dropper, like the *Evil Genius* of theſe Innocent-Lovers, ſtood an ominous Impediment to their peaceful Paſſage; and which Accident may poſſibly, at this Inſtant, furniſh an unwary Reader with an Inſtance worthy his Remark. It hath generally been aſſerted by the raſh, ill-judging Part of Mankind, that Bluſhing is always a Sign of Guilt. Whereas this Miſtake is very eaſily rectify'd, by obſerving, that a Bluſh, in an innocent Perſon, may be agitated by the Surpriſe of being undeſervedly ſuſpected, or accuſed. And here we may affirm that the Innocent, as well as the Guilty, diſplay'd their Colours in ſuch diſtinguiſhing Sorts, as fully aſſures us, that the crimſon'd Cheeks of the *Former*, by far, out-glow'd the creamy Caſt of the Latter. But, whatſoever was underſtood between them

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them, by the different Hues of their Faces, their Eyes ſufficiently teſtify'd their unanimous Diſapprobation of each other's preſent Proceedings: While the baffled Power of their Tongues were fetter'd down, by their ſudden Aſtoniſhment, to unutterable Silence. They alſo ſtood immoveable for ſome Moments gazing at each other, as though they had totally loſt the Uſe of every other Part about them, but their Eyes: And theſe confixed to one only Point. During this Suſpence, their active and uneaſy Thoughts, in each of them, were collecting themſelves in the beſt Poſture that the Hurry of their Spirits, and this ſhort Time could poſſibly permit. All crouding, as it were, which ſhould preſent the firſt and readieſt Service.

At length, having ſomewhat overcome this palpitating Shock, the ſecond Courſe of their Reflections began to work more moderate. Inſomuch, that *Silvius* and *Angelica* both contemning the impertinent Proceedings of this buſy Youth, they gave him a moſt ſevere and reprehenſible Frown; and then, without opening either of their Mouths, in any direct Diſcourſe to him, *Silvius*, looking ſteadfaſtly in his Face, repeated the following Lines from *Cotterley*.

— *Envy*

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——— *Envy at laſt crawls forth, from Hell's dire Throng,*
Of all the Direfull'ſt! her black Locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling Serpents; her pale Skin
Was almoſt dropt from her ſharp Bones within:
And at her Breaſt ſtuck Vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting Heart, both Night and Day,
Sucking black Blood from thence, which to repair,
Both Night and Day they left freſh Poiſon there.

This ſevere Speech, which *Silvius* thus complimented this ſable Preacher with, was far from reſtoring the immediate Action of his Tongue. For if he was mute before, he was now confirm'd ſo; and he remained in a ſtrengthening Mood of Meditations, what Method he ſhould firſt purſue, to indulge his Reſentment with the ſweet Food of Revenge. Where, and thus employ'd, we ſhall now leave him, to gorge himſelf with Spleen; while we attend the Buſineſs of thoſe we have more Eſteem for. But we muſt firſt take Notice, that the Lines which *Silvius* had, as above, quoted for him, were neither a bad Deſcription of his Perſon, or his preſent Condition: For he was tall, and thin;

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had a pale, long, hollow Visage; with strait, lank, weak, black Hair; that indeed, but very little assisted to embellish the Charms of his noravishing Figure.

However, poor *Silvius*, by this unmanner'd Accident, had a sufficient Portion of Gall mixt with his Honey: And tho' his adorable *Angelica* had given him the highest Satisfaction; yet this Discovery could not but almost counterbalance it, with Pain. That the Lady *Worthy* would be inform'd of their Amour, by this simple Hypocrite; he had little Room to doubt: And therefore, his dear and generous *Angelica* was now his whole and last *Anchor* of *Hope*. And to whose Constancy, and prudent Management he must submit all future Proceedings. If *Silvius* was any wise disturb'd at this disagreeable Interruption, *Angelica* was herself no less so: And as they were likely to reap no further Advantage from one another's Company this Visit, and the Day beginning to withdraw his chearful Looks behind the cloudy Curtain of the Night, poor *Silvius* took the most agreeable Leave he could of this the faireſt Idol of his Soul. And having now join'd the Company of his good Friend *Wilful*, who had much more fortunately sped in his amorous Adventure with the easy, yielding *Susan*; we shall leave them to

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to diſburden their Boſoms to each other, as they return home together; and in the next Chapter, make ſome little Enquiry how Affairs ſtand with our agreeable *Maria*, &c.

CHAP. XVIII.

Containing the Philoſophy of one half of the Fair Sex, *explain'd in a curious Speech of Mrs.* Johnſon's *to* Maria, *her Reply to it; and ſome other Matters.*

WHEN Mrs. *Johnſon* return'd to *Maria*'s Chamber, in order to make what Intereſt ſhe could with her, in behalf of Mr. *Richard Dolt*; ſhe, contrary to her Wiſh and Expectation, found her very much out of Temper. And upon her enquiring what it was that affected her ſo viſibly; ſhe anſwer'd, it was, that her woful Experience had convinced her of certain human Forms, which actually were in being, that otherwiſe, ſhe could never have believed there ever were, in the civilized Part of the World. Her good *Aunt* was at no manner of Loſs to underſtand her Meaning; and therefore, ſhe advanced the following Portion of *her own* kind of Philoſophy, to reconcile her to an

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an Approbation of the agreeable and most accomplish'd Mr. *Dolt*.

My dear Child! said she, you are quite unexperienced in Matters of Human Life: or you would soon be satisfy'd, that this young Man is, perhaps the only Person you might ever in your whole Life meet with, capable of rendering the Marriage-State truly comfortable to you. And which to accomplish, you must never, in your Choice of a Husband, look upon the *Dress*, or *Address* of a Man, as Things of the least Consequence towards your real Happiness. As to fine *Cloaths*, my Dear, they are *put* on, and put off, at Pleasure; and no Man is either a Jot the better, or the worse, for the Possession, or for the Lack of them. Those who have Money, may wear what they please; and you may frequently see a very fine, *rich-dress'd* Fellow, without a single Shilling in his Pocket. As for the particular Behaviour, and Stile of Conversation, commonly call'd *Address*; they are designing and studied Arts, purposely acquired, and occasionally put on, to serve their own particular Ends: And are no less than downright fraudulent Practices, found out and used, like *Trick* of Law, to puzzle the Weak, and deprive them of their Reason.

Besides;

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Besides, Men of deeper Reflection expect a greater Acquiescence in most of their Proceedings; and have busy penetrating Eyes in all your Slips and Foibles. The Wife, who would secure the Conjugal-Affection through the Matrimonial-Course, under the Conduct of a circumspect Husband, must have a continual Regard to every Action of her Life: For every Error she may happen to commit, 'tis ten to one, will always be uppermost. Her Virtues, let them be never so numerous, and ever so bright, are no richer, nor any more than what she ought to have: But her *Follies* and her *Vices*, if they are ever so little seen, will be sure to be magnify'd, at least an hundred-fold: And one capitable Blunder, *conspicuously* committed, will never be clearly rubb'd out. But with such a Husband, as Master *Dolt*, there will need no Fear of any such Anxieties. His Breeding hath been fashion'd to such a Custom, that no Woman can be wretched with him: His Education hath instructed him to certain Views, which his Soul cannot exceed: And the Practices of his *Father's* Life, confirm him in the same narrow Bounds.

You, my Dear, are superiorly educated; that is, have a more study'd Knowledge; by which Means, you may do with him as you please. When once you have found the Way to please him.

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him, it will be no difficult Taſk to work him to your Will. But Men of mightier Capacities will expect their various Tempers, Humours, and Appetites to be conſulted, ſatisfy'd, and indulged. Which very often creates more Difficulty than the poor Wife, with her *utmoſt* Endeavour, with any Comfort and Credit, is able to go through.

During this *Speech*, which many People would have thought good Doctrine, poor *Maria* liſten'd with all the Patience and Surpriſe imaginable; after which ſhe return'd to her indulgent *Aunt*, as follows.

If any Body, but yourſelf, Madam, had preached me up this Doctrine, I ſhould have imagined that they might greatly have ſuſpected my Capacity and Conduct. And that they had little Hope I ſhould ever be able, with my utmoſt Skill, to pleaſe any other. To which, Madam, I ſhall only ſay, that I ſhould have more Satisfaction in the Approbation of one Man of Senſe, than of ten thouſand Fools. And if you thought it ſo highly neceſſary in me, by an expenſive Education, to acquire a more extenſive Theory of Things, than this Gentleman ſeems to have; why ſhould it be flung away upon one who is no Judge of its Value? Why may not one of equal Breeding to that of his own, ſuit him, and even pleaſe him much better?

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better? For, howſoever agreeable I might poſſible be to him, I am confident he would never be ſo to me. And I always thought, Madam, ſince I have had Thoughts that Way, that it as much behoves a Woman not only to conſider what kind of Man would be moſt agreeable to her own Taſte and Temper; but alſo to take as much Pains to pleaſe herſelf in that Choice, as to pleaſe her Huſband *afterwards*. Beſides, Madam, to attempt any Thing for a Perſon who one likes, is a very powerful Spur to the Inclination, and keeps the Action ſtill alive; while the contrary Cauſe, muſt conſequently produce the contrary Effect.

Ay, Child, reply'd Mrs. *Johnſon*, I cannot deny but that your Argument hath great Force, but, as yet, you have avoided my Meaning: The Queſtion only remains, Whether you had not rather command, than be commanded? But as your Temper may poſſibly, at this Time, be a little unſettled, I will leave you to reflect better to yourſelf on what I have now advanced to you. And this you may be very ſure of, that I have your Intereſt as much at Heart, as you yourſelf can poſſibly have.—And thus ſaying, ſhe went out of the Room, and left *Maria* to ſettle the reſt by herſelf.

And

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And which our Readers may eaſily and truly be informed of, by viewing the Contents of the next Chapter. So that we ſhall here follow the prudent Example of her *Aunt*, and take our ſhort Leave of *Maria* for a few Moments, as ſhe has done before us.

CHAP. XIX.

Mr. Samuel Wilful *is introduced to Miſs* Maria; *his Behaviour, Succeſs, &c.*

WHEN Mr. *Samuel Wilful* was informed of *Silvius*'s good Succeſs in his Behalf, with the lovely *Maria*; none but ſuch faithful paſſionate Lovers can conceive his rapturous Tranſports. His Ears conveyed the ſweet Muſick to his Brain, in as raviſhing Notes as thoſe of *Handel*'s Touches: his Blood, in quicker Pulſes, beat on eager Time, like ſome Merry-Andrew on a rattling Salt-Box: While his nimble Heart danced a ſprightly Horn-pipe, or a Rigadoom. His Spirits agitated to their higheſt Workings, kindled his ſparkling Eyes and glowing Cheeks, with ſuch like Fire as that which gilds the gladdened Faces of pretty healthful *Miſſes*, when

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when first they quit their *Girlish* Frocks for Gowns; such as rejoices the dull Blockhead's Thoughts, when the Schoolmaster prorogues his daily Labour (so much again the Grain) at *Christmas*: Such as our pretty, little, modern, martial, *killing Captain*'s Feel, when at twelve Years old, they admire their own plum'd Lustre in fiery Regimentals: Or, perhaps, such as a *condemn'd* Malefactor feels, when after much Fatigue, Fear, and Danger, he hath perfected his safe *Escape* from Prison, and prevented the *fatal* Blow.

His Hopes were now lifted up, so immoderately high, that no Schemist could possibly build Castles faster in the Air, than himself. And as his Thoughts, Views, and Desires were so vigorously on Wing; his Body, as well as his Soul, was busily employed in making Preparation. So that, when the appointed Time arrived, wherein *Silvius* was to introduce him, he was so clean and trimly dressed, that no *Recruiting*-Serjeant, or *City*-Whore, when out upon their Kidnapping Employment, can boast a more attractive Neatness. And, to do Mr. *Samuel Wilful* strict Justice, many a *Right Honourable* Lady has perhaps thrown herself away on a much more contemptible Object, than he appeared to *Maria*.

He

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He was of a midling Stature, perfectly ſtrait, proportionable, and well made: A Countenance pleaſant and agreeable; which was ſo improved by the Addition of a very naturally good Head of Hair, in its beſt artful Dreſſings; that many obſtinate and ungovernable Female Hearts have been entangled, and quite catch't faſt, in a much *worſe* Web. Here, the *Fates*, or *Providence*, or *Fortune*, or ſome of their good *Journey*-People, had luckily been beforehand with Mr. *Samuel*, to his very great Advantage; for *Maria* no ſooner received his firſt Salute, which was now recommended to her by *Silvius*, in Form; but her Eyes put her in Remembrance of his Perſon, as ſhe had obſerved him with no inward Diſlike, ſeveral times before, at Church. And his modeſt pretty Addreſs, compared with the brutiſh Behaviour of her *Aunt's* Choice, Mr. *Richard Dolt*, made him now appear almoſt an *Angel*, in her private Opinion. But though, here, they were both ſeeking for a Treaty of a moſt ſtrict and friendly Alliance; yet their Hearts beat to Arms, at the ſame Inſtant, with the ſtrongeſt Emotions. And *Silvius*, having opened the Scene for their further Converſation, thought proper to withdraw for a-while, and give Maſter *Samuel* a fair Opportunity to diſplay his inſpired Eloquence, and try its Power and Effect on

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the tender Heart and ſolid Underſtanding of this Fair *Touch-Stone:* And which, upon Proof, ſhe found to be good Sterling; very little Alloy appearing, to her beſt Judgment, mixt with his pure Metal: That is to ſay, not more than was neceſſary to harden the Compound, requiſite for current Uſe.

And now *Silvius* returned; when, to his great Satisfaction, he found every Thing appear in a very promiſing Way; their Countenances were both chearful and ſerene: And Mr. *Samuel* had loſt no Time in *Silvius's* Abſence: For he had proceeded with all the Force and Art he could upon his purpoſed Plan, according to his beſt Abillities. And was ſo fortunate, as to receive for Anſwer, before they parted, that ſhe had no Diſlike to his Perſon, nor Family; but as it was a Point which required their utmoſt Conſideration and Caution, ſhe could ſay no more, till a further Experience and Acquaintance ſhould better enable her how to ſpeak and act hereafter.

In ſhort, this was as much as he could expect or hope for, the firſt Viſit; and perhaps what might moſt aſſiſt his Suit, was *that* which generally hinders others, that is to ſay, his Rival: Which is an Inſtrument that frequently makes great Sport, in the Opinion, and by the Management of many witty and artful Perſons

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of both Sexes: And especially with those who have learnt the Knack of so cunningly concealing their *Wit*, that no Mortal living can even guess where 'tis *hid*, or how to find it, but themselves.

Master *Samuel* was overjoy'd at this good Prospect; and Miss *Maria* was so little displeased at what had passed between them, that she told her Cousin *Silvius*, after he was gone, that she thought him the most agreeable young Fellow she had ever before conversed with; and that if no other Obstacle should hereafter arise, upon their future Acquaintance, she would leave him to guess what might be the Consequence. But Mr. *Samuel* was as much indebted to Mrs. *Johnson*'s Discourse with *Maria*, as he was to Mr. *Richard Dolt*, for some Part of his Interest. For *Maria* knew her Temper too well, to expect any Alteration in her Thoughts, by a reasonable Dissuasion; and therefore, that Attempt was judged quite needless. Young People of refined Taste and Education have generally delicate Notions, Inclinations, and Desires, which those in the last Stage of Life have quite worn out: So that, it was no great Matter of Wonder, that they differ'd so widely in their Opinions of the present Case; and especially, when we consider, that one of them was so much more concern'd

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therein, than the other. And it is alſo very poſſible, that had not Mr. *Samuel Wilful*, at this Juncture, enter'd a Voluntier in her Service, ſhe might have referr'd the Cauſe entirely to the Opinion, and perhaps, the Deciſion of her Uncle *Scribblewell*; who, by what we can, as yet, perceive, would have been as equitable in the Affair, as the H—gh B——ff of W—ſtm——r was in his Mannagement of the late Election.

The End of the Second Book.

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THE ADVENTURES OF Capt. *GREENLAND.*

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Containing ſuch Prefatory Matter, as may eaſily be diſcovered by Reading

AS we have endeavoured to follow the Examples of many of the moſt approved Authors, in dividing our Work into Books and Chapters, for the Eaſe and Benefit of our worthy Readers, it ſomewhat ſtrains us to find out Matter prefatory to each Book. And as many Authors have attempted to build

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their own Glory on their Brothers Ruin; by pulling their Works publickly in Pieces, (and oftentimes injudiciously too) and rendering every Fault quite glaring to the World, as well as oftentimes adding malignant Lights of their own, to make their Shadows appear much worse than they really are; we, heartily contemning all such mean Proceedings, had much rather fall ourselves, than rise to Fame, by any such unwarrantable Measures.

However, not to detract from the Merit, or Genius, of any other Author whatsoever; but rather out of meer Praise, or Defence of our present Work, like any other Mechanic, or Dealer in Public-Ware, to put off their own Commodities to the best Advantage, we shall venture to advance one solid Truth in behalf thereof. Which, by a just Comparison with several others of the same intended Nature, we doubt not will appear to our very great Credit. For indeed many Pieces, which have lately made their public Appearance under the secure Titles of Memoirs, Lives, Adventures, &c. which are generally understood by the World, in the single Sense of *Romance*, have so little of the Soul of any Thing else in it, that many of them have even forgot, or however neglected, to give their Works the least Air of Probability and Truth: So that, the

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Title of *Romance* seems, in Fact, the only Character that could with any Proptiety be bestowed upon them.

One more Point we must here take Notice of, as highly necessary in the forming of those Sort of Compositions; and which not only carries along with it a requisite Rule of Propriety, but also a very pleasing Method to the Reader; that is to say, a regular *Climax*; wherein the Fabric of the Fable, naturally rises to its proper Height, and all its depending Branches, according to Circumstance and Time, should bear their proportionable Parts in this gradual Elevation. That this has been a Point too much neglected by many Authors, I will appeal to the Judgment of the Public.

But, indeed, the chief Thing that we have always had in View through the whole Progression of this Work, is to support and shew a *Verity* of divine Providence; the many Benefits of moral Honesty, and the great and necessary Rule of keeping up to Nature and Probability. For these Reasons we have endeavoured to avoid making our *Hero* a Person of Modern Taste and Gallantry; chusing rather to point out the nearest Way to Manly virtue, and the real Pleasures and Happiness of this Life; than to encourage a light and flashy

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Profecution of faſhionable Actions, which are, too many of them, only contemptible to thoſe of real Underſtanding; and are always deſtructive to thoſe who ſo unthinkingly purſue them. And as we have not made our Hero appear a *Saint*, without Blemiſh, but ſubject to all the Foibles of his Conſtitution and Complexion; neither would we have him to look like an Example of particular *Vice* and *Folly*: But, as a thinking, wary, bold Youth, of Spirit and Reſolution, we have endeavoured to ſteer him in a middle Path, between the two Extreams of cold and rigid Virtue and Philoſophy, on the right Hand; and the hot-brained, heedleſs, flighty Inſipidity, on the left. By which Line of Mediocrity we have found many Opportunities to furniſh him, and ſeveral other Characters, with ſome uncommon Strokes of a much profounder Caſt, than are generally to be met with in any *Modern-Romance*. And which unfaſhionable Deviation, we do humbly hope, will, from the candid Readers, procure its own Pardon: In full Confidence of which, we ſhall now venture to re-aſſume the Rein and Laſh of this Hiſtorical Machine.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

Mr. Dolt *and his* Son *attend on Mrs.* Johnſon, *according to their Promiſe:* Maria *is again attacked by her* Aunt; *ſhe returns her an Anſwer to her Wiſh.*

MARIA having now compared Notes, and cautiouſly weigh'd every Circumſtance within herſelf, ſhe found the Scale of her Reaſon to determine it, all to nothing, in behalf of Mr. *Samuel Wilful.* He was not only a very ſmart and agreeable young Fellow, but was alſo of a much better Family than Maſter *Dolt*, as well as having had a much more genteel and liberal Education. Beſides all this, his Parents and Relations were all in very happy Circumſtances; but his *Father* having had a large Family of Children, and moſt of his Fortune being employed in Trade, there was but little ready Money to be expected with any of them in Marriage, though indeed, the Sons were all of them pretty well provided for. The eldeſt was in Orders, and had a good Benefice; the ſecond was ſet up in the Diſtillery-Trade; Mr. *Robert*, was bred to his Father's Buſineſs; and Mr. *Samuel* was a

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Clerk in the Biſhop's Office, in that City. There were ſeveral Daughters too, who were brought up and educated equal to their Brothers. So that *Maria*'s giving the Preference to Mr. *Samuel Wilful*, was no Impeachment of her Underſtanding, in our Opinion.

Having now ſettled this great Point, abſolutely, within her own Breaſt, ſhe reſolved to appear perfectly agreeable to all her Aunt *Johnſon*'s Inclination, and Deſires, till ſome Method could be deviſed to avoid the Sacrifice which ſhe intended her, with Mr. *Richard Dolt*: And which we ſhall find, by and by, required ſome very ſpeedy Aſſiſtance. For the Old *Farmer* and his *Son* were now as punctual as they had promiſed; and being ſpurr'd to it by the continual Importunities of the young *Squire*, who moſt eagerly wiſh'd to be plundering of poor *Maria*, they called to know of Mrs. *Johnſon* what they had now to truſt to: And who was ready to welcome them with all the good News they could poſſibly Wiſh for! For *Maria* having had the foregoing Interview with Mr. *Wilful*, much more to her Satisfaction than that with Maſter *Dolt*; ſhe now ſeemed to hearken to, and acquieſce with every Thing that her Aunt *Johnſon* propoſed to her. So that the Old Gentlewoman thought her fine Ar-

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Arguments had wrought the desired Effect; and that there was nothing now to do, but to settle Preliminaries, and that the Treaty was fully ended.

Master *Richard* was, on the Occasion of this decisive Visit, dressed out as spruce as possible; having his Hair extreamly well powdered, though not spoiled by curling; and stuck back, fast behind his Ears, that no Part of his beautiful Face might be eclipsed to the bright Eyes of his charming *Maria*: Who, as soon as she was informed of their being there, resolved to put on another kind of Behaviour than what she shewed them before; and to conceive all their Oddities as entertaining and agreeable to herself as she could.

Whatever Mr. *Scribblewell* thought of his Mother-in-Law's Proceedings, he kept his Mind to himself, and left them all to fight it out amongst themselves, as they should best agree: Having, as we observed before, solemnly determined to have no Hand in her Disposal, farther than his Advice, if it should be required. And Mrs. *Johnson* knowing his Pacific-Disposition in this Case, took the Management of the whole Affair upon herself; not in the least doubting but that her Administration would both acquire and deserve all their Approbations

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probations in the End. And thus they proceeded to Buſineſs.

When Mrs. *Johnſon* was acquainted that Mr. *Dolt* and his *Son* was come to wait upon her; ſhe demanded of *Maria*, who was then with her, if ſhe had determined to let ſlip the Advantage of this Opportunity, contrary to her Opinion and Requeſt; or, to take her Advice, and be made the happieſt Woman in all that Country? To which *Maria* reply'd—As you, Madam, ſeem to underſtand ſo much better than myſelf, what would contribute moſt towards my real Happineſs, I can perceive no Benefit that is likely to ariſe, by oppoſing your Inclination.

At this Replication, which the old Lady underſtood, as many of our fine Actors do the Meaning of their Authors; ſhe was ſo tranſported, that ſhe jumpt up from her Chair, very near as nimbly as ſome of our Ship Carpenters move at Work in the King's Dock-yards: My dear Child! ſaid ſhe to *Maria*, now I am ſatisfied that all the Pains I have taken with you, to adviſe and Inſtruct you for your own Advantage, have anſwered my good intentions. But I will not rob you of your Merit; no, Heaven forbid, my Dear *Maria*! It is all owing to your own prudent Underſtanding: that

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that is, I mean, in comprehending and acquiescing with what I have always labour'd to do for you. And now we shall both reap the Benefit of it; you'll be happy in an honest, industrous, good-natured Young-man, who loves you, and will provide for you; and I shall end my Days in Peace, to find that all my good Endeavours are crown'd with so much grateful Duty and Success. Well, my dear Child! continued she, I'll go and acquaint the worthy Gentlemen with your generous Condescension; and I hope to make every Thing agreeable to your Expectation and true Interest.——And so saying, she ran to wait upon her Visitants, with rather more Speed than that of the best Gallop of a Lobster. And whom she thus saluted.

Well, Gentlemen, I think I may now wish you both much Joy! and wish myself Joy! and wish my *Niece* Joy! and all of us Joy! for my poor, dear, good-natured, dutiful *Maria* has at last consented to be entirely ruled by me; so that now, we have nothing more to do, but to settle the Articles, and then appoint the Day.

Why then, Madam, if it be so, do you see reply'd Mr. *Dolt*, that may be done in five Minutes Time. D'you set down what you'd have done, and *Dick* and I'll give you a Note

of

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of Hand for't.—Ay, ſo we wool, Father, anſwer'd his Son *Richard*, payable on Demand—Right, Lad! return'd the Father, that is to ſay, as ſoon as it becomes due: And then you know, Madam, ſaid he to Mrs. *Johnſon*, we ſhall have no Occaſion to have any Thing to do with the Lawyers: For it is a plaguy dangerous Thing to truſt any of them with either Money or Writings. Give them an Inch and they'll take an Ell, as the Saying is. But I'll give them Leave to take twenty Ells, if ever they get an Inch of me. I always write my own Receipts; and have given my Son Learning enough to do the ſame, as well as any Lawyer in *England*. And ſo, d'you ſee, we have no Buſineſs for none of that damn'd Flaternity. An honeſt Man's Word is as good as his Bond; and d'you ſee, if I ſay I'll do a Thing, why I'll do't; and that's enough; ay, ay, Father, reply'd the the *Son*, and ſo'll I too. But where is Mrs. *Mary*, as you call her? I ſuppoſe a Body may ſee her again before one's Marry'd to her, might n't one? — See her! ay, ay, and feel her too Lad! anſwer'd his Father, never fear that.—

Yes, yes, rejoin'd Mrs. *Johnſon*, ſhe'll wait upon you preſently, Gentlemen. And in the mean Time, we may rectify and ſettle what is to be underſtood between us. You ſay, that you will give us a Note of Hand to perform what

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what you promiſe; to prevent the Expence of Lawyers. That, Sir, is an odd Way of Proceeding; I never heard of a Man's giving his Wife a Note of Hand for her Jointure. But if it is the Expence you are afraid of, I'll be anſwerable for that myſelf, if we can but agree in every thing elſe. The chief Points are theſe: Your *Son* upon the Day of Marriage, ſhall be put in Poſſeſſion of four thouſand Pounds, as *Maria's* Dower; to which I will add, on my own Account, a new Chaiſe, Harneſs, and a *Pad* with compleat Furniture; this is what we promiſe, on our Part: And what we require from you is, only that you make her a Jointure of two hundred Pounds a Year Free-land (according to your own Propoſal) allow her one hundred a Year, to find herſelf in Cloaths and other Neceſſaries, and keep her a Maid-Servant purpoſely to attend her: This is all we require. But I think you mentioned ſomething of a Couple of hundred Pounds you would make her a Preſent of, on her Wedding-Day, to keep, either as Pocket Money, or to lay out at her own Diſcretion. If all this be agreeable to you Gentlemen, the Match is concluded; and the fineſt Girl in this Country, though I ſay it, ſhall be put into your Poſſeſſion.

Nay,

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Nay, for that Matter, Madam, anſwer'd the Father, I am of your Opinion; and d'you ſee, I believe *Dick* thinks ſo too.—Ay, that I do, return'd Mr. *Richard*; Father knows I never contradict him; and I have talk'd of her every Day, ſince we were here afore. Have n't I, Father? — Ay, ay, Lad; ſaid the Farmer, thou lov'ſt her well enough, for that Matter, conſidering the Shortneſs of the Time. And for my Part, do you ſee, I am not for having young People let their Love boil away in waſte. *Dick* wants to be at her; and I don't doubt, d'you ſee, but her Caſe is much the ſame with his; if the Truth were but known. But however, ſhe's a fine young Woman, that's the Truth on't, and what you have mention'd, Madam, ſhall all be made good: I never go from my Word; and ſo d'you ſee, you may fix the Time, as ſoon as you will, *Dick* ſhall be ready for her; and ſhall give her as good as ſhe brings, I'll warrant him. But the Lad wants to ſee her, Madam, young Folks, you know, are generally fond and impatient: And ſo, d'you ſee, when ſhe comes, ſhe may fix the Time herſelf.

Well, Sir, be it ſo then, anſwer'd Mrs. *Johnſon*, and I'll let her know what hath now paſſed between us; and bring her to give you the finiſhing Anſwer, herſelf. — Here, the old Lady

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Lady beg'd their ſhort Patience, while ſhe carried thoſe glad Tidings to her *Niece*, and promiſed to return with her immediately. So that we ſhall again take the Opportunity of her Abſence, and like other good Boys, play a Truant, till the Opening of the next Chapter.

CHAP. III.

Wherein the Match goes very luckily forward, to the entire Satisfaction of all Parties concern'd.

MARIA having concluded her private Reſolution, put on a very gay and eaſy Air of Complaiſance, to the great Joy of her Aunt, Mrs. *Johnſon*; and accordingly attended her, very readily, to the Preſence of her ſweet and lovely *Adonis*: When her Countenance being now cleared, ſhe raviſh'd him thereby, paſt all Enduring: And though there was ſomething more inviting and familiar in her Looks, than when he ſaw her firſt; yet her Air was now ſo noble and awful, that the young *'Squire* was under great Difficulty how to approach her. Which his Father obſerving, thought it proper to ſhew him the Way by his Example; and making one of

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of his fineſt Bows, and a polite Compliment at the Heels of it, he adventured to ſalute her: And which Promethean Fire kindled ſuch an Extatic-Glow in his poor old Heart, as made his full turg'd Veins tremble with the ſudden Rapture.

This Embrace was ſo nearly copy'd by his obſervant *Son*, that each had an equal Effect on the inſenſible *Maria*. But howſoever indifferent thoſe friendly, or amorous Touches were, to the regardleſs Nymph; poor Maſter *Dolt*, although he had not now ſo eagerly taſted, as at his firſt Viſit, was again much wrought by its Magic-Sweetneſs: And his Thoughts were inſtantly in a great Debate, whether he might not repeat the Bliſs; and alſo much increaſe it, by a more cloſe and ſenſible Embrace. And *Maria* being now compoſed, and perfectly eaſy in her Mind, by obſerving his Looks and Motions, ſaw through the Caſement of his Eyes, into his very Heart. So that ſhe prevented the ſecond, more furious Attack, by paying him the following Compliment.

I muſt own, Sir, ſaid ſhe, that I think you are very greatly improved in your polite Addreſs: The laſt Time you were here, I remember, you were much more wild and ſavage-like, than you appear at preſent. Which gives me very great Hope that in a little Time, you

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you may wear off thoſe uncultivated Starts of Nature, and be brought to act like a ſober, temperate Chriſtian. And which will be no ſmall Advantage towards embelliſhing thoſe admirable Charms of Body and Mind that Providence hath been pleaſed to bleſs you with. For I confeſs, Sir, that the firſt Time I ſaw you, I could not help thinking to myſelf, that we had not, in all Probability, a compleat Gentleman, equal to yourſelf, in all this whole County. Notwithſtanding we have ſome pretty amazing Creatures to be found too. And now your Deportment, Sir, is a little tame and civil, I like you much better, if poſſible, than I did before.—And do you really, Madam, love my *Son*, as much as you ſpeak of? demanded the Farmer—I do aſſure you, Sir, reply'd *Maria*, I ſpeak as I think; and I am not aſham'd to own it.—Sir, ſaid her Aunt, I hope my *Niece* would not aſſert a Falſity; I never knew her guilty of it, yet.

Why then, Waunds and Guts! Madam, quoth Mr. *Dolt*, ſhe ſhall be the happieſt Woman in this City, before *Sunday* ſen'night, if ſhe'll but ſay the Word.—A Waunds, ſhall ſhe! anſwer'd his *Son*; for I'll do any Thing that ſhe has a Mind, if Father bids me. And I like her now ten times better than I did afore. So that, if ſhe has a Mind to be happy, as Father

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ther calls it, and will marry me To-morrow, she shall have my Consent. And that's as much as I can say. Is n't it, Father? — Ay, Lad; return'd the Farmer, it's all in her own Power now: So that, nothing is wanting, d'you see, but her own Consent, and that her Aunt says she has given already. And if so be, that she will but fix the Day, d'you see, why then all's over, and there's no more to be done. Come, what d'you say to't, Madam? Name the Time, and we'll attend you to the Minute.

I cannot, Sir, do that, reply'd *Maria*, as yet: I must wait a little further Advice first. But when I find it most convenient for my Purpose, I do assure you, Sir, I shall make but very little Scruple about it. But, as I see at present, no immediate necessity for such excessive Haste, you must excuse me a small Matter longer.

Odswounds! and Flesh! Madam, said Mr. *Dolt*, there's Necessity enough *now*, if you would but consider it. We live a great Way off, you know; and my Son is so plaguily in Love with you, that he can mind no Business in the World, till it be done and over. And then, d'you see, he'll be settled. —— He will so, return'd *Maria*, and so shall I too; to some Purpose. —— Why true, you would so, Madam, answer'd Mr. *Dolt*, and no body's Home

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is like their own Home, as the Saying is, young People are never to rights, d'you ſee, till they are marry'd. And Marriage is a holy State, according to the *Saints* and the *Prophets*, in the Holy Scripture; and it is a happy State; and a comfortable State, and a good State too, as any in the World. Ay, ay, Father, reply'd Mr. *Richard*, two hundred a Year Free-land, is a very good Eſtate, indeed; and I believe as good an Eſtate as any in our Pariſh. Is n't it Father?——I can't ſay that, anſwer'd Mr. *Dolt*, but we have few *Farmers* that have more. And when thou haſt gotten thy Wife's Portion, thou may'ſt be as good a Man as the High Sheriff of the County, for ought I know——Ay! or any of your Parliament Men; or, your Juſtices of th' Peace; or Overſeers of the Pariſh; or, the Lord of the Manor himſelf; or the King's Exciſeman either; ſhould n't I, Father? reply'd the Squire. No! no! Child: ſaid the Farmer, the Lord of the Manor you know is a very rich Man; and for ought I know, do you ſee, may be ſome Relation to the King himſelf; for every bit of his *Manor*, which is a prodigious Eſtate, d'you ſee, is call'd his Royalty: And I was told by ſomebody that underſtands thoſe kind of Matters, that it was given to ſome of his Family, I think in Queen *Anne*'s Time, by the King of *England*

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England himſelf. So that I fancy d'you ſee, that he muſt be ſome kind of a-kin to him; though perhaps it might be a ſort of a Baſtard too: Or, to ſome of the Royal Family.——— But come, Pox on't, what is it to us? they are great People, and above ſuch Folks as we are. And ſo let us talk of our own Buſineſs. Come, what ſay you Madam; ſaid he to *Maria*, when ſhall this Day be? Odsfleſh! I long to ſee it well over; that we may be all happy, do you ſee, for we are now at the World's-End, as the ſaying is; we can go no farther without your Anſwer. And if you'll pleaſe to nominate the Day, we ſhall all be ſatisfy'd. Here ſucceeded a general Pauſe; which ſhall put an End to this Chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

Wherein is shewn how they next Proceeded.

I TELL you what, Sir, said Mrs. *Johnson*, breaking their Chain of Silence, I see my *Niece* is very coy and tim'rous; and which, to be sure, is very far from being a Fault: But as she has been so obliging as to promise me her Consent, since she is now so bashful in the Case, to make her some Amends for her Condescension, if she will give *me* leave to Name the Wedding-Day, and will also keep to it; I will immediately make her a Present of an Hundred Pounds, out of my own Pocket, to buy her a Wedding-Suit; and what other little Things she may have a Mind to.——Will you, Madam? said *Maria*, why then, I must own I am infinitely obliged to you; and as a Proof of my Gratitude and Obedience, I will accept of your Proposal; and if I don't faithfully keep to the Day, I will be bound to forfeit you five hundred Pounds out of my own Fortune: Provided that it shan't be demanded of me in less than a Week from this present Time. I will take you at your Word, Child, return'd the Old Lady; and you may buy your Wedding-Cloaths as soon as you please, you shall have the Money

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to pay for them: And that your Spirits may not be too long burden'd, and hurry'd about it; if Mr. *Dolt* will ſo far oblige me, I will preſently acquaint him of the Time; and will alſo expect *his* and his Wife's Company that Day to dine with us; but *you*, my Dear, ſhall not know it until the very Morning. So that you may get every Thing ready as ſoon as you pleaſe, and be under no Concern about any thing but your Preparations, till I demand the Fulfilling of your Promiſe. Which I ſhall eſteem the greateſt Favour you ever yet did me. — Yes, Madam, anſwer'd *Maria*, and I hope, when that Day comes, you will not forget the *Nature* of your preſent Propoſals; which, for our better Satisfaction, you will now give me leave to repeat. You require that I ſhall abſolutely be marry'd on that very Day, which you ſhall think proper to appoint; and on this Condition, you will make me a Preſent of one hundred Pounds to buy my Wedding Cloaths, *&c.* This is what you require, Madam, and what you promiſe to perform, without any further Demand on me, or any other Conſideration for this kind Preſent? — That is all, and I will keep my Word with you, faithfully; reply'd her Aunt. ——— Why then, Gentlemen, ſaid *Maria*, I do abſolutely aſſure you, that the very Day whereon my Aunt demands it, ſhall be

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be my Wedding-day: Except any Thing ſhould intervene to croſs my Hope, more than what I already know of.

Here the old Farmer and his Son, and Mrs. *Johnſon*, were all elevated to the higheſt Degree of Spirits; ſo that they now begun a new and diverting Scene of Compliments. The Father ſaluted both the Ladies, and Mr. *Richard* followed him; but when he came to Miſs *Maria*, he would have given her fair Earneſt for the Bargain, by the ſtrongeſt Impreſſion on her Lips, if *Maria* had not put in her following Objections:

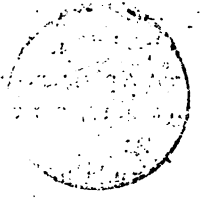
A civil Salute, Sir, ſaid ſhe, is very well; but I abſolutely forbid all vulgar Approaches, at leaſt, till the Law hath made me your's: And then I ſhall ſubmit as far as becomes a modeſt and obedient Wife. But till that Time comes, I will not be kiſs'd and pull'd about. Beſides, Sir, in my Opinion, it has rather a wanton than a prudent Appearance: And 'tis what I have not been uſed to, nor can approve of.

This was a terrible Baulk to the ſprightly Forwardneſs of the amorous Mr. *Richard*; who, could he but have had a fair Opportunity to ſhew himſelf, would, perhaps, have cut as good a Figure in his polite Amours, as half

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the empty-headed Blockheads in Town; who ſo commendably do ſubſcribe their Fortunes, Conſtitutions and Characters to maintain the Splendor and Luxury of all our abominable Stews; and to whoſe Ruin many of our fine Ladies of Fortune are ſhamefully ſacrificed to repair.

Every Thing being now adjuſted to their mutual Satisfaction, we ſhall not trouble our Readers with any further Paſſages at this Viſit; but only acquaint them that all Parties were deſired, by each other, to prepare for this great and joyful Day: And that the Farmer and his Son took their Leaves of Mrs. *Johnſon* and *Maria*, and returned home with all the Satisfaction and Tranſport, that Love and Succeſs could poſſibly inſpire them with.



CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

Containing the ungenerous and inhuman Steps, which Mr. GRAVEAIRS *took to Ruin the Fortune of* SILVIUS, *with* ANGELICA's *Grandmother.*

PERHAPS, ſome of our good-natured Readers may now think it high Time to take a little farther Notice of the Affairs of poor *Silvius*; and eſpecially as we have adopted him our favourite *Hero* in ſome of the ſubſequent Pages of this his true Hiſtory. To prevent, therefore, any further Longings at this Time, on that Head; we muſt beg leave to inform them, that the Reverend Mr. *Graveairs*, being moſt potently aggravated by the complicated Paſſions of Love, Envy, Malice and Revenge; the weakeſt of which four hath been the abſolute Ruin of many an unthinking Wretch; their Conflict was too powerful in his diſtemper'd Thoughts to ſuffer any Repoſe in his reſtleſs Mind, till their inward Cravings were ſomewhat appeaſed: However, he held it very impolitic to ſhew any ſudden Signs of what he by Force with-held from its violent inward Struggles to break forth. Wild Im-

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patience was the ready Advice of his moſt immediate Deſires; but Forbearance till a more ſuitable Opportunity, was the Doctrine of his more conſulted Thoughts.

Silvius was apprehenſive of ſome Evil-brewage working in his buſy Mind, by the lowring and ſullen Gloom that appeared in his peſtilent Viſage, at their aforementioned unexpected Sally upon his late occupied Office, as a Spy. But as he had now received ſuch a comfortable Aſſurance of his dear *Angelica*'s Love and Conſtancy; he had little Dread of what this malignant Worthy might, with his utmoſt Endeavour, contrive, or execute againſt him. But now, when *Silvius* was withdrawn, his Countenance began to chear up. But a leſs penetrating Eye than that of *Angelica*'s could have eaſily diſcovered that his ſerene Looks were no better than a downright Forgery: For they were attended with all the diſtinguiſhing Marks of Knaviſh-counterfeit. The Perſon and Intereſt of his Rival was what he was moſt jealous of; for, like moſt other Lovers, he was vain enough of his own captivating Charms to imagine that, had he but been her firſt Addreſſor, he had moſt aſſuredly carried her Heart, in ſpight of all other Candidates. Perhaps *Tully Cicero* never had a richer Opinion of

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of his own Eloquence, than this miſtaken Son of *Levi* had long poſſeſſed of his. And for perſonal Beauty, handſome *Fielding* was but a *Dicky-Dickinſon*, compared to the dear Idea he had form'd of his own delicate Figure. Therefore, as *Angelica*'s Heart was mortal, though her Charms were divine, he was not, in the leaſt, afraid but that he ſhould ſoon make her ſenſible of his Power, could he but once procure a Prohibition of the Viſits of this Monopolizer, the blooming and ſprightly *Silvius*. He would fain have been perfectly amicable and free with Miſs *Angelica*, after *Silvius* was gone; but ſhe was ſo little of a Hypocrite, that it was eaſy to diſcern that her Approbation was not yet ſtampt on any ſuch Licence. So that he was obliged to wait the Influence of a more propitious Star, before he durſt proceed any further on that Point. However, as much as ſhe employed his moſt favourable Thoughts and ſofteſt Wiſhes, the Reverſe of theſe were readily dedicated to the Service of poor *Silvius*. And he had ſoon an Opportunity of exerciſing his ſharp-pointed Spleen againſt him, though without the leaſt Benefit to himſelf.

For it happened a little Time after this Diſcovery of *Silvius* his Privacy with his beloved

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Angelica; that her *Grand-mama*, the Lady *Worthy*, being one Day out upon a Circular-airing, called at Mr. *Graveairs*'s Mother's to enquire after the Health of the Family; for there were alſo ſeveral *Daughters*, that is to ſay, *Siſters* to this pregnant Gentleman: And having always kept up an Intimacy in their Families, they now prevailed with the Lady *Worthy* to ſpend the greateſt Part of the Afternoon with them. During which Interval, the Pains of Travel ſo potently encreaſed upon him, that he found it impoſſible to endure the Burden of this unborn Bitterneſs, without the utmoſt Danger of burſting his full-fraught Gall: Therefore, he thought proper to deliver himſelf as follows:

Pray, Madam, ſaid he, Who was that pretty ſober-looking young Gentleman, that drank Tea with us, the laſt Time I preached at your Ladyſhip's? He ſeemed a mighty ſmart Youth, methinks. — Yes, Sir, reply'd her Ladyſhip, he is the Son of a very worthy Farmer in our Neighbourhood; and a Perſon that I have always had a very great Value for, ever ſince he was in *Frocks*. And I would once have adopted him my *own*, if his Father had approved of it: But my Propoſal for bringing of him up to your Profeſſion, was contrary to his Father's Inclina-

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Inclination I think: And ſo to prevent any Diſpute about it, the poor Child was immediately bound to a *Trade*, at ten Years of Age. I can't but ſay, it was a Sacrifice that hath given me ſome little Uneaſineſs: Becauſe I look upon myſelf in ſome Meaſure, as the Author of it. And I am yet the more concerned, becauſe I am informed that he has a moſt promiſing *Genius*, and is alſo very fond of Improvement; every body ſays, that his Gravity and Underſtanding ſurpaſſes the common Gifts and natural Inclinations of his Age. For which I own I am ſtill fond of him; notwithſtanding the Affront his Father put upon me in his Denial, and the barbarous Diſpoſal of the Boy. But as the Child could have no Weight in this inconſiderate Proceeding of his Father's, I ſhall never eſteem him the leſs for it.

To be ſure, Madam, returned Mr. *Graveairs*, your Ladyſhip is infinitely in the right; and the more Cauſe you had to reſent the Farmer's Refuſal, the greater is your Goodneſs in forgiving it. To return Good for Evil, is the higheſt Perfection of Chriſtian Excellence: And perhaps the hardeſt Practice to attain, that human Paſſions have to ſtruggle with. But it is far more eaſy to your Ladyſhip, than to

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many others in the World. Your natural Propenſity and Delight in all Kinds of Virtues are ſo united, that many of your Actions, which in other People, would even blaze out with alarming Brightneſs, are hardly taken Notice of in your Ladyſhip, by Reaſon of their frequent Likeneſſes from the ſame charitable Author. Becauſe the Sun is ſo common to the Sight of all, his Beams are ſcarcely regarded. But when the Blind are happily made Partakers of his heavenly Light, what inundating Tranſports ſwell their gladdened Souls? And ſo may it poſſibly be, Madam, with this unhappy Youth, whom we have now been ſpeaking of. He has ſo often taſted of your Ladyſhip's Favours, that they may not ſeem ſo rich to his high feaſted Senſes, as if he had known them leſs. However, Madam, I hope your Ladſhyip will not conſtrue any Ill in my Intentions, if I now make bold to propound one Queſtion to you: And more eſpecially, as I think it my moſt incumbent Duty not to let it paſs. In the third Chapter of *Eccleſiaſtes*, it is moſt wiſely written, *That there is a proper Time for the doing of every Thing under Heaven.* Now this applicable Text, Madam, is only intended as a proper Preparative to ſtand between the Cauſe of my late Neglect (as you may hereafter perhaps think it) and your Reſentment for my

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my ſo doing, if you ſhould happen to think it ſo. And what I would aſk, Madam, is no more than this; Are you as willing, now, that this young Man ſhould become your Grandſon, according to *Law*; as you were once, that he ſhould be your Son, according to the Doctrine of *Adoption?*

Sir, reply'd the Lady *Worthy*, I really am at a loſs for your Meaning.—Why then, Madam, ſaid Mr. *Graveairs*, I will be as plain in the Matter as I poſſibly can. I am afraid, Madam, that this young Man abuſes your kind Indulgence, unleſs he were ſure of your good Licence for his aſpiring Preſumption. And far be it from me to injure his Fortune or his Welfare, and eſpecially, Madam, in your good Opinion of him. But my Reaſon, my Office, my Duty, and the high Regard I ever had for your Ladyſhip's *Perſon* and *Family*, obliges me to conceal from you, no Part of what I have lately diſcovered. I fear, Madam, that this artful Youth is a moſt affected Hypocrite: And if ſo, there is neither End nor Bottom to the dangerous Depth of his vaſt Practice and Deſigns. Good Heaven defend us, continued he, from the perilous Power of *Diſſemblers!* For it is a ruinous Rock that all good People ought to dread. A Hypocrite is an Enemy to Truth; a Foe to Juſtice; and a Rebel to all the Laws

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of Honour, Honesty, and Gratitude. Therefore, I do most devoutly hope, that this agreeable young Man (for certainly he is very agreeable to look at) has your most assured Permission for what I am going to unfold. But first, Madam, what makes me to suspect his Sincerity, is, from my Observations in my Pulpit, the last Time I preached at *Worthy-Hall*: Where, in the Delivery of my Discourse, my Eyes were unavoidably and undesignedly directed, according to a customary Requisition in Preaching, over all the Circle of my Congregation: By which repeated Course, I constantly found the Eyes of this young Man, and Miss *Angelica*'s, too intently engaged in the Perusal of each other's Faces, to have any Regard to what I was then administring to them: And more especially as they bore a most visible Intelligence in their Glances, as nowise became the sacred Place they were then employ'd in. And which also argues a Dissimulation and false Worship. After the Service was over, Madam, I was more fully convinced of their sufficiently understanding the Wishes and Intimations of each other, which I am certain were no less than a criminal Concupiscence: For during the whole Time we passed at Tea, not a Moment escaped them, without some intelligent Look or Action; and as soon as the Table was put away, they

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they both withdrew. Some-time after this, Madam, it came into my Mind, that I would go into your large Room over the Hall, and peruse Part of an unfinish'd Sermon, which I had composed the Day before, and put into my Pocket for that very Purpose, as I had several Times done before. But, a little to my Disappointment, I found the Door fast within-side, and upon standing there a Moment, I heard the Voices of *this* young Man and Miss *Angelica*, in very amorous Terms, expressing the Dictates of their mutual Passions. And before I could well turn myself about, or resolve within me how to act, they opening of the Door, presented themselves before me, Hand in Hand. Indeed their sudden Excursion no less surprised *me* than I perceiv'd *my* unexpected Appearance amazed *them*. But after they had stood gazing at me, with immoveable Wonder, for some few Moments; and still Hand in Hand; the young Man, frowning in my Face, fell into a most frightful Fit, like horrid Madness; repeating Diabolical Phrases of *Hell!* and *Poison!* and *Vipers!* and *Blood!* and I know not what; that I was seized with the most ghastly Horror to hear his dreadful Expressions. However, he did not offer to assault me any further, as it happened; becaufe I made him no Reply; but went immediately down Stairs with the young

Lady:

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Lady: And indeed, I was sufficiently rejoiced at his Departure. When they were fairly gone, I went into the great Room, which they were just come out of; and began to consider with myself how I should proceed upon this Discovery; and soon determined to acquaint your *Ladyship* with the whole Truth, the very first Opportunity.

CHAP. VI.

Lady Worthy *has some Doubts in this Affair; she consults her* Son-in-Law *in it; with that Gentleman's judicious Opinion and Advice.*

WHEN Lady *Worthy* had heard the Conclusion of Mr. *Graveairs*'s last Speech, she was so divided in her Thoughts about it, that she knew not what to think, or how to reply to it. But what startled her most, was his Account of *Silvius*'s horrid Expressions; such Behaviour being so widely different from all she had ever before conceived or heard of him. But, as this was asserted to her, and delivered in so shocking a Manner, by

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a *Reverend* Gentleman, whom she had both an Esteem for, and had also known a great while, she had no room to doubt the Truth of it. Though she also thought, that this disagreeable Information was too hard an Impeachment upon the Taste and Understanding of her Grand-daughter *Angelica*: Whose Prudence she had never had the least Cause to suspect. As to *Silvius* and *Angelica's* bearing the highest Friendship for each other, it was no wonderful News to any one in her Family; and had it been found out, to be *as it really was*, a downright passionate Affection for each other; perhaps the *Old Lady* would never have caused a Tear of either Side, by *her* Interposition. But this Account of *Silvius*'s scandalous Prophanation, was by no means to be approved of. And therefore, after some little further Discourse with Mr. *Graveairs*, touching those Points, which terminated at every Period to the Disadvantage of poor innocent *Silvius*; the Lady *Worthy* having return'd him more Thanks for his Intelligence than was really his Due, took her leave of this cruel *Detractor* and his Family, and then went immediately to consult a *Son-in-Law* of her's, who lived hard by: To whom she told the whole Story, as above: Giving him at the same Time, all the Account she

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she could of *Silvius* and his Family. Mr. *Smith* (for that was this Gentleman's Name) soon hit upon an Expedient (if there should appear any real Occasion to make use of it) to the Satisfaction of the Lady *Worthy*, to prevent any Inconvenience or Disgrace from falling upon her Family, by the unwary Marriage of poor innocent, honest *Silvius* to the fair and lovely *Angelica*.

You know, *Madam*, said Mr. *Smith*, that the View which my *Sister* had, in leaving Miss *Angy* in *England*, was only to comfort and entertain you in your Declension of Life. You desired she might be left with you; as a remaining *Pledge* and *Memento* of that most faithful Love and Duty her *Mother* always bore you. She consented to it; and I am Witness to the great Pleasure you have so often expressed, by her dear and agreeable Company. Indeed, that she has never been trained at a Boarding School, nor versed in the Arts and Airs of City Misses, is perhaps owing to your Ladyship's particular Fondness for her pretty innocent Company. For, had her Mother been in *England*, it is very probable that she might have given her what is commonly termed a *Politer* Education. But whether that Education would have directed her to *better*, or *worse* Notions, I cannot pretend

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tend to determine. She certainly is now, both an amiable, good-tempered, and worthy Young Lady; and that she should be thrown away, and made wretched with an untaught, profligate and worthless Fellow, I own would grieve me to the very Soul. And indeed, I have some Hope that she has more Penetration and Prudence, than to suffer the Approaches of one so hateful to Human-understanding. It is true I have no Knowledge of the young Man you speak of; but I must confess, that the whole Relation, in my Opinion, has very little Probability in it. In the first Place, Madam, you say that you have known the young Man ever since his Infancy; that you have frequently seen and talked with him ever since his Apprenticeship; that he has a general good Character, that is to say, of a sensible, well behaved, modest and agreeable Youth: And that his Appearance to you hath ever been adequate to these Encomiums. Is it then reasonable, Madam, that a Lad of such general Behaviour should discharge such prophane Imprecations to a Man of sacred Function, without the least Provocation? And in your *Ladyship's* House too! And not only so, but in the Presence and sole Company of a modest and virtuous young Lady whom he loved, and should therefore consequently fear

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to offend? Could he imagine that such an unwarrantable, and unaccountable Proceeding, could either be agreeable to the young Lady whom he *addreſs'd*; or that he would not be complain'd of to your *Ladyſhip?* The natural Reſult of which muſt unavoidably terminate to his own certain Diſadvantage and Diſgrace, every way. On the other Hand, What View, what Intereſt could that *Reverend* Gentleman have in thus falſly accuſing, and detracting the Fame of an innocent Perſon, who was a mere Stranger to him? I muſt confeſs, Madam, that the whole Affair is ſo Paradoxical, to look at, that I neither know how to adviſe you, nor what to think of it. That the young Fellow is a little ſcandalized in this Matter, I am ſomewhat inclined to believe: But the only Way to be ſatisfied, or at beſt, the moſt likely Method of coming at the Truth, in my Opinion, is to ſound *Angelica*; and it is very poſſible ſhe may inform you of the whole Truth. I know Mr. *Scribblewell* intimately, and it is no difficult Thing to learn both this young Fellow's private and public Character. So that, if you perceive any Danger the only Way to avoid it, is to write an Account of the whole Story to her *Mother*, and ſend her over directly to *Liſbon*. I have been told that *Salt Water* is

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a very excellent Purgative for the Cure of *Love.* And if ſhe ſhould chance to fall into ſuch a ruinous Snare, while ſhe remains with you, I am confident that neither her *Mother* nor your *Ladyſhip* would ever be at Eaſe afterwards. Beſides, Madam, my Niece *Angelica* is really a very fine and beautiful Lady; and in my Opinion, would ſtand a much better Chance to make her Fortune in *Portugal*, than ſhe will here in *England.* Where nothing is regarded but according to its current Value: As *Hudibras* obſerves:

The intrinſick Value of a Thing,
Is juſt as much as it will bring. —

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.

Mr. Smith *profecutes his Diſcourſe to the Lady* Worthy; *and amazed her with the Story of the Lord* Squib.

HERE in *England*, Madam, continued Mr. *Smith*, it is to be obſerved that all Things are to be attained by the Dint of Money only; in *Portugal*, fine Women are a very ſcarce Commodity. And a beautiful Woman, if ſhe hasDiſcretion, and looks well about her, may eaſily make her Fortune. But here, Madam, 'tis Money *only*, I ſay, that can make you either Honourable, or Worthy; and Numbers of our firſt *Quality*, who are *thereby* no leſs than ſacred, and who conſtantly make ſuch a mighty Rout about their *Rank*, and their *Families*, and their *Honour*, and ſuch Stuff; but two or three Generations ſince, were no greater than the honeſt *Trades-People*, they now ſo much deſpiſe and contemn. Some were raiſed by *Accident*, ſome by *Induſtry*, ſome by *Marriage*, and ſome by *Vice*. While others are *ruin'd* by *Good-Fortune*, as the World terms it.

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And although, Madam, you may perhaps imagine that this Diſcourſe is a little Digreſſing from the preſent Buſineſs in Hand; yet, with your *Ladyſhip's* Leave, I muſt beg to relate a Story to you, which, as extravagant as it may ſeem to you, Madam, I know myſelf to be true. And the Introduction of which at this Time is only to ſhew your Ladyſhip, that I am far from thinking, that my Couſin *Angelica* would be more happy in a Huſband with a *Title* or a large Fortune, than with this young Fellow, if he be a deſerving Man; but perhaps the Reverſe. For Honour, Honeſty, Good-Nature, Gratitude or Underſtanding, are not always Companions conjoin'd to the *higheſt Titles*; an Inſtance of which the following Story will ſhew.

One Mr. *Lowland*, continued Mr. *Smith*, a worthy Country-Gentleman, was born to a Pretty-fortune, which by his own Induſtry and the Indulgence of Providence, he at length improved to an immenſe Eſtate: He had but one Child, which was a very beautiful *Daughter*, and who at the Age of about Sixteen, became greatly admir'd by the Lord *Squib*, Son and Heir to the Lord *Strut*: And who took it into his Right Honourable Head to make his Addreſſes to her: And at length, by her Father's ambitious, Conſent, and

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and Advice, she marry'd him. For some Time, this Affair was kept a profound Secret from the World; but at length, it was by some Means or other, discovered to the Lord *Strut*, who thereupon, looking on his Family as being greatly dishonour'd by this *scandalous* Match, loudly inveighed against this Criminal-Indignity of his *Son's* Proceedings; insomuch that he refused to see him, or to pronounce his Forgiveness on any Account: Nor did he ever give him a single Shilling Fortune, to the Hour of his Death. The World, according to Custom, on this Occasion, divided in Opinion: Some commended the *Father*, and blamed the *Son*; while others commended the *Son* and condemned the *Father*. But however, this was no manner of Service to the poor Gentleman, nor his Daughter: For that *Noble Lord* remained so inflexible in his judicious Resolution, that no Persuasion could work his Forgiveness towards this degenerate *Son*. So that he having now no Income, but what proceeded from his bounteous *Father-in-Law*; and at the same Time, considering himself (by that Powerful-bubble, his *High-birth*) in the Lofty-Rank of *Noble*, no Part of *Old England* was good enough to bear his honourable Weight, in a worse Equipage than a Coach, and a Brace or Leash of Footmen.

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And though he had not a Shilling of his own, yet, his *Wife's* Father maintain'd him ſix good Horſes to it, and all other Requiſites in Proportion, for a great many Years together. And indeed both *he* and his *Wife* muſt have ſtarved, and his *Lordſhip* might have periſhed in a *Jail*, if this Gentleman had not ruined his hard-got Eſtate to keep up the Splendor and Dignity of his Son-in-Law's *empty Title*; And what think you, Madam, was hisReward, for all this voluntary Bounty? Why, he was afterwards, ſo very grateful to him, that he dealt by this *worthy* generous Man as a *Wolf* would do by a *Sheep*, that had compounded with him for his Life: Firſt, ſuck'd his beſt Blood, as long as the vital Stream would flow, and then ſtript off his Skin to wear as an honourable Trophy of his Power and Ingratitude; for now his *Lordſhip* having drain'd the Old Gentleman of near an Hundred Thouſand Pounds, and almoſt his *laſt*, to ſupport his unbounded Pride, Luxury, Debauchery, and Extravagance, according to his Rank, his Father at length died; whereby, he became poſſeſſed of all his hereditary Titles and Eſtates. When, to make him and his Daughter ſome Amends for all former Benefits and Indulgences, no ſooner was he crown'd with all this

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new Affluence and Dignity, but the poor *Lady* (to make more Room for high Faſhion, and black Ingratitude) was left, and abandon'd, with all her Children, for the ſake of more attractive and worthy Charms in that of a ſcandalous, and moſt infamous, *Common-ſtrumpet.*

Yet, Madam, this virtuous and worthy Lady, under theſe Inſults, while her honourable Lord was purchaſing the Ill-opinion, Ill-report, Diſreſpect, and even the utmoſt *Contempt* of every Perſon who heard of his Atchievements; *ſhe*, by her patient Reſignation, affable Behaviour, and charitable Endeavours, gained *all* the Love, Honour and Eſteem that could poſſibly be paid to the *moſt Deſerving* of her Sex.

Now, Madam, ſaid Mr. *Smith*, let us obſerve; this truly worthy, and moſt amiable Lady, was, by *Birth*, no greater than the Daughter of a *Country Grazier*. And her moſt humane! generous! grateful! and Right honourable Huſband, could boaſt the thundering, aweful Sounds of Puiſſant! Noble, *&c.* from his firſt *Breath*. Now, pray Madam, which of theſe two Perſons had the moſt diſtinguiſh'd Marks of *real* Honour, and *true* Nobility?

Good

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Good Heaven! cry'd the Lady *Worthy*, is it poſſible that there are ſuch illuſtrious and inſenſible Impoſtors in the World? Ay, marry is there, Madam; anſwered her Son-in-Law, a great many ſuch; which I could eaſily point out; if it were but worthy of my Time. So that if my Niece *Amgelica* were really married, with her own Liking, to a worthy Perſon, free from Indigence and Infamy, by my own Choice, I would rather he ſhould be a reputable *Tradeſman*, ſuch as this young Fellow, provided he has a fair Character, than the *firſt-born Lord* in the Kingdom. But if we find, Madam, that her Affections are entangled with a looſe and worthleſs Perſon, we muſt abſolutely ſend her to her Mother, without loſing Time. For there ſhe will not only be out of his Reach, but alſo under the continual Guardage of a watchful Parent. But this, Madam, may be the Reſult of our future Occaſions.

This Advice extreamly well ſuited with the Liking of the Lady *Worthy*; and ſhe now found her Mind much more eaſy than before. But ſhe could not drive the above Story of the Lord *Squib* from her Memory, with her very utmoſt Endeavour. And to the peaceable Reflections of which, and other material Buſi-

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neſs we ſhall now leave her *Ladyſhip*; and enquire at more Leiſure into the Particulars of her ſubſequent Proceedings.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing a very curious Digreſſion; and Mr. Scribblewell's *Opinion of* Maria's *Treaty with Mr.* Richard Dolt.

WE cannot but think that our Biographical Employment is ſomewhat in *Likeneſs* to that of a Phyſician in ſmall Practice: Who having but few Patients to viſit, we are willing to make what Shew we can, by rolling about to them in ſuch alternate Courſe, as, that a Perſon of ſhallow Inſpection, would think we have the Devil and all of Buſineſs; and full as much as we can turn our Hands to. But it is very eaſy for our more penetrating Readers to perceive that our Circle, at preſent, is very narrowly contracted. However, ſtill like the *Phyſician*, the further our Skill and Practice are exerciſed; and the more we are *known* to the World, the larger is our Scope of Action extended. But if our good *Readers*

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would but permit us to ſuppoſe themſelves our *Patients*, the Metaphor in making *ourſelf* a *Phyſician* would yield us much more Plenty of Matter, for our great learning and Judgment to work upon: and whereby we might eaſily prove a ſufficient Fulfilling of the following phyſical Proverb; that one Man's *Meat* is another Man's *Poiſon*. For we ſhould certainly find that every *different* Chapter and Page would have a very *different* Effect on their *different* Taſtes and Conſtitutions. What would *amuſe* and *entertain* one Perſon, would give another the *Spleen*; that which would *heal* and comfort the Stomach and Bowels of ſome, would *vomit* and *purge* others; what one Perſon would *ſmile* at, and be pleaſed with, another perhaps would *grin* at: And what would put ſome People into ſtrong *Sweats*, would throw others into an *Ague*. So that the ſame Thing that puzzles and thwarts the *Judgment* and *Succeſs* of moſt good *Phyſicians*, is the very *ſame* Impediment to the *Succeſs* of us *Authors*: That is to ſay, *different Conſtitutions*; when all of us preſcribe according to the moſt approved Rules of all Colleges, with the utmoſt Regard to the *different Complaints*, *Ages*, *Symptoms*, *Complexions*, *Avocations*, and our repeated and ſucceſsful *Experience* into the

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Bargain; would not one readily expect a certain *happy* Iſſue from *all this* our great Judgment, Practice, and Caution? *No*, the Events *prove* otherwiſe: Becauſe ſo uncertain and continually changing are all Material Beings, that there is no ſafe Dependance on the ſame Thing for even but one ſingle Moment. Nay, the very Changing of a Man's *Temper* will produce an immediate Alteration in *every one* of his *Senſes*. Which will alſo have the *ſame* Effect on every Thing he *meddles* with: So hoping, that if our *Readers* cannot turn this Metaphorical-Digreſſion, in any Reſpect, to their *own* Advantage; we humbly truſt they will make what Uſe they can of it to *Ours*. And ſo we return to the Service of the Virtuous *Maria*.

When the *two* Mr. *Dolts* were departed, as we have before related, the good Aunt, Mrs. *Johnſon*, took Miſs *Maria* into her Chamber, like an affectionate Matron; and gave her a documental Leſſon touching her future Behaviour when ſhe ſhould become that very happy Creature, *Mrs.* (or perhaps) *Madam Dolt*. *Maria*, received this freſh Token of her Beneficence with great Reſpect and Thankfulneſs: And promiſed to obſerve it faithfully, when that Time ſhould come to paſs. Upon which

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the *Old Lady* immediately made good her Promiſe of the Hundred Pounds, to furniſh forth her *Bridal*-Embelliſhments. And while the Tranſport was yet warm, ſhe further offered her *Niece* her Company with her to chuſe thoſe *fatal* Attirements: Which *Maria* very thankfully accepted of.

But when Mr. *Scribblewell* was informed that the Match was actually agreed upon; and that his Niece *Maria* had conſented to it, he could not muſter up Faith enough to credit their Report, till theſe new purchaſed *Robes of Joy* were produced as a Proof; and which ſoon convinced his Doubts. And when he was fully ſatisfied that it was ſo, the firſt Token of his Approbation was expreſſed in theſe Words:

Well, Madam, ſaid he, I muſt indeed pay you the Compliment of the beſt Negociator I every yet knew; for if any one had told me that you could have brought about that Match with the free Conſent of *all* Parties, and upon *good* Terms, I would have laid them an Hundred Guineas to a ſingle Shilling of the *Miſcarriage*. But ſince it is done, ſo much to all your Likings, I give you Joy of it: But, by G—d! if you had wanted my Conſent in the Matter, your Meaſures

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would have been moſt confoundedly broken. And my Opinion of the Conſequence is this, that the *Grey Mare* muſt be infinitely the *better Horſe*, or the *Load* of Matrimony will go but *ſlow* and *lamely* on. And, by my Faith, I think they are both to be pitied: The young Fellow will be certainly *horn'd*, and his Wife will be *horn-mad*; for neither *Art* nor *Nature* ever meant them to *tally* together, I am ſure. Therefore, in my Opinion it is a moſt ruinous Impoſition on both Sides.

Maria heard this her Uncle's Declaration, without the leaſt Reply or Alteration of Countenance: So that, whether ſhe approved or condemn'd it, our Readers may gueſs as near as we can do. As for Mrs. *Scribblewell*, ſhe was always a Perſon of very few Words; nor ever troubled herſelf with any of their Politics. For as ſhe never had any Daughter of her *own*, and her Mother taking the full Charge and Management of *Maria* upon herſelf; ſhe never attempted the leaſt Concern about any of herProceedings. Not but that ſhe was very fond of her, and they had always maintained the greateſt Harmony and Affection towards each other imaginable.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

Containing Diverſity of Matter; and a ſecond Viſit of Mr. Samuel Wilful's *to Miſs* Maria.

SILVIUS was the only Perſon in the Family that could gueſs at any After-game *Maria* had to play, if ſhe had any ſuch Deſign; and although ſhe had many times told him, that ſhe never intended to marry Mr. *Dolt*, yet the Sight of her *Wedding-Cloaths* gave him now a great deal of Uneaſineſs. *Maria* had no Occaſion to ſeek for a ſpeedy Viſit from her devoted Mr. *Samuel Wilful*, for his Friend *Silvius* ſoon found an Opportunity to acquaint him of his perilous Situation, and of the Purchaſe of thoſe *Wedding* Habiliments, adviſing him by all Means to loſe no Time in the Prevention of his Ruin. Poor *Sam*, at firſt was dreadfully alarmed at this Information; but at laſt his Hopes increaſed, when *Silvius*, to comfort him, aſſured him that *Maria* had often declared to him, that ſhe hated the very Thoughts of her amorous Mr. *Dolt*: But while thoſe two were debating on the preſent Sub-

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ject, one Mr. *Snap*, a Lawyer's Clerk, who was intimate with them *all* (for Mr. *Robert* was now alſo, one of their Company) came up to *Silvius*, and ſaluted him thus:

Prithee, *Silvius*, what the Devil art thou about? I could almoſt knock thy Brains out for thy inſenſible Neglect. I always took thee for a Lad of Penetration and Taſte, but now I find myſelf greatly miſtaken. —— Why, what's the Matter? demanded *Silvius*. — The Matter! anſwered Mr. *Snap*, why thou haſt miſſed the making of thy Fortune? And I think thou deſerveſt thy Bones broke for it. Zounds! to live in the ſame Houſe with ſo fine a Girl, and ſo good a Fortune, too; and ſuffer a Clodheaded, ignorant Blockhead to carry her off, without attempting her Reſcue! You deſerve to be crucify'd for it: She is abſolutely the fineſt Girl in the City. And if I had not always imagined that ſhe muſt certainly be Food for thee at laſt, I ſhould have had a Chop at her myſelf, before now.

But what Warrant, what Grounds have you for all this? ſaid *Silvius*; I aſſure you, you tell me News; for I know of no ſuch Wedding that is even ſo much as intended, or thought on.——Nay, I don't doubt, ſaid the *Lawyer*, but that they will keep it as ſecret

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as they can, till it is over; but I can assure you it is true; and that it will be all over the Town in a Day or two, no doubt, in spight of their Teeth. *My* Master, I can tell you, is very much concerned at it; for he says, that he knows the young Fellow who is to marry her: And says also, that there is not a greater *Booby* in Nature. The Way that we came to know of it, is I believe as certain as any can be; for your *Old Mistress*, Madam *Johnson*, has given my *Master* Instructions to prepare the Marriage Articles with all the Speed we could; and which I have this Day *ingrossed*. And I know every Particular of the whole Affair. Nay, I believe I may have my Master's *rough* Copy of them at this Time in my Pocket.—Here, for a further Proof and Satisfaction, Mr. *Snap* search'd his Pockets and produced them; which as much astonished them all, as though he had shewn them the most noted Sign in Town. However, they all of them put on a seeming Surprize, which convinced the honest *Lawyer* (Heaven forgive the Expression) that he had been the Author of very strange News. This however confirmed the two *Wilfuls* in what *Silvius* had just before delivered to them. So that he advised Mr. *Samuel* to dress himself a little

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ſpruce immediately, and go along with him Home: And if there could be any Opportunity for it, *Maria* and he ſhould have another Trial for it. This was approved of, and accordingly it very fortunately happened that *Maria* was juſt coming out of the Garden, as *Silvius* and his Friend were going into it. Upon which they immediately ſaluted each other with a great Flaſh of Lightning from their Eyes, which inſtantly heated their Cheeks as red-hot as a Thunderbolt. But had *Daphne* conceived the ſame tender Sentiments for *Apollo*, as *Maria* had now for Mr. *Wilful*, ſhe never would have flown from the Embraces of the *God*, to be turned into ridiculous *Wreaths* to adorn the Cuckoldly-brows of inſpired *Poetical* Fools, or quarrelſome *fighting* Madmen.

When their firſt Hurry of Spirits was a little abated, *Silvius* aſked *Maria*, if ſhe would come to him in his own Apartment; for that he had ſomething very material to ſay to her. She was too ſenſible what the Buſineſs was, to need the aſking any further Queſtions; and ſhe was alſo too honeſt-hearted, as well as inwardly reſolved, to make the leaſt Difficulty of granting a Favour, which ſhe ſo ſincerely wiſhed to be aſked. Therefore, ſhe

deſired

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desired them to amuse themselves for a Minute or two in the Garden, to prevent any Suspicion in her Aunt *Johnson*, who might perhap see them through the Window, and she would go directly into his Chamber, and wait there till he came. This was complied with, when presently the Parties met to their mutual Satisfaction: For after some Time was spent (not in idle Toying, but in the most solid and essential Debates; throwing off all simple Affectation on both Sides) it was at length agreed between them thus: That *Maria* would further consider upon what Mr. *Samuel Wilful* had at those *two* different Visits declared to her; and that if nothing further arose to his Disadvantage hereafter, more than what she at present knew of; she might yet, possibly determine on something in his particular Behalf. But that, he should leave the whole Management of it entirely to her own Will and Pleasure. And that, if he thought it worth his while, to hold himself in Readiness, against th Time she might think proper to send for him, she might very possibly reward his Patience.

All this being readily comply'd with, the Agreement was seal'd between them, by the sweetest Compressure of their *meeting-Lips*. And

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then they adjourned, ſeemingly with much lighter Hearts, on either Side, than they had felt for ſome Time paſt.

The next Morning, *Silvius* endeavoured to ſound *Maria*, what might be the Concluſion of her Deſign. But that was not yet to be publiſh'd. And therefore our *Readers*, as well as *ourſelves*, muſt patiently wait the Iſſue. The next Day, the Marriage Writings were brought Home, and a little Time after, the *Wedding-Cloaths* being made, and every Thing got into perfect Readineſs; the *Old* Lady ſent Word to Mr. *Dolt* of their finiſhed Preparations, and appointed the Time for their Marriage. Poor *Maria* was quite ignorant of this Step, till the next Day; when her Heart was moſt dreadfully alarmed, by the unexpected Appearance of the *Father* and *Son*: And ſhe was pretty confident that the mighty Day was not far off, as ſoon as ſhe heard that they had brought a Cloak-Bag with them; and that they were to ſup and lye there that Night. But if this only had ſuch an Effect upon her, how much more was ſhe ſtartled the ſame Evening, when Mr. *Samuel Wilful* acquainted her, through the Mouth of *Silvius*, as we ſhall more particularly ſhew, that they had both been together at *his* Office for a Licence?

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Licence? This ſudden News was almoſt too powerful for her to withſtand; and was very near throwing her into *Fits*. She had the Palpitations ſo ſtrong, and ſo ſucceſſively upon her poor tender Heart, that the Effect was full as much as ſhe well knew how to deal with. But at length, having muſtered up all her Reſolution, Courage and Deſigns, ſhe began to be Miſtreſs again of her more temperate Reaſon: And ſo we ſhall leave her to propondérate and refreſh herſelf till the Beginning of the next Chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

The two Mr. Dolts *repair to Mr.* Samuel Wilful's *Office for a* Licence, *upon which* Silvius *contrives a* new Plot.

IF *Maria* was affected at the Sight of the lovely Mr. *Dolt* and his *Father*, poor *Sam Wilful* was much more ſo, when they came to his *Office* and demanded a Licence to eſpouſe *Maria Fairly*. The very Mentioning of her Name, ſtruck him almoſt ſpeechleſs. He was ready to drop down dead at the Sound. But having a little recovered himſelf, he began to aſk them ſome few Queſtions, for his Heart miſgave him plaguily. Pray, Gentlemen, ſaid he, is this *Licence* to be made Uſe of to Day? Becauſe if it be, we have no Stamps ready; nor ſhall have till very late at Night. But if you will tell me where I ſhall wait upon you, I will bring the *Licence* to you as ſoon as it can poſſibly be filled up.—*Stamps filled up!* Returned Maſter *Richard*, what a Pox are *they?* If you have none of them ready now, as you ſay, why, let us have a Licence *without* Stamps filled up, as you call them, and let's have what's

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what's wanting To-morrow or next Day, or when you will. But I believe we shall not want them till To-morrow Morning; shall us *Father*? No, no, Lad; said the Farmer, To-morrow is to be the Day, I think.—Here, Mr. *Samuel* perceiving the Richness of their Ignorance, began to gather much Hope from it; but this Discovery furnish'd him with as fine a Mixture of Hopes and Fears, as ever took Place in the Breast of a Client at Law, or a young Soldier when entering the Field of Battle in his first Engagement. At last, after several trifling and insignificant Questions, and receiving full as good Answers, it was agreed that Mr. *Samuel Wilful* should wait on them at Mr. *Scribblewell*'s with the Licence at Nine of the Clock next Morning. For, by this Time he had beat it into their Heads, what Stamps were; and that a Licence could not be good without them. So that, having given him full Directions, and the requisite Sureties, they departed from the Office very well satisfy'd.

But poor *Silvius*, when he found how near Things were now come to a Crisis, was under as much Concern as either *Maria* or *Wilful* could be. And although he had as great an Opinion of *Maria*'s Integrity and Understanding, as of any of her *Sex*; yet, he had not Faith enough to trust to her Stability: And therefore, after

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after much Reflection within himself, he projected a Scheme whereby to put it absolutely out of her Power to break her Word with him, even if she would.

They had a *Maid* Servant, who was a very honest, sensible and agreeable Girl, that waited on *Maria*, and her Aunt *Johnson*; and who had lived with them a great many Years. To this young Damsel he broached this Secret; who having heard the Scheme fully explain'd, presently signify'd to him her Approbation, and full Consent to assist his Purpose, through the whole Progression of it: Whereupon he instantly prepared, with all the Care and Expedition he could, to put it into Execution. He flew immediately to both the *Wilfuls*, in order to gain their requisite Assistance in his Project, and who, as soon as they came to understand it, were out of their very Wits with Joy, at only the bare Conceit of it. Being thus far successful, the Plot had now a good Face; for they had but one more Confederate necessary to crown their best Hopes: Which was Mr. *Snap*, the Attorney's Clerk, to whom they next apply'd. And having in the first Place sounded him, how far he might incline to their Interest, they found him ripe and ready to their Wish. Therefore, they opened the whole Scene to his View: And which indeed rendered him no disagreeable

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Proſpect. For Mr. *Snap* was a young Gentleman of very good Parts, and an intimate Companion of them all; So that he very willingly accepted of a *Part*, and in the laſt *Act* of it, became a very conſiderable and uſeful *Actor* in their *Play*.

Now they ſeem'd to have gotten Dame Fortune in a Corner, and ſo ſurrounded her by the *Group*, that the old blind *Brimſtone* could not eaſily make her Eſcape. Every Thing went on ſwimmingly: For now all convenient Preparations being quite compleat, and Supper over, Maſter *Richard* and *Silvius* became very great; ſo that they agreed that Night to *lie* together: But having drank a little more this Evening than uſual, Mr. *Richard* ſeem'd in the moſt elevated Degree of Spirits. So that it ſtill more favour'd honeſt *Silvius*'s Plan, and who, when they were got into their *Bedchamber*, began to try the Power of his laſt Spring in this ingenious Machine.

Ah! Maſter *Dolt!* ſaid *Silvius*, you are the happieſt Man in the whole World, What a delicate Creature are you To-Morrow to take Poſſeſſion of? Many a Man would part with a Leg or an Arm, on Condition of being in your Place. And a Lady who *loves* you too, nay, almoſt *doats* upon you! I don't doubt, if the Truth were known, but that ſhe would be glad

if

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if it were done To-Night.—Odsflesh! Nor I neither, Ecod! reply'd the merry *'Squire*, and she may thank herself for it, for it was her own Fault that it was not done before. *Father* knows very well, that I was willing enough, ever since he spoke to me about it first, and if it had not been for her own pouting Humour, it might have been all over a Week ago, and more.

Well Sir, and it's Pity it had not been done a *Week ago*, return'd *Silvius*; it is an old Saying that Delays are dangerous; and another Proverb says, that nobody can tell what may happen between the *Cup* and the *Lip*. And Egad, I can tell you, between you and I, there's a clever young Fellow that lays very close Siege to her. And nobody knows what may yet happen before To-Morrow Noon. But I tell you what, Master *Dolt*; there is a Thought just come into my Head, that if you have a Mind to try for Security sake, we'll endeavour to put it into Execution. I know that *Maria* loves you almost to Distraction; now if she ben't gone to Bed, What if we should send to speak with her, and see if she would give her Consent to marry you To-night in this very Bedchamber? If she really loves you, she will not refuse you: And if she will consent, I would willingly give you up my Part of the Bed, with all my Heart; for

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for methinks I would not willingly see you disappointed: And then too, you might enjoy the Blessings of this Night, and nobody the wiser for't. And Egad! now I think of it, what is still more lucky for you, the very Parson who is to marry you in the Morning, is at this Time in the House too; so that if you can but persuade *Maria* to consent, I don't doubt but that the Gentleman had as lief do it To-night as in the Morning. For you know, Sir, that so long as he is paid for it, it can make no Odds to him. Come, what say you, Master *Richard?* Should you like to have a Night's Lodging now with one of the finest Girls in the Kingdom; that you might laugh at the *Old People* in the Morning, and let them see that you could get yourself a *Wife* without any of their Assistance? There will be some Honour and Credit in that, won't there?

By the Flesh! returned the *'Squire*, and so there would! And if so be, that she will but consent, it would be one of the best Jokes in the World. Ecod! I'd give a Crown out of my own Pocket, it were but done, only for the Fun o'th'thing.—But what shall we do for a Ring? Reply'd *Silvius*.—Odsflesh! answer'd Master *Richard*, I have got the very Ring in my Pocket that Father bought to Day, for the very *Nonce*.—Have you? That's lucky, said *Silvius*

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Silvius, and I'll get a Book; so that if we can but perſuade *Maria* to conſent, we ſhall be right, and I'll ſee for her Maid directly.—Here *Silvius* left the *'Squire*, and ſtept into the Room where they were *all* waiting for him, and in a Minute after return'd to him with *Maria*'s Maid *Betty*, to whom *Silvius* open'd the Matter, thus:

Mrs. *Betty*, we have a great Favour to beg of you; you know that this Gentleman is to be marry'd to your young Lady To-morrow Morning, and as one Night will make no very great Difference, he ſays, that he ſhall look upon it as the greateſt Obligation in the World, as well as the higheſt Teſtimony of her Love towards him, if ſhe will kindly conſent to eſpouſe him privately, this very Night; that they may diſappoint the *Old* People, and laugh at their *own* ingenious Contrivance in the Morning: And you may alſo tell her, that nobody ſhall know of this Secret but *ourſelves*.

Ay, reply'd Maſter *Richard*, beſides all the *Fun* we ſhall have betwixt *this* and *then*; beſure tell her of *that*: And you may tell her too, that we have got a *Ring* and a *Book* and a *Parſon* ready; ſo that it will ſoon be over, if ſhe will but come, and then we may go to *Bed* directly; for this Gentleman, my Friend here, ſays as how he'll lie ſomewhere elſe, o' Purpoſe to make

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make Room for her; and that's good-natured now, is not it?—Yes, Sir, reply'd *Betty*, and I do assure you, that I'll do my utmost Endeavour to persuade her to it.—And so saying, she went out of the Room on her pretended Embassy.

CHAP. XI.

Betty *succeeds in her Attempt upon certain Terms, which are agreed to: And the* 'Squire *is thereupon* married.

IN less than a quarter of an Hour, *Betty* return'd to *Silvius* and the *'Squire*, who were both waiting for her with the utmost Impatience. When she deliver'd her Answer as follows.—I assure you Sir, I have taken a great deal of Pains for you: And my *Lady*, Sir, gives her kind Love and Service to you, and says, that she would willingly oblige you in what you request of her, but that she shall be so horridly ashamed, that she shan't know what to do. But however, if you insist upon it, and will promise to let her be marry'd with a Handkerchief over her Face, to hide her Blushes; and that she shall get up in the Morning before it is quite light,

she

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ſhe will, to oblige you, grant your Requeſt; but on no other Conſiderations.—To which, Maſter *Richard* reply'd, Ay, ay, with all my Heart; let her *bluſh* how ſhe will; or wear her *Handkerchief* how ſhe will; or get up when ſhe will; it will be the ſame Thing to me: I can get up in the Morning as ſoon as ſhe can, an that be all. But if ſhe loves me half as much as ſhe talks, I'll warrant her, ſhe won't be in no more Haſte to get up in the Morning, nor I ſhall. And ſo, do you hear, you may deſire her to make what Haſte ſhe can; Will you, young Woman?—I will, Sir; ſaid *Betty*, making her Exit.

As ſoon as the Maid was gone, *Silvius* demanded of Maſter *Richard*, Whether he ſhould go and fetch the *Parſon* there?—Ay, do my dear Friend! return'd he; and bid him be ſure to bring his Book with him. Egad! I wiſh it was over, with all my Heart.

Here, *Hymen* appear'd ſo propitious to their Wiſhes, that he lighted up all his beſt *Flambeaux*; and having hired as many *Linkboys* to attend this Ceremony, as any light-headed *Author* can imagine, their Nuptials were as blazing to our Fancy, as the Proceſſion of any *Mock*-Funeral in the Cities of *London* or *Weſtminſter*. So that now Mr. *Silvius* and the *Parſon*, and Mr. *Robert Wilful*, and the *Lady*, being all together aſſembled with the *'Squire*, the Solemnity was perform'd without any

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any further Heſitation on either Side: When Mr. *Robert Wilful* being recommended by *Silvius*, as his Friend, for that Purpoſe, performed the Part of a generous *Father*, and gave the *Lady* away. As ſoon as the Ceremony was over, the Gentlemen all ſaluted the *Bride*, and having wiſhed them both *Joy*, they all withdrew; and then the *Lady* put out the Candle, for which the ſame Excuſe was now made to the *Bridegroom*, as was for her Wearing the Handkerchief-Veil: That is to ſay again, to hide her Bluſhes.

This vulgar terreſtrial greaſy *Light* being now extinguiſhed by the ſacred Hand of the fair and lovely *Bride*; the puiſne *Hymen*, like a *modern Undertaker*, immediately muſtered all his *Links* within the hallowed Circle of their *Curtains*; where their immortal Joys were *lighted up* with ſuch Extatic-Flame, as may perhaps *warm* the Imagination of ſome of our youthful Readers but to think on. But being now happily and lawfully ſuppoſed in the great Work of Conſummation, we ſhall make no further Scrutiny into the Progreſſion of this lucky Night's Adventure, till *Phœbus* had ſignified to the *Drowſy*-World his ſudden Deſigns of viſiting their Works. At which glimmering Signal, the watchful *Bride*, as conſcious of her mighty *Change*, ſtole unheeded from the Ruſtic, ſnoring

Spoiler

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Spoiler of her preſent Reſt, and flew to her *own* Apartment to finiſh her Attirings. The *Morning-Lark* had ſcarcely begun his early *Song*, to warble forth the Praiſes of his *Maker*, the natural and real Tribute of his Due, but the buſy Houſe were all broke looſe from the *Downy* Chains of *Morpheus*'s Magic-Power. The wearied *Bridegroom*, being perhaps a little affected by the ſecret Pleaſures of *the* Night, was now the very laſt that took his leave of his attractive Pillow. But this being a *ſacred* Day, that happens but ſeldom in the Courſe of Life, the blooming *Maria*, notwithſtanding her laſt Night's Nuptials, was yet required to deck her beauteous Perſon againſt a *ſecond* Marriage; and Mr. *Richard* was likewiſe ſummon'd to be ready for the *ſame* Purpoſe. All Labour was now poſtponed, and nothing was *this* Day to be thought on, but Mirth and Jollity. The *Old* Lady, *Maria*'s Aunt, had alſo, on this tranſporting Occaſion, complimented her beloved Niece with a Suit of all entire New; every Perſon, and every Part about *the* Houſe, appeared with all the pleaſanteſt Preſentments of a general joyful *Holiday*.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.

Containing some very Entertaining Matters.

WHEN Breakfaſt being over, the Bride and Groom *Elect*, with all their jocund *Train* were ſummon'd to attend the Proceſſion to the *Church*. *Maria* was attired like a *Princeſs*, and indeed was as ſweet and beauteous as a *Goddeſs*: But Mr. *Richard* could ſcarce contain within the agitated Boundaries of his Breaſt, the mighty *Secret* of the laſt Night's Work. However, he was under great Conſtriction, by all the Parties concerned, not to explode it till they ſhould give him leave. And indeed, now he had not long to bear the grievous Burden. For before *Maria* ſet forth, to enter into this moſt ſolemn Covenant, ſhe thought it very eſſential to ſee thoſe Articles executed which had been before *agreed* upon, and were ready prepared, between her Guardian *Aunt* and her propoſed *Father-in-Law*. This important Buſineſs had been deferr'd till this Morning by Conſent; becauſe the Licence was not yet ready: But Mr. *Samuel Wilful* having before this, been as good as his Word, *Maria* thought it highly neceſſary to ſee them per-

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performed before she went any further. But when those Instruments were produced by Mrs. *Johnson*, and just going to be executed by the requisite Parties, according to her *Aunt*'s Direction, and who had taken her Instruction from her Attorney, *Maria* said to them thus:

As this is a Matter which most eminently concerns me, I thought it highly *necessary* to see those Executions compleated in the Presence of an *Attorney* at *Law*; because Forms of *Law* are entirely out of my Comprehension: And therefore, Mr. *Quibble*'s Clerk, who drew those Writings, by my *Aunt*'s Directions, is now in the House by my Appointment, to see that we have all of us Justice done us. And I beg that he may be admitted.

This Motion was unanimously agreed to; and so Mr. *Snap* was accordingly called in, who, after perusing of the Instruments, which he now read aloud, and had before copy'd, directed them particularly what they should all do, when the Articles were duly sign'd, attested, and exchanged; *Maria* demanded that which was confirmed by Mr. *Richard Dolt* and his *Father*, which being *delivered* to her, she called for her Maid *Betty*, and Mr. *Samuel Wilful*; and then harangued the Company with the following Speech:

First,

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First, Madam, said *she*, to her *Aunt Johnson*, I am most dutifully bound to thank you for the affectionate Pains you have indefatigably taken to make my Fortune. You have bound me under a considerable Obligation to make *this* Day my Nuptial-Day; you see I am prepared and ready to compleat *your* Request and *my* own Promise: But, in one Respect, Madam, it is absolutely now out of my Power to *fulfil* this important Charge; for within this Hour I have been credibly informed, that my constant and impatient *Lover* here, Mr *Richard Delt*, being quite weary of your long Protraction of the Time, could not possibly hold out the Appointment: And therefore he has paid me the agreeable Compliment of preferring my good *Maid Betty* here, but one single Night before me: For last Night, I am told, they were lawfully *wedded* and *bedded*; so that this Marriage Settlement, which they, Mr. *Delt* and his *Son*, have now legally exectued before us all, is her rightful Property, and all the Conditions therein contained — Which here I accordingly deliver to her, and do wish her Joy and Happiness with all my Heart and Soul.— Here she gave her *Maid* the Contract, and would have proceeded, if the Old *Farmer* had not suddenly interrupted her; with the most violent Passion.

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Zounds! and Guts! Madam, *said he*, but this muſt be a *Lie*, do you ſee! anda bitter *Lie*, too! For in the firſt Place, how the Devil can that *Parchment* be a Marriage Settlement for that *Wench*, when that honeſt Gentleman there, read it otherwiſe to us juſt now, before your own Face? Did not you ſay, Sir, (ſaid he to Mr. *Snap*) that the Writing *was between* Mr. *Richard Dolt* a Gentleman, and *Mary Fairly*, a Spinner? Zounds, as plain as could be, I thought: For my Part, I never, knew that ſhe was a *Spinner* before; not I, I'll take my Corporal's Oath on't.

Ay, Sir, ſaid Mr. *Snap*, but now you find ſhe is a Spinner, for ſhe has ſpun her Thread a little too fine for you. And I muſt inform you Sir, that the Parchment which you and your Son have ſigned, was not the ſame that I read over to you, about this *Spinner*, as you call the *Lady*. For it happened that I chanced to put *another* Inſtrument in your Way upon the Table, which I brought in my Pocket with me, and *you* and your *Son* being too eager in what you were about, immediately clapt your *Names* to it.

Fleſh

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Flesh and Guts! then, that was done by Mistake, I find; reply'd the *Farmer*: Well, well; come, this may be easily mended. Prithee, let's have the *Right* then; and put the *other* in the Fire, d'you see, if that be all.——You might as well *burn* the Parish-Church about your Ears; said Mr. *Snap*, and it would be as safe for you.—Zounds! Sir, I don't understand you! answered the *Farmer*.—Why I'll tell you what, Friend *Dolt*, replyed Mr. *Scribblewell*; by all that I can find, here has been a most confounded *Blunder* made. But however, let my Cousin *Maria* finish what she had to say, and then we shall be the better able to judge of Matters.—Why, Sir, said *Maria*, resuming her Speech, You know that I was under a most solemn Promise, as well as a Penalty, to answer my *Aunt's* Appointment in keeping my *Wedding-day*? I have likewise, already (but I protest, since I was inform'd of my being *forsaken*) comply'd with that Injunction she impos'd. For within this half Hour. I have also espoused *this* worthy Gentleman.——(taking Mr. *Samuel Wilful* by the Hand)——Whom I protest I both love, honour, and esteem. And I am thankful both to *Providence*, to my *Friends*, to every Person, and every *Incident* that hath contributed to-

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wards this *happy* Change. But above all, Iam moſt bountifully beholden to my good Couſin *Silvius* here; who hath been the chief Engineer, and perfect Compleater of my preſent Satisfaction.

CHAP. XIII.

Containing the Concluſion of the firſt Volume.

HUZZA! cry'd Mr. *Scribblewell*, in the utmoſt Tranſport of Joy, *a Bite! a Bite! a Riddle! a Paradox!* The Marriage Articles are *fulfil'd*! Brimfull! *full* as they can *hold!* And yet they are *broke* all to Pieces, and nothing *in* them. Zounds! this is the merrieſt Thing I ever ſaw. My dear *Boy!* my ſweet *Girl!* ſaid he to *Silvius* and *Maria*, I ſhall love you *both* as long as I know you! that is, as long as I live, I mean. Why, did not I tell you, *Madam*, ſaid he to Mrs. *Johnſon*, that they were never meant to *Tally?* Zounds! then have no *Likeneſs* to one another. Now this young Fellow here, (meaning Mr. *Samuel Wilfull*) has every Look and Feature of her; I'll warrant every *Child* they *get* will reſemble them *both*, as like as *two Cheſnuts*.

Why,

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Why, really, *Son*, (reply'd Mrs. *Johnſon*, looking as tho' ſhe had been to have gone Partners with her *Niece*, in the *Huſband* ſhe had *loſt*) this ſtrange and incomprehenſible Story I own amazes me, more than any Thing I ever before *read*, or heard of.—Fleſh and Guts! Madam, ſaid Mr. *Dolt*, but I ſay, this muſt be all a *Lie!* do you ſee: For how the Devil ſhould the *Lad* be marry'd laſt Night, when he was never out of my *Compauy* from the Time he got up in the Morning, 'till he went to Bed?— No!no more I wan't *Father!* reply'd the *Son*, but I have a good Joke to tell you, for all that; if they, *here*, will but let me.— Ay, ay, *Maſter*, ſaid *Silvius*, and *Maria*, you may tell the *whole* Affair now, if you pleaſe.— 'Ecod then, and ſo I will, reply'd the *Squire*, for I am ſure *Father* will laugh at it.

Ay! ſhall I Boy? anſwer'd his *Father*, Well! come then let's hear it? Zounds! I thought we ſhould have ſomething merry come out at laſt.———Why, you muſt know, ſaid Maſter *Richard* (whom we ſhould now call Mr. *Dolt*, *Junior*) that laſt Night, this honeſt *Gentleman* and I were going to Bed together, and ſo he was telling me a comical Story, how woundedly Mrs. *Mary*, here was in *Love* with me; and that ſhe would cut off her Legs and Arms for

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me, I think; and how *angry* and *mad* she was that she had not had me sooner. And how she was *sighing*, and *doating*, and always a talking of me. And so, 'Ecod! I was sorry to hear this, you may besure. So we sent this *young Woman*, here (meaning Mrs. *Betty*) to know if she had a Mind to come and marry me *then*; 'o Purpose to make her *easy*: For you must know, I thought a Night did n't much signify; as long as there was a *Parson*; as my Friend here, told me, *ready* in the House. And so, when the young Woman came back, she told us, as how Mrs. *Mary* would not marry me *then*, unless she might wear her Handkerchief over her *Face* to hide her *Blushes*: because she should be ashamed. And so, I having the Ring and every Thing ready, bid the young Woman tell her, that she might come how she would, for all I cared. And so she came with her Handkerchief hanging quite dangling over her Face; so that we never *saw* one another till we went to *Bed*; nor then neither: For as soon as the *Parson* had *marry'd* us, she put *out* the Candle; and before I was awake this Morning, *she* was *up* and left me. And so there's the whole Story; and 'Egad! a Comical-Story it is too: Is n't it, *Father?*

Yes,

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Yes, Sir; but it wants some little Explanation yet, answer'd *Silvius*, which, if the Company will please to give me Leave, I will attempt in the best Manner I can. What Mr. *Richard* hath now deliver'd, said he, is all true to a Tittle; but my Cousin *Maria*, here, never knew a Tittle about it; for, Mrs. *Betty*, imagining that he was really *too good* for her *Mistress*; and having a great Affection for him *herself*, never troubled *Maria* about it, but invented that pretty Excuse about the *Handkerchief* on purpose to supply *her* Place. Which she accordingly did, through the *whole* Ceremony of the *Night*.——'Ecod! then this is a better *Joke*, still! is n't it *Father*, cry'd the *Bridegroom*. —— Is it! you damn'd confounded *Dog!* return'd his incensed *Sire*, but I'll joke your Rascal's Bones for you, you *Villain!* — Here, he made full Drive at poor *Master Richard*, with a great *Oak*-stick that he had in his Hand, and which he would certainly have sweetened his Nuptials with, if the Company had not immediately interposed. And when, to prevent a second Attack, Mr. *Snap* thought proper to put in a Word for the *Squire's* Defence. —— Look you, Sir, said he to Mr. *Dolt*, your *Son* is now a * *Major*,—A *Major!* return'd

* Here, perhaps the Lawyer made use of this Word more for the sake of Humour, than Propriety.

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return'd the *Farmer*, interrupting him, who the Devil gave him his Commiſſion? But I'll *major* him, with a Pox to him! I'll *exerciſe* him, by and by, I'll warrant him! If he be a *Major*, his *Major-ſhip* was never ſo rattled in his Life, as I'll *drum* him, afore he gets home. ——But, Sir, you had better let him alone, return'd Mr. *Snap*, for if you dare to lay but a Finger upon him, in *Anger*, and he ſhould authorize me to do it, I will make it the moſt precious Deed to you, that ever you tranſacted in your whole Life. And I muſt further acquaint you, ſince you don't ſeem to underſtand the Word *Major* in all its Significations, continued he, that your Son is now no longer under *your* Juridiction; he is a *marry'd* Man, and of Age to manage his own Fortune; without *your's* or any *other* Man's *Controlment*. And that he may not have it in his future Power, Sir, to make it away; he has, by Virtue of that *Ingroſſment*, now in her Hand, made *this* Gentlewoman (who is his lawful *Wife*) a Settlement of *two* hundred Pounds a Year. Which you yourſelf, Sir, have voluntarily *atteſted*; and all the Laws in *England* cannot *hinder* her of, without her *own* Conſent.

I ſay it's *Falſe!* a *Lie!* a *damn'd Lie!* return'd the exaſperated *Farmer*, and, you are all of you a Pack of Cheats! and Bites! and Rogues!

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Rogues! and Thieves! and you may all go to the *Devil* together. I wish I had never seen, nor been acquainted with *any* of you.——And, so saying, he run out of the Room, in the utmost Passion imaginable.

As soon as Mr. *Dolt* was gone, his *Son* cry'd out, 'Ecod! *Father's* in a confounded Passion! But what must I do, though, about this Matter, here? Shall I have my Estate? or must I be marry'd again? or how?—No, no, Sir, answer'd Mr. *Snap*, you can never marry again, so long as this Lady *lives*; She is now your lawful *Wife*; and if you will *love* her, and be *good* to her, I will take care of your Estate for you, and that you shan't be wrong'd of a Shilling of it. Nor shall your *Angry*-Father hurt a Hair of your Head——'Ecod! then let him do his worst, answer'd Mr. *Richard*, and I am as well pleased with my *Wife* here, that I marry'd *last* Night, as if I had had Mrs. *Mary*, every bit.——Why then, Sir, said *Maria*, if my *Love* here will give his Consent to it, I will make *Betty* a Present of *that* hundred Pounds which my *Aunt* gave me, to *buy her* a Wedding Suit.——To which, Mr. *Samuel* made her this Reply, *Your Pleasure, my dear Life! shall always be the utmost of my Ambition.* But now Things are a little set to Rights, my Dear, con-

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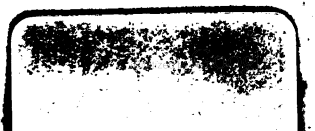
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tinued he, I hope this worthy Gentleman and Lady (meaning Mr. *Scriblewell* and Mrs. *Johnſon*) as being your generous *Guardians*, will not refuſe us their humbly deſired *Bleſſing*.——— Here, they both kneeling down, readily obtained their Requeſt. Mrs. *Johnſon* had not yet recovered herſelf: But Mr. *Scriblewell*, after he had ſaluted his *Niece* and wiſh'd them both Joy, proceeded thus:—Well, *Maria*, *Faith* and Troth, I like thy *Choice!* He's a pretty agreeable young Fellow: and I hope will make thee *a good* Huſband: And that you will both be very happy. But prithee, *who*, and *what* is he? I remember ſomething of his *Face*; but I dont know his *Name*.

Here, *Maria* having ſatisfy'd her *Uncle* of his whole Hiſtory, to his entire Satisfaction, the old Gentleman again ſaluted him: And having now ſent to invite all Mr. *Wilful's Family*, to join in the happy Celebration of the Day, he made them all Welcome in a very elegant and ſplendid Manner. And Mr. *Richard Dolt* and his Bride were alſo made free Partakers of this *jocund Feaſt*. And which was, perhaps given and received by all Parties, with as much *real* Joy and Satisfaction as ever was taſted in the Court of any *Prince*.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

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